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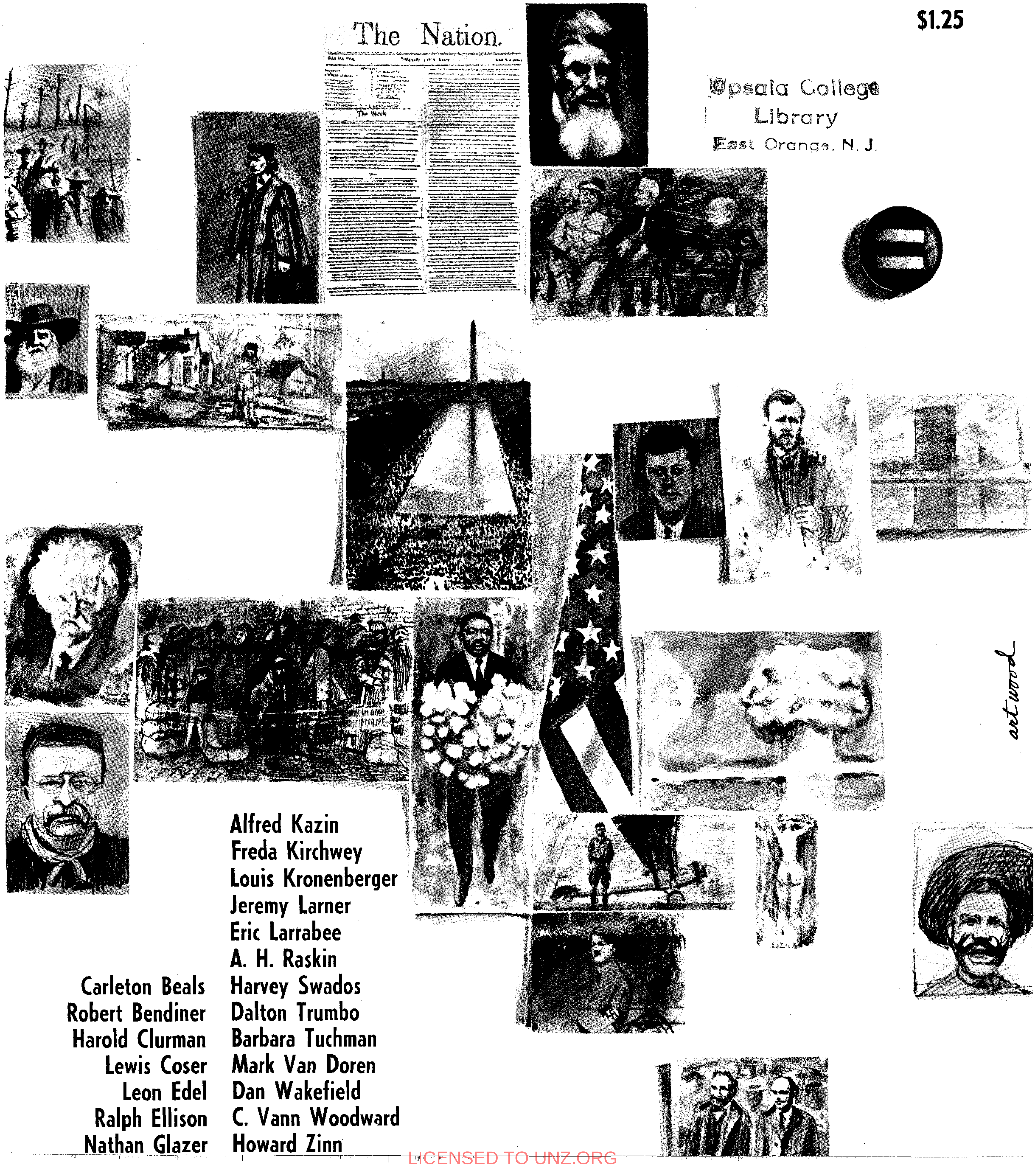

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Where will tomorrow's talent come from?

From the same places that talent has always come from. Little theatre groups, speech classes, drama workshops, off-Broadway, local radio and television stations.

But how long will it take? And will the supply of bright, gifted youngsters keep up with the cries for more and more talent being made by three networks, 569 television stations and over 100,000,000 American viewers? These questions are among the most challenging currently facing the broadcast industry.

To supplement the traditional program development in which all broadcasters engage, the American Broadcasting Company is doing something extracurricular to help discover and develop new creative talent. At the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, for instance, ABC will underwrite acting courses for sixteen students each year. At the *Annenberg School of Communications, University of Pennsylvania,* ABC scholarships will cover courses in communications management. Grants for aspiring writers from all over the country will be established at the School of Drama at Yale University.

And in the Fall of 1966, ABC will set aside one hour a week of prime time for a program that will give young performers—as well as writers, directors and technicians—a chance to try new creative departures.

It seems to us that the best way to provide better entertainment for the American public is to develop better entertainers.

ABC Television Network abc

**Obviously,
the secret of living to 100
is to be honest, courageous,
intelligent and stimulating.**

That's good to know.

Newsweek **(only 68 years to go)**

The New-York Times, Friday, July 7, 1865.

"THE NATION."—A weekly journal bearing this title, and which has been advertised for some time in the columns of the TIMES, made its first appearance yesterday. It is a handsome quarto sheet of 32 pages, printed on the very best paper, in a clear bold type, and contains, besides a summary of notable events, twenty-six essays of different merit on a variety of political, literary and art subjects. It is published at No. 130 Nassau-street, by Mr. JOSEPH H. RICHARDS, and Thursday is its publication day.

The political complexion of the *Nation* is not at all doubtful. Full seven pages of the number before us are devoted to a discussion of the question of negro enfranchisement—included in which is the speech of Mr. R. H. DANA, recently delivered in Boston. The policy of the President is denounced by insinuation rather than by direct attack. And in its general political tone it seems to have caught the cue of the *New-Nation*, established in Gen. FREMONT's interest during the late Presidential campaign. Than that journal however, the present seems to have more vigor and earnestness, and in some points considerably more originality. We do not know, for instance, that any journal daily, or weekly, has anticipated the *Nation* in its opinion, that the policy of reconstruction should not have been applied to the seceded States at all until the two races at the South had been first subjected to a thorough phrenological and ethnological examination—so as to get at a fair mensuration of their mental and moral "capacity." The editor's words are these:

> "Would it not have been more seemly, as well as wiser, to have waited till society could accustom itself to its new basis of free labor and equality, till the penalties of rebellion had been determined upon and applied, till accurate *statistics could be procured of the material, intellectual, and moral capacity of the South, including both races*, and until, in fact, those charged with the work of reconstruction had some better light to guide them than the theories concocted in Washington?"

There would have been work here for a considerable number of studious young men from the North for the next century or two; and by the end of that time the question of reconstruction, we take it, would probably have solved itself. That would have been a very gradual way of rehabilitating the Union.

The articles in the *Nation* on social and literary subjects, are not without interest. It is rather alarming, however, for journalists to be told, as they are by a writer on "Club Life," that the members of the Clubs in New-York can recite VIRGIL by the yard, that "*their erudition flashes out when you least expect it*," and that the club-room is *the only place* where "newspapers are brought to their just level." We should think so. "Level," quotha! Why, we ought to think it a special honor to find common newspapers read at all in a circle where a "crack billiard-player" may be found, at any hour of the day, "*annotating Virgil*," along with any number of "lions of the turf, *who are authority on Mediæval Latin*." Probably these are some of the erudite gentlemen the editor proposes to send down South to measure the physical and mental qualities of the two races.

The *Nation* contains some excellent and timely reflections on the subjects of *Critics and Criticism*, which may be safely recommended to those who have ambition leading in that direction. The book-reviews in the number before us are not without merit, either as to their temper, their style, or the judgment they display.

The publisher can doubtless give good financial reasons for crowding into the very centre of his sheet a variety of handbill advertisements. He can give no reasons, however, which do not invite emphatic condemnation on grounds of taste. A journal which appears under the auspices of a host of patrons—reverend, right reverend, philanthropical and scientific—which is a familiar, apparently, at the Clubs, "where newspapers find their just level," and billiard-players divert the time "by annotating Virgil," must be correct in matters of taste, whatever else it fails in.

. . . when you want to see it on the record

The New York Times

100TH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

THE NATION

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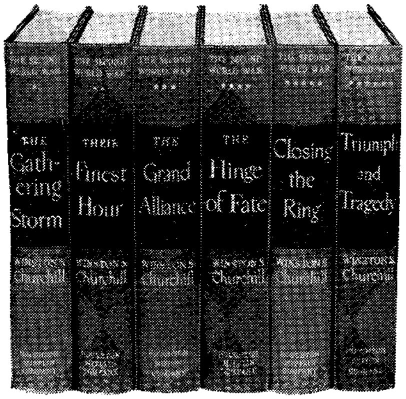

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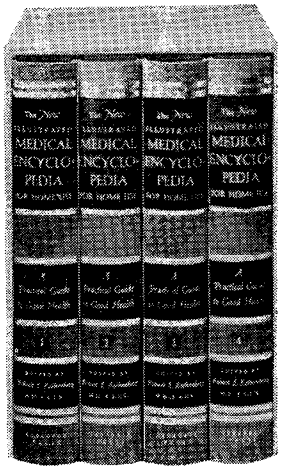

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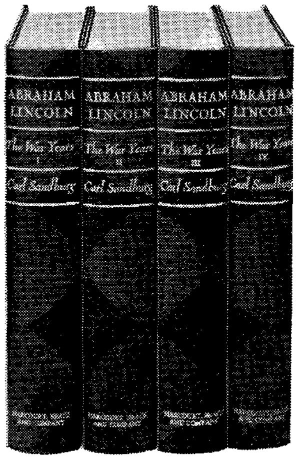

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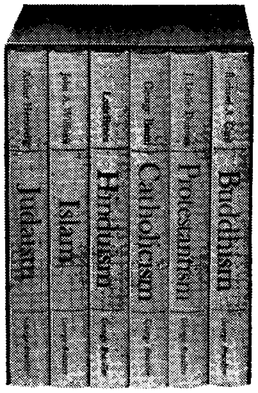

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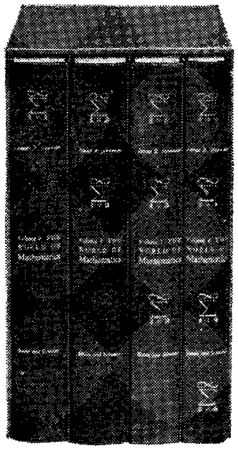

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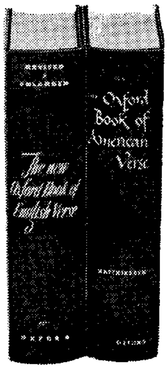

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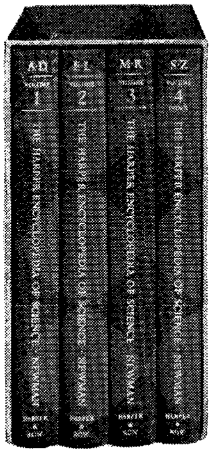

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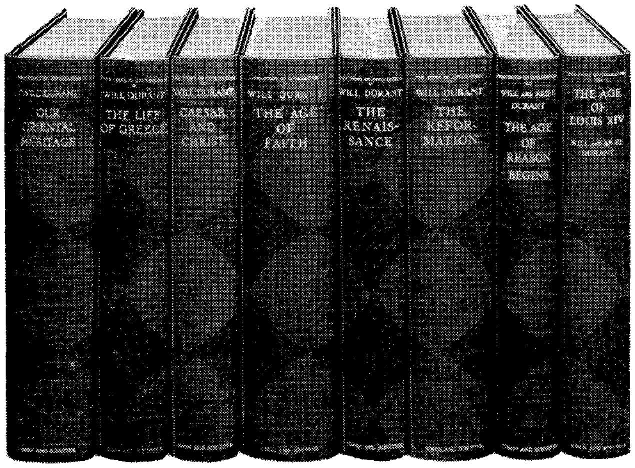

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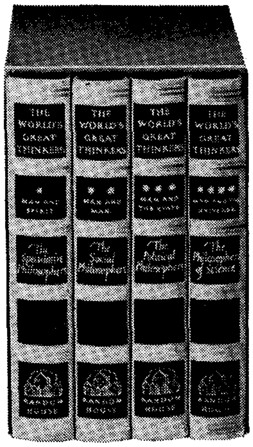

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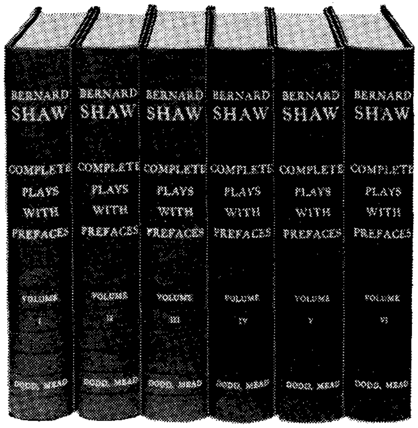

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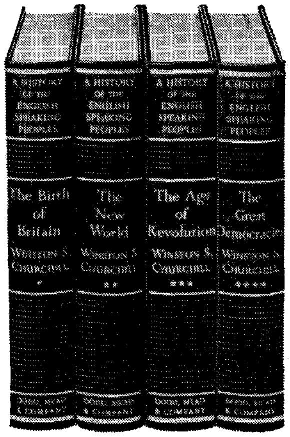

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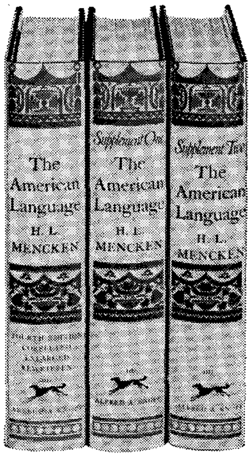

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> The Nation
> July 13, 1865

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ANDREW D. WHITE, Cornell University's first president

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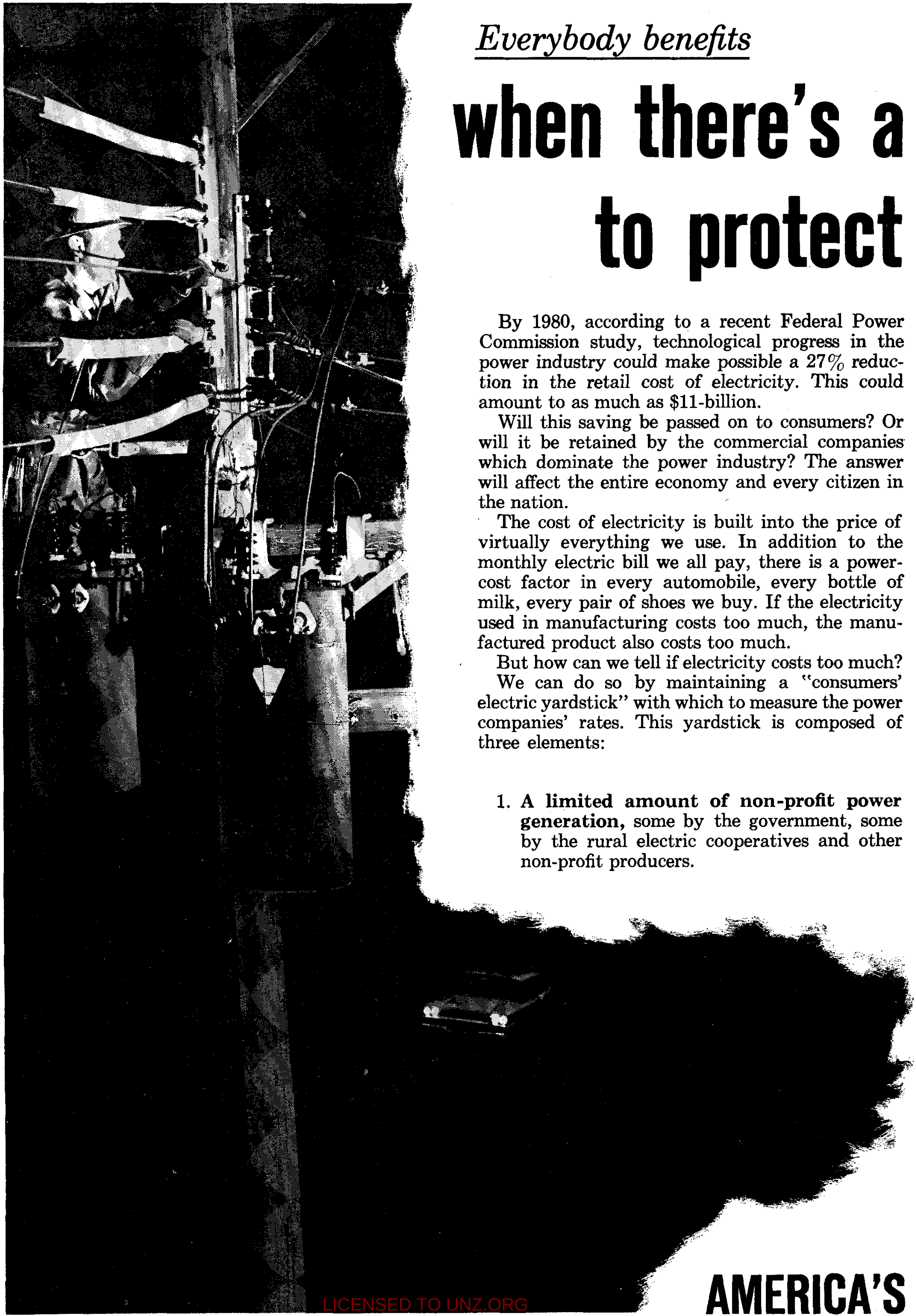

Everybody benefits

when there's a
to protect

By 1980, according to a recent Federal Power Commission study, technological progress in the power industry could make possible a 27% reduction in the retail cost of electricity. This could amount to as much as $11-billion.

Will this saving be passed on to consumers? Or will it be retained by the commercial companies which dominate the power industry? The answer will affect the entire economy and every citizen in the nation.

The cost of electricity is built into the price of virtually everything we use. In addition to the monthly electric bill we all pay, there is a power-cost factor in every automobile, every bottle of milk, every pair of shoes we buy. If the electricity used in manufacturing costs too much, the manufactured product also costs too much.

But how can we tell if electricity costs too much?

We can do so by maintaining a "consumers' electric yardstick" with which to measure the power companies' rates. This yardstick is composed of three elements:

1. **A limited amount of non-profit power generation,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.

AMERICA'S

consumers' electric yardstick the price you pay for power

2. **A limited amount of non-profit power transmission,** some by the government, some by the rural electric cooperatives and other non-profit producers.
3. **A limited amount of non-profit power distribution,** some by the rural electric cooperatives, some by the other non-profit distributors — municipal systems and power districts.

These elements in the consumers' electric yardstick combine to provide "competition-by-example" in the electric power industry—which is by nature a monopoly. *And this yardstick is the American consumer's best protection against excessive power costs.*

State and Federal regulation of the power industry is more effective when supported by the consumers' yardstick. Consumers who live near areas where the yardstick now is effective can testify to its value. For example, a consumer in Portland, Ore., near the Bonneville Power Administration yardstick, pays his commercial power company $5.35 for the same amount of electricity that costs the Boston, Mass., consumer $9.91! The same principle holds true for power rates of commercial companies near the TVA area.

The experts tell us that only about 15 to 20 percent of the nation's total electric power capacity needs to be operated on this non-profit basis in order to provide an effective yardstick. It has dropped to only about 13 percent at present, and, unless something is done, is going to drop even further as power needs double every few years . . . leaving tomorrow's consumers practically no protection.

This is why America's consumer-owned rural electric co-ops and other non-profit systems believe that coal should be used to generate non-profit power in the depressed Appalachia area, why generation and transmission loans from the Rural Electrification Administration must be continued, why the huge government-built desalinization plants now under study must be designed to use the waste heat for producing electricity as well as fresh water, and why arrangements for interconnecting the nation's power resources into a single transmission system must include rural electrics and other non-profit distributors.

We believe everybody benefits when there's a consumers' electric yardstick to protect the price you pay for power.

If you would like more information on the "Consumers' Electric Yardstick" write: National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20009

20,000,000 people working together to serve their communities

Consumer-Owned **RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS**

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THE RIGHT NOTE

Back in 1961—"long before satellites dawned on the electronic horizon," as Jack Gould of *The New York Times* put it—the five CBS Owned television stations created INTERNATIONAL HOUR, a program exchange with nations all over the globe. Purpose: to sound a note of understanding among people of divergent tongues and cultures by exchanging programs that speak a universal language—programs of music and dance indigenous to the originating countries.

This year, the fifth of the exchange, twelve nations participated. Millions of viewers in the United States, and millions more abroad, were given the rare opportunity to enjoy unusual sights and sounds: a symphony by a prominent Japanese composer...a Malaysian folk ballet ...spirited music of the Argentine plains.

INTERNATIONAL HOUR is one of a number of regular and special projects in which the five CBS Owned television stations *combine* their efforts, talents and resources to create local programming scaled beyond the means of the individual station. It is typical of venturesome, out-of-the-ordinary television fare that so often enables the CBS Owned stations to sound the right note in the communities they serve.

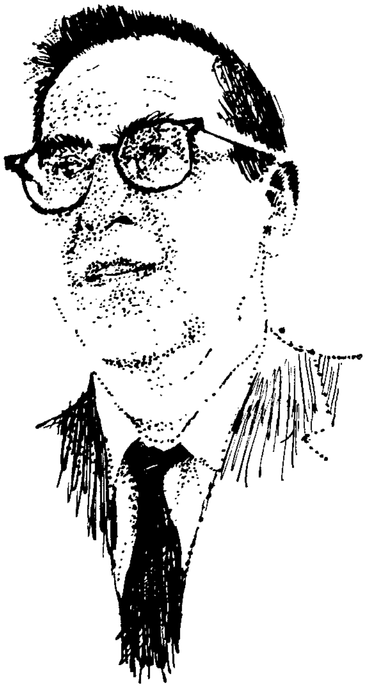
CBS TELEVISION STATIONS A Division of Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., operating WCBS-TV New York, KNXT

the press of freedom

The true enlightenment of the average man began with the Gutenberg printing press and continues today in the form of responsible newspaper publishing. A recent poll of journalism educators listed the St. Louis Post-Dispatch as one of only four United States dailies of the 20 leading newspapers of the world. Judgment was based on editorial integrity, political independence, accuracy of reporting, depth of newspaper coverage, size and experience of staff.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by Joseph Pulitzer in 1878



DAVID BOROFF

March 28, 1917—May 15, 1965

My friendship with David Boroff was brief indeed: less than two years, or the time it took to put this book together. When we met for the first time, I was seeking an editor with whom to work—and I knew at once that I had found him. Most of the hours we later spent together were in professional collaboration.

It is odd, then, that now when I think of David, it is not as an editor who was rewarding and fun to work with (which he certainly was), nor as an exceptional teacher, a prolific writer and book reviewer (which he also was).

Rather, I think of a happy and intensely youthful man swooping across Manhattan on his bicycle; I see his earnest face, so often lighted by a warm smile, as we discussed literature, race relations, politics or philosophy in his study or my own. Most of all I think of David as husband and father, playing on the carpet with his little son Philip—much loving and much loved.

It is so, I am sure, that his close friends will remember him. Others will have different memories: his students will recall an understanding and inspiring teacher; the literary world, a writer and critic of sensitivity and integrity; the world of serious readers, a lively contributor to many journals and the author of "Campus, U.S.A."

The pages that follow represent his last work; he died, suddenly, during the final months of their preparation. This centennial issue of The Nation is the labor of many people, but of David Boroff more than any other.—J.J.S.Jr.

PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

In the beginning was the jungle. Man, slow of foot, possessing neither teeth nor claws as useful weapons, lived a precarious life in a hostile environment, more hunted than hunter. The most non-specialized of creatures, his small number of physical superiorities over the other animals were all defensive, designed to perceive, communicate or elude danger.

His best defense was his instinct for fear. The killers of the animal world—hawks, wolves, sharks—do not know fear; but their victims possess it, for without fear (as without pain) there would be no survival. Fear is the property of the gentle creatures—and of man.

But in recent times man has become the greatest hunter of all; and in the end, an exterminator. We have all but conquered our environment, bent it almost to our own design. Ecologically, perhaps not much that is good can be said for the design, but the fact remains that we are no longer seriously threatened by anything on earth save the consequences of our own actions.

What has enabled us to climb out of the jungle is the written word. Without this, none of our other distinctive features—neither weight of brain, opposed thumb, color vision nor vocal flexibility—would signify greatly. They are matters of degree and make us superior animals—but they do not enable us to do anything our grandfathers' grandfathers could not do just as well. That we are in many areas capable of doing more and knowing more than our remote ancestors, is solely due to a written language.

But language is a tool, and all tools may be misused. The great advantage of the written word is that it makes available to us the experience and ideas of the past; the great danger lies in its uncritical acceptance. Truth is often a relative thing: yesterday's brilliant deduction can be a misconception today, tomorrow a dangerous delusion. Valid ideas are not to be plucked indiscriminately from the shelves of a library like canned goods in a supermarket.

Yet this is what we often do. The dead hand of the past points, and we follow. In our own time we have seen people become like the lemmings, running towards destruction in unthinking response to pressures and motivations long since left behind. In this way, for instance, Nazism led the Germans—a civilized and intelligent people—into unbelievable barbarity. It is the way the radicals of the Right, the self-styled "conservatives," would lead us today; and many of us follow. Response to the stimuli of yesterday's fears invites tomorrow's destruction.

Fear is a natural imperative, demanding to be felt. But all the ancient fears: darkness, wild beasts, thunder and lightning, fire and the elements, have for us lost their mystery; and what we understand, we no longer fear. So man's need to fear finds an outlet in his fellow man: we fear each other. We fear the next man's ambitions, the hostility of those who are unlike us, the peculiar ideas of our neighbors, the rivalry of our acquaintances, the opinions of our friends, the unspoken thoughts of those closest to us.

We have mastered our external environment, but our internal environment betrays us. Just as the degree of salt in human sweat and tears reflects the composition of the oceans whence came our remote ancestors, so our minds and our personalities reflect our jungle past and its fears. And if the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, the fear of our fellow man is the fount of irrationality.

Thus we have created, and continue to maintain at staggering cost, the capability of destroying all mankind, including of course ourselves. But can we really conceive of ever using it?

We are assured that it is vital to our economic health to continue to devote to the machinery of destruction one-tenth of all we make and own. If such tithing be really necessary, would not its fruits be better and more safely disposed of in the sea?

We in America do not officially recognize the existence of the most populous country in the world. Will one-quarter of the human race kindly go away?

These massive absurdities of our time betoken the irrationality engendered by fear. Many of the traumas of the immediate past become equally absurd, once removed from their contextual tensions and dispassionately examined. The Great Depression was more the consequence of unreasoning fright than of anything else. More recent absurdities—McCarthyism, the antics of HUAC, blacklisting, riots in our Northern cities and bombings in our Southern towns—all spring from that atrophy of reason produced by fear. And surely the most monumental example of all was the surrender of a major political party to utter irresponsibility. War is Peace; 1984 might have arrived twenty years ahead of time. Yet it is clear that this particular insanity was only temporarily averted; its symptoms are still with us, its causes still operative. Government by "consensus" is hardly a solution to problems requiring imagination, invention, or even mere innovation to solve.

NEVER BEFORE in history could it be more truly said: we, the human race, are racing right up to Destiny's wire; the fearful Omega of ultimate doom awaits our fateful and final step. Omega bestrides the world, implacable; we look it in the eye and are hypnotized. Its feet are rooted firmly in our past, to whose stimuli we are still reflexively responding. Like Cerberus, it has three heads: science, nationalism and expanding population.

As humans, we have the same natural need to use our faculties as have other species; our faculty of reason, under the spur of our inextinguishable curiosity, has produced the need to know. The fruit of the Tree of Knowledge has always irresistibly tempted us. So we have produced the systematization of the means and the ends of knowledge, the structure of thought which we call science. This structure, the inevitable product of our humanity, originally served well the purposes of self-preservation; today, under the thralldom of nationalism, it threatens our destruction.

Nationalism, like science, originated in the instinct for self-preservation which we share with all forms of life. It was inevitable, and also of great value. Our civilizations, our cultures, our environmental mastery, all were nourished under its wing. And so, indeed, was science. But today science, controlled by nationalism, threatens to destroy humanity—if not in an atomic holocaust, then by the slow strangling of a population increase to which medical science has measurably contributed.

Expanding population, the third of the Cerberean heads, approaches a critical mass. Under its inexorable pressure, the outdated and inadequate social structures of the world are fast crumbling. If allowed to continue, overpopulation is certain to overwhelm—some say in a matter of a generation or two—any curbs, however well or skillfully contrived, which we may succeed in fashioning to stave off disaster.

Nationalism, under the insatiable demands of more mouths than can possibly be fed, will inevitably and desperately strike out with science to destroy the world. The circle of cause and effect thus linked surrounds us completely; we must cut our way out at some point or perish.

Time is most emphatically not on our side, nor will our human dilemma resolve itself. We need vitally a new response (to borrow Toynbee's phrase) to this new challenge—a world-wide response, or ours is likely shortly to be added to his catalogue of dead civilizations.

Certainly such a new response will not be achieved through traditional modes of thought. And new modes, on an international scale, are not easy to come by. The thought process itself is restricted by the very language which makes thought possible. We cannot think without words, and the abstract words which are the building blocks of thought inevitably acquire connotations within each language that make their interlingual conveyance an approximation at best.

To the linguistic difficulties are added others arising from the nature of our established institutions. The very fact that an idea, concept, or doctrine is taken for granted by millions of Americans (or Frenchmen or Russians or Japanese) is to say that it will probably not be widely examined—and therefore is almost certainly wrong. So our society (Great or not) marches on, acting upon false assumptions, accepting premises no longer relevant, and trafficking in non-thought through the medium of a communications establishment controlled not by thinkers, but by advertisers.

WHERE, THEN, IS the fresh thinking to come from? A rhetorical question, surely: it must come from fresh minds competently trained in the exercise of reason and prepared to examine and re-examine, question and criticize, free to accept or reject or modify the concepts bequeathed to them. This is what our educational establishment is for. But it can hardly be said to serve this purpose, as Edgar Friedenberg points out later in these pages.

I think, however, that there is hope. Despite the attachment to the *status quo* of our communications industry, and the faintheartedness of our educational system (certain shining exceptions in each); despite the vested interests of the economically-wedded industrial and scientific establishments (*Où sont les chercheurs d'antan?*), there is one group in our society that isn't buying—our students. We have given them a world which is a working model of insanity; they quite rightly reject it.

Of course there is immaturity in much of their rebellion; it is hardly logical to blame the young for being at times immature. But the point is that they, and the young generation in general, have at many times and in many places shown the courage to be different and to revolt, to refuse to accept what in their eyes is injustice, and the good sense to tell nonsense for what it is. They are the best hope of our disordered world; if there be a way out of the trap we are in, it is they who, given time, will find it.

The difficulty of finding a hearing for truly original thought, a rostrum from which new voices may present new ideas—this problem will always be with us. The communications industry in general—network TV and radio, the big newspapers, the mass magazines—are obviously too beholden to advertisers to whom, in turn, they must deliver audiences by the million, to be seriously considered as free media of expression for the unpopular view and the iconoclastic idea. This is not to say that a good many laudable gestures are not made by them in the direction of a free expression of opinion. But year in and year out, they cannot be more venturesome than their cash balances allow.

Thus the field has been left to the small-circulation magazines. Today, in this country, they are the best testing-ground for fresh ideas, non-popular thinking, free expression on every subject. Except with respect to their own financial health (their income is almost entirely from subscriptions), it is a matter of no great concern that their circulations are very small. But it is a matter of the greatest concern—to all of us, readers and non-readers—that they exist at all. For anyone with something relevant to say, they provide a place in which to say it, and an audience who will listen.

THE NATION is one of a small band of such magazines. Most of them are published with a decidedly liberal bent; their courage and their integrity are admirable. I think it unfortunate that the conservatives lack such a paper.

THE NATION, however, is neither liberal nor conservative nor radical, nor does it habitually reflect the views of *any* group, political or otherwise. Its pages are available to anyone, of whatever belief, with something relevant to say and the ability to say it. I became the publisher of its 100th Anniversary Issue because I believe it to be vitally necessary that such a journal should continue to thrive. The furrows of conventional thought have been plowed both long and deep; it is a bumpy route across them, but it is the only way to the other side.

It is the purpose of this issue to reflect THE NATION's century of travel upon this route of independent expression and dissent (and its detours from it as well). Its purpose also is to call attention to the symptoms of some of our age-old illnesses as they appear today—anti-intellectualism, intolerance, jingoism, imperialism, for starters—and, looking to the future, to foresee where we are likely (and shortly) to find ourselves. *Caveat lector.* I have tried, finally, to project in this issue as much as possible the character and tone of THE NATION in the hope that you who find some virtue herein may be prompted to become regular readers of the magazine. Let it be said that the magazine has need of all who may discover a need for it.

I salute THE NATION's present publisher, editor and staff for their long devotion to excellence in journalism. They have shown both the ability to achieve excellence and the courage to maintain it. I can think of no higher praise.

J. J. S. Jr.

THE NATION *has been one of the few voices which has been heard on behalf of individual liberty and social justice consistently throughout its existence. I have particularly valued it in the post World War II period, not because its independent radical thinking was not needed before, but because the climate of oppression and bigotry in the United States has made all the more noteworthy* THE NATION'S *outspokenness since 1945.* THE NATION *is one of the few journals which has had the courage to expose and oppose the Cold War and those who promote it. I take great pleasure in congratulating* THE NATION *upon its 100th anniversary.*

—Bertrand Russell

THE PERSONAL NOTE

Publishers and Editors of THE NATION, past and present, talk a little about themselves and—from the inside—a good deal about the magazine.

GEORGE KIRSTEIN

Publisher Since 1955

IN THE TWENTY-THREE YEARS since graduating from college, I had worked continuously with maximum vacation breaks of two or three weeks a year and perhaps a month's interim between jobs. After a year as errand boy in a Hollywood movie studio, I worked for eight years in a New York store, two years in Washington for the government, three years in the Pacific on a Navy ship, four years as an industrial consultant and five years as the executive vice president of a medical insurance company. Now it was summer of 1955, and I was determined to travel, to study, perhaps to write, but in any event not to work again until I had thought out just what it was I wanted to do. My marriage had broken up; I was alone and free to follow any promising path.

The voice on the telephone identified itself as "Carey McWilliams, editor of THE NATION." I scarcely knew Mr. McWilliams although he had once tried to persuade me by phone to write an article weighing the advantages of government sponsored medical insurance against the benefits of the existing voluntary plans. Now when Mr. McWilliams asked to see me I presumed he wanted to renew his request for the article. I explained I was planning a trip, I was on vacation and I would not accept any writing assignments for the time being. He persisted in requesting a meeting; a week later I entered THE NATION's office for the first time.

Mr. McWilliams explained that THE NATION was for sale; furthermore if a new management did not assume its obligations very soon, the magazine might well be forced to suspend publication after ninety years of vigorous life. The magazine was in debt; the fund-raising activities which had sustained it were becoming unproductive; and the expenses of printing and distribution were steadily rising. In addition to its financial problems, the magazine was suffering from the illness of McCarthyism in that many self-styled liberals believed that its editorial policy paid insufficient obeisance to the cold war cult of "anti-communism."

At the end of an hour's discussion, I asked, "If I assumed the financial responsibility for the magazine, who would be the boss?" His idea was that I would have complete authority over the publication's business policies; he would control its editorial content.

George Kirstein

I told him that the reason I had resigned from the medical insurance company was that I had divided authority with a doctor who controlled the professional aspects; but professional decisions affected fiscal performance so the setup was impossible. In the same way editorial policy would affect financial operations, so I declined to accept his concept.

"But," he argued, "suppose we disagree on editorial policy? You know little about the magazine and its history and, more important, I know little about you. I would rather see it cease publication than lose its character or surrender what it has stood for down the decades."

"I don't blame you," I replied. "After all, you have devoted years to this venture. I'll tell you what I am willing to do. I worked for Dr. Frank Graham on the War Labor Board. He's as fine a man as I ever knew. You know him, too, and now that he is at the UN he is available here in New York. If we disagree on editorial policy, we will put our argument before Dr. Graham, and whichever side he supports will prevail." Dr. Graham was generous enough to agree to act in this arbitral capacity, but we never called upon him to settle our differences, so this dispute-settling machinery died of disuse after a year.

Another problem had to be confronted.

"There is one thing, Mr. McWilliams, that I would want to know before considering your proposal. This magazine is being called all colors of the spectrum from pink to rosy red. That doesn't give me the slightest pause, particularly considering the people who are doing the calling. But if we are summoned before one of the inquisitional committees, as we well may be, I want to know how you intend to testify in response to the $64 question: 'Are you now or have you ever been a Communist?' "

Mr. McWilliams, a lawyer by training, discussed briefly his resentment and outrage at the Congressional Committee's practice of asking this question. He then said, "I have the deepest sympathy and respect for those who plead the Fifth Amendment in order not to involve friends and former associates. But so far as I'm concerned, after making my protest about the propriety of asking the question, I would have no other course but to swear to the truth. I am not now, nor have I ever been, a Communist." No Congressional or any other investigating body ever summoned us, and in due course the "Red" epithets ceased not because our policies changed but because the cowards who used the name-calling tactic to gain society's stamp of approval for their own political views, past and present, finally regained a modicum of courage in the less hysterical atmosphere following Senator McCarthy's unlamented death.

IN THE WEEKS THAT followed this preliminary discussion, I studied the financial statement of the publication, and read at random through its back issues. My father had been a subscriber to THE NATION when I was in school and college, and I had been an off-again on-again reader for years. I discussed the proposal to assume responsibility for the publication with my brother Lincoln and my sister Mina Curtiss, both of whom had been occasional authors or book reviewers for THE NATION over many years. I talked to many people, seeking their judgment as to whether I should undertake this task and their evaluation of my chances of successfully filling the role if I did. All agreed that it would be a tragedy for writers, staff, subscribers and even for the American press as a whole if THE NATION ceased publication. All were equally frank that my qualifications for the role were not ones that by any means assured success. My experience with journalism was limited to a four-year stint of writing a weekly column on labor relations for the trade paper, *Women's Wear Daily*, and my only other accomplishment along literary lines was the authorship of a very specialized book, *Stores and Unions*. Nevertheless, the major problems confronting the publication were financial and administrative, and in these business areas I felt qualified to accept the challenge.

By early fall of 1955, all of the arrangements for the transfer of THE NATION had been concluded, and my education began. One of the earliest tasks was to find financial support, for the size of the annual deficit was far beyond my personal capacity to meet. In the past, the magazine had attempted to solve the increasing problem of its financial deficit by soliciting relatively small amounts from a large list of supporters. As this method had proved inadequate in the past, I determined to find a relatively few people who would join me in furnishing sufficient funds to cope with what I hoped would be, and what eventually became, a considerably smaller loss. It took a year to find the eight people who agreed to join with me in the effort to keep the publication afloat long enough to have at least a chance of reversing the trend toward ever greater losses. Some of these early supporters I had known previously; others Mr. McWilliams knew; some were known to neither of us, but all had in common that they were thoroughly familiar with THE NATION's history and convinced of the importance of its continuity. Of the original group, all but one have continued their generous support throughout the decade and there have been two additions. These faithful partners have preferred to remain unheralded; they have never had a formal meeting and few have even met each other socially. They have never made the slightest effort to affect editorial policy and have limited their nonfinancial relationship to the magazine to the occasional proffer of a helpful suggestion which could be accepted or rejected without resentment on either side. A faculty member at Harvard, another at Columbia, a dairy farmer, an attorney, a recent graduate of Princeton, an author-scholar, two socially minded housewives, and a corporate executive comprised the list. My gratitude for their support is profound; without it THE NATION would probably have perished.

A plethora of experts, armed with conventional wisdom about publishing, saw the solution to THE NATION's problems in terms of a massive drive to increase the number of subscribers by offering cut-rate subscriptions through expensive advertising and even more expensive mailings. The reasoning behind this effort was that if circulation increased, advertisers would be attracted to use more pages and presto the last line on the financial statement would turn from red to deep blue. Having had no publishing experience, I adopted this method but after a brief trial I concluded that it is nonsense for a magazine which is not edited to be popular to seek popularity in the hope salvation will be gained through advertising revenues. Most magazines in general, and THE NATION in particular, would be far better with no advertising, and if there are not at least a sufficient number of intelligent people willing to pay for what they read instead of having advertisers pay for it, we are indeed in a sorry plight. After the first experiments with conventional methods of increasing circulation, we consistently limited our efforts to improving the quality of the publication in the hope that word of mouth comment about journalistic excellence would result in more readers. I have never believed that there is a close correlation between circulation size and the usefulness or lasting impact of a publication on the intellectual community which it is designed to serve. Over the decade, THE NATION's deficit has not disappeared, but it has become more manageable, the circulation has increased a little, the income has increased a lot, and the future may well disclose new methods of efficiency in production and distribution of periodicals which will permit a self-supporting operation.

The basic staff of the magazine remained on the job following the changeover. Robert Hatch, who had conducted the movie column, joined the staff as literary editor and after eight years became managing editor following the retirement of the very capable Victor Bernstein. We made a determined effort to attract new authors who would become identified with the publication, and one of the greatest rewards of the decade was to witness the well-merited growth in reputation of Fred J. Cook, Dan Wakefield, David Cort, and a score of others whose work appeared less frequently. Such established authors as Harold Clurman and Alexander Werth continued to contribute, effortlessly making the transition from one regime to the next. After a few years, we adopted a policy of having the poetry editorship revolve among younger poets. W. S. Merwin, who had suggested this procedure, became the first poetry editor in the rotating system, succeeding M. L. Rosenthal, himself a poet as well as a poetry critic. Merwin was followed by Denise Levertov, Paul Blackburn, David

My greetings to THE NATION *as it reaches its Centennial. Its pages were an inspiration to me in my teens for it's helped me untangle many a web of confusion.*

And during the rest of my life it has prodded, provoked, challenged, questioned, and protested—leaving no vital issue untouched.

It has served the people in the best journalistic tradition this country has known.

—Justice William O. Douglas

Ignatow, A. R. Ammons, and again by Miss Levertov for a second stint.

For some time the editorials which opened the magazine were written by various staff members, but we determined that if one man composed the bulk of them, there would be a consistency of style and tone which was unobtainable with wider authorship. Carl Dreher, almost miraculously from my viewpoint, has, during the last eight years, expressed each week the consensus of the magazine's editors, arrived at by the conference method. He has also advised the editors on scientific subjects.

WHEN ALL DUE RECOGNITION has been given to the staff and to the contributors, the fact remains that it is a magazine's editor who is the key figure. In the ten years we have been working together, Mr. McWilliams and I have never had an argument over matters of basic policy nor have we yet exchanged an angry word. That is not to say we have always agreed on all matters of mutual interest; it is simply to say we have continuously found a common ground on which we could both stand without violating our individual strongly held convictions. I have never ceased my wonderment at Mr. McWilliams' insatiable curiosity which drives him to read almost every publication printed anywhere in English. His memory of authors and their favorite subject matter is encyclopedic. His powers of persuasion have been demonstrated a thousand times when he has persuaded still another busy writer to undertake an assignment for the relatively modest compensation to which THE NATION's balance sheet constrains it. If I had any criticism of the conduct of his office I would accuse him (and have done so) of being too patient, too tolerant of authors with too little to say who don't even say that very well. However, the number of articles that have been published after having been rewritten, reworked, restyled and helpfully edited, attests to the fact that even this fault, if it is one, has been of benefit to the publication. If THE NATION's century-long contribution to journalistic history remained undimmed in this last decade, the credit must go to Mr. McWilliams.

The rewards of being THE NATION's proprietor have been great. I have met and been associated with poets, writers, journalists and critics of talent and of conviction. I have worked with editors who knew that their rewards would not be in high compensation, popular acclaim or general agreement. Rather their success could only be measured in terms of angry letters, cancelled subscriptions and editorial attacks in the mass press. In addition, I have repeatedly seen ideas that were first set forth in THE NATION, picked up weeks and even months later by the popular press, sometimes with generous acknowledgment, more often with none. This important role as purveyor of new and unpopular ideas has long been and remains the firm base of that most tenuous of all the adjectives used to describe THE NATION—"influential."

About a year after I came to THE NATION, I visited Justice Hugo Black in his office in the new Supreme Court building. I expected five minutes, at most, of this busy man's time, but the discussion turned to courage, particularly political courage, and this is a topic on which Justice Black is expert.

Several times I rose to leave, but I was motioned back to my chair. After about three quarters of an hour, a secretary came in with papers to be signed and I walked toward the door. On the threshold, Justice Black stopped me. "You know, Kirstein, what you are doing is important." I replied somewhat sceptically, "Justice Black, of the 180 million people in America, I doubt very much if one million of them have even heard of THE NATION." "Oh," he said with a smile, "I would think your estimate is high. But there are very few voices of dissent in America today and if the time ever comes when there are none, it won't be America." His words have been my compensation.

CAREY McWILLIAMS

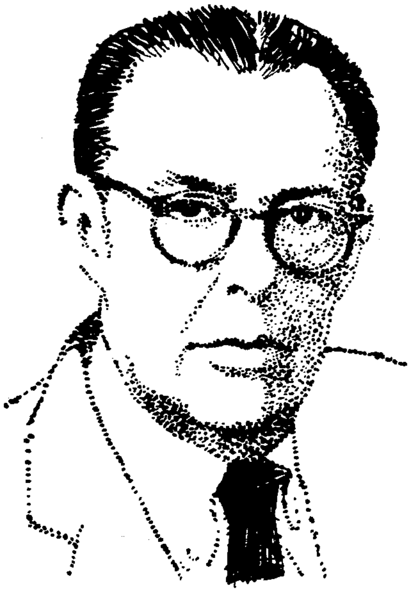
Editor Since 1951

NOT UNTIL I WAS A FRESHMAN in college did I become acquainted with THE NATION. The favorite reading matter of the cowhands and cattle ranchers of northwestern Colorado where I spent my pre-college years consisted of penny-dreadfuls and "cowboy" romances. As a freshman, I made four delightful discoveries (none was assigned reading): H. L. Mencken's *The Smart Set,* the plays and prefaces of George Bernard Shaw, THE NATION and *The New Republic,* and the massive unread *Collected Works* of Ambrose Bierce. I was a devoted reader of *The Smart Set* and later of *The American Mercury* as long as Mencken edited it and I have been a reader of both THE NATION and *The New Republic* since I discovered them. My first articles appeared in *The American Mercury,* THE NATION, and *The New Republic.*

As with many other persons, I liked THE NATION and *The New Republic* for somewhat different reasons. In general, I read *The New Republic* primarily for its "books and arts" section, THE NATION for its political and social criticism. In college I greatly admired—and still do—Edmund Wilson. Not only did I read with avidity everything that he wrote but I corresponded with him and had the pleasure of chauffeuring him about southern California in a Model-T Ford when he was gathering material for *The American Jitters*. Later, when I began to contribute to *The New Republic,* I would always have lunch with the staff on visits to New York and in this way got to know Bruce Bliven, Malcolm Cowley, George Soule, Betty Huling, Otis Ferguson and the others. A visit to New York that did not include the ritual of some quick stout drinks with Betty and Otis at the New Weston Hotel (Bruce was rumored to disapprove of midday cocktails) was unthinkable.

IN MUCH THE SAME way, I began to contribute articles to THE NATION from southern California, where my family had moved after the catastrophic collapse of the cattle market following World War I. After *Brothers Under the Skin* was published in 1943, I came east at least twice a year, on lecture trips, and lunch with THE NATION's staff also became a ritual. Actually my first tie with THE NATION was through Joseph Wood Krutch with whom I had corresponded; I remember that he took me to a party at Hart Crane's apartment when I was in New York for the publication of my first book—a biography of Ambrose Bierce—in 1929. On these semi-annual visits to 20 Vesey Street, I got to know THE NATION staff—Freda Kirchwey, Robert Bendiner, J. King Gordon, Margaret Marshall, Lillie Shultz, Del Vayo, I. F. Stone, Keith Hutchison, Willard Shelton, Maxwell Stewart, Harold Field and the others. I never met Villard but I corresponded with him. It was Villard, incidentally, who first proposed the appointment of a national commission on civil rights. In a letter to me (dated May 4, 1943), he told of how he had presented the idea of a commission to President Wilson, who had replied that he could not appoint such a commission because he was a Democratic President from the South and the South might get the impression that he felt there was something to criticize in the attitude of the South on the Negro problem! On one of my visits to New York, J. King Gordon, who was then managing editor of THE NATION, asked me to become a contributing editor, which I did effective January 20, 1945. For a nominal stipend, I was to contribute one or two articles a month and submit editorial paragraphs, mostly about civil rights, race relations, and issues of particular interest to West Coast readers.

As a result of this relationship—and a growing friendship with Freda Kirchwey—I became familiar with some aspects of THE NATION's finances and the problems it faced. The magazine had done quite well during the years 1938-1944—these were the only years it showed a profit—but in the postwar period some of the old problems returned in aggravated form. The more I was exposed to these problems, the more I sympathized with Freda, and with Evans Clark, her husband, a gallant, generous and nerveless man. I had occasion then and later to admire Freda's extraordinary courage, her unshakable faith in THE NATION, her derring-do spirit, her kindness and consideration, her good-humored forbearance under extreme provocation, and her general unflappability. From Freda I acquired, by contagion, something of her enthusiasm for THE NATION and her confidence that it could survive—as indeed it has—all manner of adversities. As I became aware, by slow stages, of some of the severe financial problems the magazine faced, it was only natural that I should offer to lend a hand. In this period—and for some time before—THE NATION had raised a substantial part of its budget through fund-raising dinners and functions, built around public issues, under the skilful direction of Lillie Shultz. But as the cold war came on and wartime good feeling toward the USSR abated, it became increasingly difficult to raise money in this manner. So, in a careless moment, I suggested that it might be a good idea to hold a fund-raising function in Los Angeles. Out of this suggestion came a conference, held under the auspices of THE NATION, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, September 21-22, 1946. In retrospect this conference has—for me at least—a certain historic interest. (For this conference, I edited a special 46-page Western Supplement which dealt with certain postwar Western problems. In the editorial introduction I ventured the suggestion that, for all the serious problems it faced, California stood on the "threshold of a great expansion." I never made an easier or a safer prediction. California has a way of making its boosters look like prophets.)


Carey McWilliams

A few words about the conference, which was devoted to the theme "The Challenge of the Postwar World to the Liberal Movement," will point up the special interest it has for me in retrospect. The first session on "The 1946 Elections and America's Future" was chaired by John B. Hughes, then one of the West Coast's best-known radio commentators. The speakers were Oscar Chapman, then Undersecretary of the Department of the Interior; Irwin de Shetler, Regional Director of the C.I.O.; Susan D. Adams of the ILGWU; Loren Miller, the distinguished Negro lawyer—since appointed to the Los Angeles bench by Governor Brown; and Richard Ibanez, outstanding representative of the Mexican-American minority. The second session, which Chet Huntley chaired, on "America's Foreign Policy and Its Relation to Peace," included as speakers Dr. Harold Fisher, Director of the Hoover Library, Stanford University; Freda Kirchwey, and J. Alvarez Del Vayo. The third session, "Economic Security as a Factor for Peace," included as speakers Dr. Arthur Ross, Institute of Industrial Relations, University of California; Richard Boke, Regional Director, Bureau of Reclamation; Paul Raver, Director, Bonneville Power Administration; Dr. William Fowler, California Institute of Technology, and—ironically enough—Ronald Reagan, today a leading Goldwaterite Republican and likely candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1966. The fourth session, "Organization for Democracy," was chaired by Maury Maverick; the participants were Dr. Lloyd Fisher, University of California; Dr. Harry Girvetz, University of California; Mary McCall of the Screen Writers Guild; Dr. Robert E. H. Harris, then chief editorial writer for the *Los Angeles Daily News;* True Broadman, a Hollywood radio writer; and Dr. Curtis Warren, Superintendent of Schools, San Francisco. The dinner meeting was chaired by Bartley C. Crum; the speakers were Thurman W. Arnold, Freda Kirchwey, Senator Wayne L. Morse, Dore Schary, and Will Rogers, Jr., Democratic nominee for the U.S. Senate that year.

THIS WAS THE last time, perhaps for a decade, that such a broad spectrum of "the liberal movement" assembled on the West Coast for a discussion of important public issues. Most of the important independent civic and political groups cooperated and sent delegations. The sessions were crowded, several to overflowing, and the dinner meeting netted a large sum for THE NATION. It is interesting to remember that the conference coincided with Henry Wallace's famous Madison Square Garden speech and his subsequent dismissal from the Cabinet. After the 1948 campaign it would have been impossible to have held such a meeting. The high hopes for the postwar period which had been generated during the war years seemed to crest at this conference. In the East, the wave had already broken. As Freda Kirchwey commented in an editorial (October 5, 1946): "California is a state where political interest is lively, discussion free, lines loosely drawn, personalities important. People like to say: 'In California, politics are fluid.' No words could express the situation better. Until recently the Left groupings, from Communists and their sympathizers to the liberal elements in the old parties, have supported a loose coalition or at least maintained a truce. The factional fight has been less bitter, open breaks less sharp and final, than in the East." But with the case of the Hollywood Ten, the breaks came thick and fast, and some of them have remained irreparable. For California liberals, the unforgettable event of the period was the Democratic Senatorial primary fight between Will Rogers, Jr., and Ellis Patterson. I was active in the Rogers campaign and still retain vivid impressions of the bitterness of that election and the splits it precipitated. The social life of Hollywood, Bel-Air and Beverly Hills was never quite the same after that disastrous campaign.

THE LOS ANGELES CONFERENCE was a reflection of the fact that the West Coast had begun to impinge on the national political consciousness in a new way. The increase in THE NATION's circulation in California no doubt had something to do with my appointment as contributing editor in 1945, which in turn precipitated the conference. That THE NATION had decided, for the first time in its history, to hold such a conference in Los Angeles—that it had begun to look to the West Coast for new sources of support—was itself an indication of a new awareness of the West Coast. Also the circumstance that liberal expectations for the postwar period glowed a little brighter and a little longer there than in the East seemed to imply that California enjoyed a degree of immunity from the virus of "anti-communism."

And to a degree it did. But in point of fact red-baiting had been more virulent in California than elsewhere; it was merely that the liberal movement being somewhat stronger than in the East had been able to cope with it more effectively—that is, until the 1948 election. California has an old freewheeling "libertarian" tradition, associated with such names as Fremont Older, Lincoln Steffens, Col. Charles Erskine Scott Wood, Francis J. Heney, John R. Haynes, Rudolph Spreckles and Simon J. Lubin, that proved helpful in surmounting the first onslaughts of "anti-Communist" demagoguery. It is the kind of state in which, from the days of Dennis Kearney and the "sand lot riots" of the 1870s to the present time, controversies have tended to degenerate into shouting con-tests. The state's politics have always been of the catch-as-catch-can variety. The extremes are highly developed and articulate. California has probably had more witch hunts and more free-speech fights than any state in the union. But with the onset of the cold war, the political atmosphere became envenomed to a degree that only those who experienced it will believe. There seemed to be no bottom to the quagmire of malice, gossip, name-calling, finger-pointing, and recrimination. The experience left me with an abiding contempt for professional "anti-Communists," including the academic variety, and a conviction that "anti-communism" was, on the domestic scene, a far more dangerous force than communism had ever been. To be sure, the Left was not free of blame for the debacle that ensued, which paved the way for McCarthyism, but the major responsibility rests on those who should have known better but who, for a variety of motives, succumbed to the hateful pressures of the period. Two dear friends of mind, Louis Adamic and F. O. Matthiessen, committed suicide during these years, in part (but only in part, of course) because of their despair over the course events had taken and the brutal way in which they had been treated by former friends and colleagues.

In general I approved of what Henry Wallace said in his Madison Square Garden speech, but once it became apparent that the forces most actively supporting him had adopted a rule-or-ruin attitude and were determined to set up a new party, I found it impossible to go along and said so publicly. What I was principally opposed to was the split with the Democratic Party. THE NATION took essentially the same position, of course, and what Freda Kirchwey had to say on the subject editorially in the issue of February 21, 1948—months before the returns were in—makes good reading today: "It (the Wallace movement) has been rejected by the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., and the four Railway Brotherhoods, by the Socialists, by organized farm groups, and by the overwhelming majority of New Deal leaders who served under President Roosevelt. Even so staunch an admirer of Henry Wallace as Sen. Claude Pepper has repudiated the third party crusade. . . . Entirely apart from the ideological dangers of making a progressive party dependent on organized Communist strength, the fact is that to do so is to build on quicksand. Let the line change, for reasons beyond the control of Mr. Wallace, and the foundations of his movement will collapse overnight."

With the Smith Act prosecutions, the loyalty program, the miserable showing of the Wallace-Taylor ticket, and the general deterioration of USSR-U.S.A. relations, the Great Witch Hunt got under way with a rush and a roar. Even before McCarthy emerged as a national figure, the course of events was clearly indicated. The consolidation of power by the Chinese Communist Party, the emergence of McCarthyism, and the outbreak of the Korean War merely fanned the flames of the domestic cold war.

THE NATION, of course, found itself directly in the line of fire. While the paper had refused to support Henry Wallace, it continued to insist that peace with Russia was possible and desirable (see the special issue: "Peace with Russia: Can It Be Negotiated?" of December 16, 1950, with such contributors as H. Stuart Hughes, James P. Warburg, Hans J. Morgenthau, Isaac Deutscher, R. H. S. Crossman, Claude Bourdet, Sir Benegal N. Rau, Harrison S. Brown, Abba Eban, Grenville Clark and others). Today such a stand meets with general approval; so distinguished a spokesman for the liberal movement as John Kenneth Galbraith recently pointed out that an understanding between Russia and the United States was the "fulcrum" of American policy. But this was a most unpopular position to take in 1950. Nothing in its history does THE NATION more credit than its resolute refusal, under Freda Kirchwey's editorship, to join the cold war or to chorus in on the domestic witch hunt.

But largely because of its stand on these issues, the magazine's financial problems became more acute. Costs began to soar at precisely the time that fund-raising through public functions became impossible. In the spring of 1951, Freda asked me to come to New York to help plan a special civil liberties issue. To this day I do not know whether she intended then to invite me to join the staff or whether that idea occurred to her during our discussions. But before I left to return to the Coast, she asked me to join the staff on a full-time basis and put it to me pretty much on the basis that despite my reluctance to leave California, I should accept, as the position of the magazine could hardly be more critical. Frankly, the thought of leaving California even for six months or a year did not appeal to me. I had lived in southern

My congratulations to THE NATION *on its centennial year. I have always admired the clarity and vigor of* THE NATION *and have appreciated the fairness that it has granted in the expression of its editorial view.* **—Sen. Margaret Chase Smith**

California since 1922 and was about as deeply rooted in the region as any migrant is ever likely to be (see: *Southern California Country: An Island on the Land* and *California: The Great Exception*). I had contracts for books and other commitments. In 1951 we were living in our ramshackle old California redwood bungalow on a half-acre lot, complete with avocado, lemon and eucalyptus trees, high on a hilltop overlooking downtown and central Los Angeles. The hilltop view is superb—as the natives say, "On a clear day you can see Catalina Island." I still prefer it to the New York skyline. All the same, I did agree to return to New York for a short time. I have stayed, to date, fourteen years.

FROM EVERY POINT of view, I was a much less likely successor to Freda Kirchwey than she was to Villard or than he was to all the editors reaching back to Godkin. For one thing, I am the first West-of-the-Mississippi person to edit THE NATION, and one might expand that statement by saying "West of the Alleghenies" or, more specifically, "West of the Bronx." I have suggested that one reason for this odd jump to the West Coast was the emergence of the region as a new center of political power and interest; another reason may be found in my special interests and their relation to the American social scene (in an editorial of January 20, 1945, announcing my appointment as a contributing editor, Freda Kirchwey cited these interests as the reason for my appointment). Somewhat in the order of their emergence, my special interests have been: organized labor and civil liberties, migratory farm labor, race relations, demagogic mass movement and, of course, all things relating to California, its history, sociology, folkways, cults, population dynamics and politics—not to mention its coast line, mountain ranges, desert areas and lush valleys.

An interest in organized labor whetted my interest in civil liberties. I was a member of the board of the American Civil Liberties Union in Los Angeles at a time when it had only a few hundred members; the local chapter now has seven or eight thousand members. The then-director Clinton J. Taft used to send me on various quixotic missions; in the late 1920s, he sent me off on a state-wide speaking tour urging repeal of the Criminal Syndicalism Act. I was lucky to get back alive. Through these missions and assignments I became interested in migratory farm labor. I was often asked, for example, to investigate the strikes, mass arrests, criminal syndicalism prosecutions, and other actions which infringed on the civil liberties of migratory farm workers.

Migratory farm labor, like trade union organization and many civil liberties issues, is really an aspect of majority-minority relations. California is an excellent laboratory in which to study relations of this sort. The social structure is not rigid. Continuous, heavy in-migration has kept the state in constant flux and turmoil. Its population includes every ethnic strain, every racial type, every social class. Sequences that take decades to unfold elsewhere are often enacted there in a few years—you can see the process taking place before your eyes, as though in slow motion. For example, in the years from 1935 to 1940, I saw how a minority can be created under certain circumstances. During these years, several hundred thousand dust-bowl migrants surged into the state. Circumstances forced them into the subordinate role of farm laborers, at least for a time, and they were, of course, promptly stereotyped as "Okies" and "Arkies." The stereotype was precisely the same as that of Negroes and Mexican-Americans, despite the fact that the dust-bowl migrants were indubitably white, Protestant, and of Anglo-Saxon background. My interest in migratory farm labor (*Factories in the Field,* 1939; *Ill Fares the Land,* 1942) resulted in my appointment to head the Division of Immigration and Housing under Gov. Culbert L. Olson. Among its other functions, the division is charged with a general responsibility for the welfare of alien immigrants and enforcement of the labor-camp act. There were then about five or six thousand such camps—in which, at the peak of the season, the camp population would total 160,000 to 175,000 men, women and children. Naturally I was brought into close contact with most of the minority groups: Mexican-Americans, Negroes, Filipinos, Japanese-Americans, Indians, etc., not to mention "Okies" and "Arkies." Out of this experience came my interest in racial and ethnic minorities *(Brothers Under the Skin; Prejudice; A Mask for Privilege; North From Mexico)*

UP TO THIS point, I had been interested in majority-minority relations as an observer; now some of the issues came into sharp personal focus and out of this experience came my interest in demagogic mass movements. Long before McCarthy made his famous speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, red-baiting had been more or less endemic in California. The San Francisco General Strike and Upton Sinclair's EPIC Campaign of 1934 had touched off an orgy of red-baiting. But despite this—in fact probably because of it—Culbert L. Olsen, who was himself a product of the EPIC Movement, was elected governor in 1938—the first Democrat to hold the office in nearly half a century. It was, of course, to be expected that Olson, whose first official act was to pardon Tom Mooney, would be given the full red-baiting treatment. Also elected under the sponsorship of the EPIC Movement were two young assemblymen: Sam Yorty, now Mayor of Los

Angeles, and Jack Tenney. In the first year of the Olson administration, both Yorty and Tenney were flaming left-wing liberals, but as the political climate changed, so did their enthusiasms. An adroit politician, Yorty never let his new "anti-Communist" enthusiasms get the better of his cool political judgment, but Tenney went completely overboard and finally ended up, some years later, as Gerald L. K. Smith's Vice Presidential running mate. As part of their effort to discredit the Olson administration, Yorty and Tenney—egged on by conservative Democrats and Republicans—induced the legislature to set up the Tenney Committee (on Un-American Activities), which is still in existence. Over the years, and particularly as Chief of the Division of Immigration and Housing, I had been involved in numerous head-on collisions with such groups as the Associated Farmers, the American Legion and similar organizations. The fact that I had urged both the LaFollette and Toland Committees to hold public hearings in California, prepared Governor Olson's lead-off statements to both committees, held the first farm wage-rate hearings in the state, opposed the mass evacuation of Japanese-Americans, and prepared the draft report on the Los Angeles "zoot suit" race riot for the committee appointed by Governor Earl Warren (who succeeded Olson in 1942) had not endeared me to these interests. So I was given top billing by the Tenney Committee as some kind of "enemy of the people," but the real target was, at all times, the Olson administration. (Part of the story of those years is to be found in Robert E. Burke's book, *Olson's New Deal for California,* and in Dr. Edward Barrett's fine book on the Tenney Committee). By the mid-1940s, therefore, I considered myself an expert on witch-hunting techniques and the uses of "anti-communism." From 1946 on, it was increasingly apparent to me that a demagogic movement of great force and virulence was in the making. *Witch Hunt: The Revival of Heresy* embodies my forebodings; it was published, in 1950, just as the national spotlight began to focus on McCarthy.

THESE INTERRELATED SPECIAL interests, all of which began to assume increasing national importance after 1945, had prompted my appointment as contributing editor (see Freda Kirchwey's editorial of January 20, 1945, to which I have referred) and they are probably responsible for the fact that I was later asked to become editor. In the period from 1951 to date, the major editorial preoccupations of THE NATION, I should say, have been with the cold war, the domestic cold war or witch hunt, and the revolution in race relations. Until she resigned in September, 1955, Freda concentrated on foreign policy, which is her special interest, and gave me pretty much a free hand with domestic issues. The carry-over of my special interests is reflected in such special issues of THE NATION as "How Free Is Free?," our special civil liberties issue of June 8, 1952; "The Southern Negro," September 27, 1952; "The FBI," October 18, 1958; "The CIA," June 24, 1961; "Juggernaut, the Warfare State," October 28, 1961; and "The Ultras," June 30, 1962. Shortly before I came to New York in 1951, I prepared a new edition of *Brothers Under the Skin* with a new introduction in which I wrote that "a permanent revolution in race relations" had begun, and explained why. THE NATION's special issue, "The Southern Negro," clearly foreshadowed the course this revolution has taken to date. Some of the other special issues have, of course, made Fred J. Cook a familiar name in American journalism.

* * *

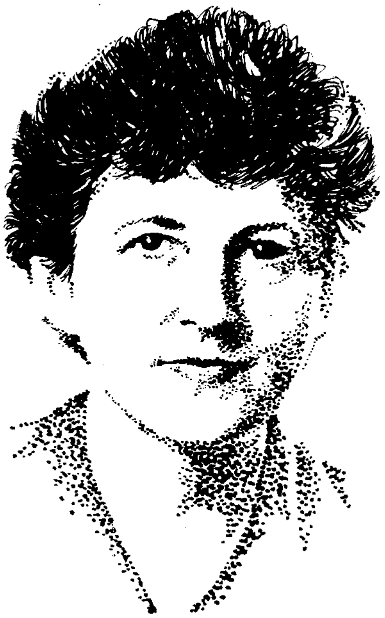
In the early summer of 1955, Freda Kirchwey, who about that time had been called upon to meet more than the normal ration of emergencies, said that she would be willing to relinquish the magazine to me if I could raise the funds necessary to liquidate the indebtedness the paper had accumulated and insure continuity of publication. Some of the individuals I had been able to interest in THE NATION promised to continue their support, so I then set out to find a publisher who would contribute or help raise the balance that was needed. If THE NATION was to be reorganized, I knew that I would need the help of someone who had executive talent and experience. At this critical juncture, a friend told me that George Kirstein had just severed his active connection with H. I. P. (Health Insurance Plan) and was about to set off on a cruise in his sailboat. I had met him once, at a dinner party, and on another occasion had tried to get him to do an article for THE NATION. What I knew about him suggested that he possessed ideal qualifications: he knew the magazine and what it stood for; he had served in World War II; he had important executive experience in government (War Labor Board) and in business; we had many mutual friends. So I got him on the phone—just shortly before he was about to set sail—and asked him how he would like to be publisher of THE NATION. This out-of-the-blue query didn't seem to faze him. He came to the office, asked some very good questions, and then asked me to prepare a memorandum on what I conceived the functions and responsibilities of a publisher to be. It was almost as casual as that. If I had spent a year in hot pursuit of the ideal publisher, I could not have done better. If it had not been for his generous and timely intervention, I certainly would not have been able to carry out Freda Kirchwey's suggestion. In addition, the magazine has benefited enormously from George's supervision, his keen judgment, and his eye for the relevant. Like Freda, he has steady nerves and doesn't frighten easily. This, of course, is neither the place nor the time to tell how much THE NATION owes to all its friends and supporters, to its contributors and its readers and to its fine staff. But I do want to say here that no editor ever had better or more considerate or helpful working colleagues than I have had in the persons of Victor Bernstein, Robert Hatch and Carl Dreher.

ON BALANCE, I am not at all sorry that I deserted that hilltop home in Los Angeles to come east to edit THE NATION, much as I want some day to write the books I had on my agenda in 1951. Since then, THE NATION has been my "home" in the sense that I have probably spent almost as many hours at the office as I have at home with my family; winter, spring, summer, fall—day and night—THE NATION has been my constant preoccupation. Discovering what THE NATION is—and what it is not—has been an instructive experience, for its survival for a century is one of the major miracles of American journalism. It is more than a publication; it is an incorporeal entity with a life of its own that exists quite independently of personalities, ownership transitions, or editorial successions. It has friends in all sections of the country, in all quarters of the globe, not one in ten of whom is a subscriber or ever has been. But they know about THE NATION and find many ways of demonstrating their friendship. Communications reach it from all points of the compass; clippings descend upon it from Bombay and Boston, Ceylon and Cincinnati, from the executive mansions of state capitals as well as federal, state and county prisons. Many of these communications are simply addressed to "The Nation, New York." No one has ever "owned" THE NATION; it is impossible to own or possess it or bequeath it or sell it or mortgage it. If it ever ceased to be what it has always been, it would simply not exist—regardless of who "owned" it or how much money stood on deposit in its name. It is an idea, a spirit, a name without an address; it is fragile, without physical assets, but it is free and so it lives. It is of the past as well as the present; it belongs to all those who have read it, quoted it, written for it or helped it; to those who have reviled it no less than to those who have respected it. To have edited it for a day would have been a privilege; to have been responsible for it for more than a decade is an experience to be cherished.

An editorial writer needs stimulation as well as information, and I find both in THE NATION.
—Herbert L. Matthews,
Editorial Board, *N.Y. Times*

FREDA KIRCHWEY

Associated with THE NATION *for 37 years; Editor and Publisher, 1945-55*



IT ALL BEGAN on a bright August afternoon when my husband and I slid alongside the landing at Bennett's camp on Raquette Lake, pulled our duffle out of the canoe, and walked up the path to our tent. Two weeks of paddling through the lakes had left us with only three conscious desires—a hot bath, our mail, and supper that we hadn't cooked ourselves.

The mail came first—even before unpacking. In among the pile of family letters was a typed envelope addressed to me. I opened it in its turn. Could I guess it concealed a suggestion that would fix the course of my life for the next 37 years?

It was from a young woman I had known slightly at college who was now a secretary in the office of THE NATION. She had heard, she said, (how, I had no idea) that I was looking for a job. She thought there might be one with a project just getting under way—a section on international affairs to be issued every other week as a supplement to THE NATION. If I was interested, I'd better act quickly.

The letter had been forwarded from New York and had rested for several days on the table in our tent. I passed it over to Evans. "Read this one next," I said.

Evans read the letter and for perhaps three minutes we talked over the suggestion it brought. Then I sat down and wrote to Mr. Villard, THE NATION's editor and owner, and also to Henry R. Mussey, formerly my economics professor at Barnard and now managing editor of THE NATION. A reply came from

Mr. Villard himself, expressing interest but asking some pointed questions about my journalistic background, my knowledge of foreign languages, my European experience. I decided that the best thing to do was to meet these issues—and the editor—head on; so that night we boarded the train for New York.

Next morning I went down to Vesey Street to see the editor. Our meeting was amiable. In spite of admitted gaps in my qualifications, Mr. Villard approved some things about me. One was my father, for whom he had a long-time friendship and admiration; they had labored side by side for many liberal reforms. Happily, I too had taken part in several movements close to his heart. I had campaigned for woman suffrage, in and out of the state; and as an early member of the Woman's Peace Party, I had been active in the foredoomed struggle to keep the United States out of the European conflict. Of both these causes his courageous mother was an early and active partisan—a fact that influenced his judgment in many subtle ways—and he obviously approved when I told him I had been a member of the delegation of women that had demonstrated in front of the Capitol at Washington the previous spring, in one last effort to stave off the fatal commitment to war. We had known, of course, that our pleas would be valuable only for the record; that very night, April 2, President Wilson delivered his war message.

HOW MUCH THIS background influenced Mr. Villard, I don't know. In any case he told me there *was* an opening on the staff of the International Relations Section that I might perhaps fill. I would be expected to read, mark, and clip newspapers and reports from all over, file clippings, prepare copy, read proof and help with the make-up, all under the close eye of William MacDonald, editor of the I.R.S. If I proved capable, I might also write paragraphs for the editorial pages, and notes for the new section. To me it sounded like a dream job, but then suddenly Mr. Villard wound up his discourse on a note of doubt. He had heard, he said, that I had hopped from one job to another since I finished college. He would not want to employ a person who couldn't be counted on to stay put, accept routine, and in general become a part of the permanent establishment.

Alarmed and surprised that I had achieved a reputation of this sort in three brief years, I earnestly set forth the accidents of fate that had punctuated my professional life: one, the arrival of a baby, which had halted my career as reporter on the *Morning Telegraph;* two, the demise of the magazine, *Every Week,* on which I had served as an editorial assistant; and three, a wholesale firing at the New York *Tribune* that had cost me my job there clipping "fillers."

Perhaps this last item helped allay Mr. Villard's doubts. He knew the story, or part of it. It seems there had been a denunciation of the *Tribune*'s distinguished managing editor, Dr. Ernest Gruening, because he had published in the Sunday rotogravure section a picture of a recent lynching in the South side by side with one of a parade of Negro troops, back from front-line duty in France, marching down Fifth Avenue. The furies of patriotic indignation had been loosed by this graphic reminder of one of the more glaring inconsistencies of our country's "fight for democracy." Dr. Gruening subsequently was sacked; but before that time, so was every employee who had come on the *Tribune* staff during his term of office—several of whom, like myself, had been hired by someone else and had never met him!

As far as the *Tribune* episode was concerned, Mr. Villard was obviously inclined to regard me as a sacrifice in a noble cause. He accepted me into the "NATION family"—as he loved to call his staff—and two years later Ernest Gruening himself became THE NATION's managing editor—one of the best it ever had.

WHEN MR. VILLARD sold the *Evening Post* and took over THE NATION, he made the weekly into something different and new—livelier, more controversial, more political; less erudite than in its long and influential past, but still authoritative and, occasionally, profound. At the same time, and quite inconsistently, he resisted the idea that any real "sea-change" had overtaken the publication. So deep-rooted was his feeling for the tradition and standards set by Godkin and Garrison that when an article or book review displeased him, he was apt to say, reprovingly, "That is really *not* up to NATION standards," and would summon up William James or Charles Eliot Norton as evidence and example. Or he would remark, "That's not THE NATION's position, you know," about some point he disagreed with in an editorial, forgetting pro tem the new positions his weekly was taking in almost every issue. Thus he always suffered from a division of mind and heart: old versus new, traditional attitudes versus a drive for radical change—political and social.

That the second set of values generally prevailed is proved by the staff Mr. Villard gradually assembled. It included several eminent people of his own generation. Henry Mussey had resigned from Barnard College, after a long and successful career there, in protest against President Nicholas Murray Butler's dismissal of several Columbia professors who opposed the war. (A particularly obnoxious act, since Butler had been before the war an outspoken pacifist, praised for his views in THE NATION itself!) William MacDonald came also from the academic world, having taught history and political science in several leading universities and published a number of studies and textbooks in his fields. Both men had been associated with THE NATION before its final separation from the *Post*, and both were militant liberals, whose ideas reached further leftward in some areas than those of their editor-in-chief. As for Emily Balch, a newcomer, she had eagerly accepted Mr. Villard's offer of a job on the new International Relations Section when she found that her pacifist views and writings had ended her long teaching career at Wellesley.

These were the elder statesmen of Mr. Villard's "new" NATION. But in selecting additional staff members, I think it fair to say that he favored young people, equipped with a flair for politics and a broadly liberal point of view, over older and more experienced journalists. He saw in them, and encouraged, possibilities of growth. He tried them out in new fields of work, and took chances editorially that would have horrified his colleagues of former days. It is true that when his new recruits upset him by straying too far off the old track he complained bitterly and concocted plans for tighter supervision and control. But as long as he remained with THE NATION, Villard never basically betrayed his own "revolution."

WHEN I JOINED the staff, the International Relations Section was housed in the "barn" —an area covering the entire fourth floor of a small loft building that adjoined the New York *Post* building in which THE NATION's main offices were located. You walked from the one into the other through a fire door, permanently latched open. The "barn" had no divisions except those marked off by desks and rows of filing and book cases. I think there was also a little fence between the I.R.S. area and the business departments at the back. The lighting was poor and the walls grimy.

However, none of us felt deprived or exiled. We shoved our desks to where the light was best and we worked hard. Our salaries were as modest as our surroundings. My own beginning pay was $25 a week. It was soon increased to $35 through the kind intervention of my friend, Alma Wertheim, who served as a volunteer in our department. (I should add that, when I succeeded Mr. MacDonald as editor of the I.R.S. a few months later, my weekly salary, covering my work for both sections of the paper, came to $65.)

Mr. MacDonald was in firm control of our small operation, and he kept things moving. As his general assistant, I read reports and documents in English from uncounted countries. I read newspapers in equal numbers. I also clipped and filed in high filing cases everything of possible editorial value from the whole English-language press, and woe to me if a cutting (we called them "cuttings" for some Anglophilic reason) needed by my boss or by any other editor could not be quickly exhumed.

Mr. MacDonald's desk was next to mine. Behind us and to one side sat Emily Balch, her spare figure and aquiline profile dark against the window. In spite of her deep commitment to the peace movement, which claimed her chief efforts to the end of her days, she gave long hours to THE NATION. I never saw a more concentrated worker: she read, she wrote, she absently nibbled raisins in the late afternoon and seemed unaware of her surroundings. Yet if one spoke to her she responded with a quick smile and friendly attention. I think she was the least self-conscious woman I have ever known.

I had immense respect for her, not only because she had lost her professorship for a cause I believed in, but because the light of genuine thought and knowledge illumined everything she wrote or said. And I nourished a suspicion that Mr. MacDonald regarded her with complete indifference. No doubt he recognized her scholarship, especially in areas such as Balkan politics where most of us were ill informed, but rarely did he speak to her or ask her opinion. And when, some months after I came, Mr. Villard put him in charge of the editorial pages of THE NATION and I became editor of the International Relations Section, I found in his desk, now mine, a thick pile of unpublished material written and turned in by Emily Balch! I was furious at MacDonald and filled with partisan sympathy for Miss Balch. But, fortunately, I discovered soon after that she had also been writing unsigned editorial articles and paragraphs which had duly appeared in the main section. So I felt better. And only recently in Mercedes M. Randall's excellent biography of Miss Balch, *Improper Bostonian,* I learned that my colleague had greatly enjoyed her stay on THE NATION. Of such stuff, I suppose, the saints were made.

In any case, I need not have worried about Miss Balch's lack of recognition. Shortly before she died, she won the Nobel Peace Prize.

In that first year the best part of my work was producing, out of endless cuttings and a consuming interest in the awful world around us, many of the notes and longer reports that made up the latter part of our sixteen-page fortnightly supplement. (Later the I.R.S. was published as a weekly eight-page section of THE NATION itself.) I have recently looked over those early issues and found myself astonished by the volume and range of their contents and by the excellence of the signed articles by outside experts or by Mr. MacDonald himself. The list of our contributors was almost a *Who's Who* of contemporary experience and scholarship in the wide area of international relations. Our first issue carried articles by John Bassett Moore and by Thomas G. Masaryk—later president of the newly born Czecho-Slovak Republic.

THE NATION published, first in the United States, the draft of a proposed League of Nations written by General J. C. Smuts, South Africa's liberal statesman who was then a member of the British War Cabinet. The General gave the document to Mr. Villard with full distribution rights, having turned down a number of requests for it from the Associated Press. Appearing as a special supplement in the I.R.S., and later as a pamphlet, the document was widely circulated and much of it—though not enough!—was incorporated in the actual League Covenant. For THE NATION it was a major scoop and did a lot to boost circulation. The I.R.S. was also the first to publish the Constitution of the new Socialist Soviet Republic, followed by a compilation of twenty-one basic Soviet decrees.

The table of contents during this period shows how assiduously THE NATION followed the course of revolution, in Russia but also in the rest of Europe, and tried to correlate that process with the war's dying convulsions. In Germany, especially, strikes were multiplying and the workers were swinging leftward. The coming collapse and the rise of the revolutionary Spartacus movement were already in sight. In March, 1919, the I.R.S. printed the text of the Spartacus Manifesto. The signers included Karl Liebknecht, Rosa Luxembourg, Franz Mehring, and Clara Zetkin. It was followed by a brief editorial note: "The first two have been murdered. Mehring has died."

ALTHOUGH VILLARD had denounced the war, on principle, and had strongly opposed American participation, THE NATION editorially backed the Allied cause and, toward the end, even acknowledged the critical need of powerful military help from the United States. In fact, several editorials emphasizing this need appeared during the crisis summer of 1918—before Villard's sale of the *Post* but after he had assumed full editorial control of THE NATION. The last one contained a few lines worth repeating here:

> This is not a time for closing our eyes to disagreeable facts. . . . Our people should realize that the military burden of winning the war rests squarely upon the United States, and that if we cannot bear it the war is lost. . . . We have become the stroke oar in a boat in which the rest of the crew are almost exhausted.

The editorial then pointed out the amount of help the United States had already provided, but said, "On the other hand, there is no adequate visualizing of the extent of the crisis, no understanding that we are suddenly become the Atlas bearing on our shoulders the whole Allied world and its hopes for defeating the worst aggregation of conscienceless militarists the world has produced. . . ."

I quote these lines not to charge THE NATION's editor with inconsistency, though I think he was deeply divided, like many of his colleagues, on the issue of America's total commitment. I quote them, rather, to indicate how little Villard deserved the pro-German label that was attached to him as a person, and also to THE NATION, not only during the war but even more persistently after the adoption of the Versailles Treaty.

What Villard hoped for was an Allied victory followed by a peace without reprisals—in fact, a peace based on Wilson's Fourteen Points. What he—and the world—got was a peace of vengeance that brought starvation, economic collapse, run-away inflation and the spread of revolution; a peace that led inexorably to Hitler, and thence to World War II.

THE NATION'S PAGES reflected faithfully the whole tedious process following the German defeat and surrender. Villard covered the Peace Conference in Paris with the able assistance of Lewis S. Gannett, who joined the staff soon after it was over. When the Conference reached its predestined end with the adoption of the Treaty, THE NATION's bitter, powerful editorial, "The Madness at Versailles"—though written by MacDonald rather than Villard—summed up exactly the editor's over-all attitude. On this issue, at least, the staff was unreservedly behind him. The editorial was widely reprinted, warmly praised, furiously attacked. But events at home as well as overseas were verifying THE NATION's position. Already the United States was sliding into a deep slough of reaction. Nothing perpetrated in recent years by McCarthy or McCarran or HUAC or the CIA has had uglier private and public consequences than the hysterical denunciations, the arrests, and the mass deportations that followed the war.

THE NATION and its editor were, naturally enough, the main targets of professional anti-Bolsheviks and super-patriots. Mr. Villard himself got the brunt of it, partly because of his German ancestry and partly for his outspoken pacifism. On one occasion he had to be rescued by the police when a meeting in Cincinnati, under the sober auspices of the City Club and the Women's City Club, was invaded by a mob of Legionnaires and other organized ruffians, prepared to tar and feather the speaker. There were many proper clubs and libraries where THE NATION itself was banned.

Once in a while an amusing episode would highlight the prevailing insanity—as when Ernest Gruening, who had recently joined the magazine, telephoned me at home to warn me that the Department of Justice was sending an agent over to look through my files. I hope it was a sign of the times and not of my gullibility that I believed him—and began a hasty search. What *was* in those files? Perhaps some documents on Soviet affairs that I'd saved for use in the I.R.S.?—perhaps a letter from our Moscow correspondent?—perhaps something, anything, that might conceivably be used against THE NATION? But presently my outrageous colleague called up to confess that the "agent" was his invention and I could quit my search. The point is that I had believed him and that—so fogged with suspicion was the air around us—I had some excuse to believe, and to worry, and look.

As the war fever subsided and prosperity increased, the atmosphere of hate and repression gradually cleared. But it was not wholly dissipated for it had seeped into the very marrow of America. When new difficulties arose—a wave of strikes, a rise in unemployment, or, later on, the economic slump that ended in collapse and brought Franklin D. Roosevelt to power—the immediate response of the Right was to try to silence discontent and clamp down on "agitation." Nor has the country ever recovered its former social or political balance.

A FEW WEEKS AGO I was assailed by a strong "here-is-where-I-came-in" sensation. It happened at a mass meeting in a high school auditorium on New York's West Side where I went to hear Ernest Gruening debate the Vietnam issue with William Bundy of the State Department. Sitting in the wings behind the platform and listening to the arguments for and against U.S. intervention, occupation and the rest, I was suddenly jerked back to those early twenties when Gruening was denouncing in the pages of THE NATION the same—exactly the same—acts; only then it was Haiti and Santo Domingo, with Vietnam still snugly under the rule of France. But, of course, I said to myself, it is Haiti and Santo Domingo now, too, as well as Vietnam, and the issues are the same, and the Marines are there today as they were in 1920.

It was an experience of sharp, retrospective anguish to realize that this was where Ernest Gruening also had "come in," and had done as much as one editor with one liberal weekly could to end the state of big-power domination in the island. And here Villard deserves another word of retrospective praise. His handling of THE NATION's finances had varied from extravagant to hard-fisted, depending on many changeable factors apart from the balance sheet. But one constant factor was his determination to send the best reporter he could find to get the story he wanted—and never mind the cost. In Haiti and Santo Domingo several specially qualified writers covered the U.S. intervention at different periods, including Herbert J. Seligmann, Lewis Gannett, James Weldon Johnson, Helena Hill Weed, and, of course, Ernest Gruening himself.

In addition, a committee was set up under the auspices of THE NATION, and hearings were held at which both experts and refugees from the occupied island gave testimony on the brutalities committed under the tough dictatorship of Col. Smedley D. Butler and his Marines. THE NATION's exposure of these facts shocked the country, led to protests in Congress, and eventually helped bring about some modification of the methods used. More important, perhaps, the very publication of facts generally suppressed or distorted had a healthy effect on the rest of the press. U.S. policy in the Caribbean could no longer be treated as "classified." And when the intervention ended and independence was restored, the leaders of both countries gave public credit to THE NATION, and its service was recognized throughout Latin America. Haiti, the special object of our concern, was so grateful after its freedom was assured that the government decided to place a statue of Ernest Gruening in the main square of Port-au-Prince. Only the modest protests of the hero himself prevented it from happening.

Less impressive, but clearly relevant, is the fact that the first time my husband and I visited the island, in 1940, we received special attentions, though we came only as tourists and unannounced. In Haiti, President Vincent entertained us at his official residence in the hills above the capital. He recalled with many expressions of gratitude THE NATION's share in the fight for Haitian freedom and presented us with five volumes of his writings.

Today, as I read the ugly, repetitious details of the current intervention, repression, and Marine rule, I hope that the voice of Ernest Gruening, in and out of the Senate chamber, will continue to sound with all its earlier effect—and still with the solid backing of THE NATION!

THE CAMPAIGN IN behalf of the two island republics was logically followed, late in the twenties, by a brief NATION foray into Nicaragua. There another typical Marine Corps occupation in support of U. S. financial interests had been expensively maintained since 1912. According to Mr. Villard's later reckoning, "by the time we began to evacuate, in 1932, our protection of the bankers' $15,648,700 had cost us $6,076,000." But, also, thousands of lives had been lost and hate of the northern "imperialists" had been spread throughout the Latin countries by the time a genuine native leader, Sandino, rose up to lead the resistance.

At this point, Mr. Villard dispatched an outstanding Latin American expert, Carleton Beals, to Nicaragua to get the story. Beals's reports of his trek through Guatemala, San Salvador, Honduras and half of Nicaragua, and finally straight into Sandino's army camp, made a series that read like a best-selling adventure novel [*See page 83*]. But they told facts that had not been published anywhere, and Beals brought home with him Sandino's peace terms —moderate and sensible but, of course, ignored by Washington.

Another tragic injustice, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, dragged through the twenties, poisoning the decade. Many noted people covered the trial in its various stages, but among the most impressive articles printed in THE NATION were those by a remarkable Boston woman—neither journalist nor lawyer, and no longer young—Elizabeth Glendower Evans. Her calm and deadly analysis of the flaws in the prosecution evidence helped to make their execution in 1927 appear the murder it undoubtedly was.

Other NATION correspondents, such as Paul Y. Anderson and Heywood Broun, contributed exposés of the trial at various points. As the execution date drew near, Mr. Villard and several other public persons formed the Citizens' National Committee for Sacco and Vanzetti. The eminence of the group helped force a review of the case by Governor Fuller of Massachusetts—all, it turned out, in vain.

In the summer of 1927, just after the executions, I went to Europe with my father and husband. Because my father was widely known as a criminologist and the former dean of Columbia Law School, he was besieged by reporters and public men, all asking how the horror could have occurred. He could only state his unqualified opposition to the verdict, and point out that his views were supported by many of the more liberal members of the American bar. Mr. Villard's moving editorial in THE NATION, "Massachusetts the Murderer," put in plainest terms the sense of shame that pervaded the country when Sacco and Vanzetti, bravely and calmly, went to the gallows.

ANOTHER QUESTION, this time a non-political one, that concerned THE NATION in the mid-twenties was the much discussed collapse of moral standards, especially among the young. Those who believe that the general loosening of sexual restraints today, at all social levels, is a new phenomenon either have forgotten or are too young to remember the "sex explosion" that horrified the older generation and engrossed almost everyone during the decade following World War I.

In the winter of 1924 I took on the task of assembling a number of articles on this broad theme. They were collectively headed "Our Changing Morality" and later appeared as a book under that title.* The series included contributions from such writers as Bertrand Russell, Alexander Goldenweiser, Beatrice K. Hinkle, M. Vaerting, Ludwig Lewisohn, Floyd Dell and Elsie Clews Parsons. One of them, on "Modern Love and Modern Fiction," was by Joseph Wood Krutch, who had recently joined the editorial board as drama critic.

Since the subject was challenging and the writers frank and sophisticated, these articles drew a flood of letters, both friendly and hostile. Because of the interest aroused, we held a public dinner discussion on the question, "Is Monogamy Feasible?" I presided, and the speakers, selected from the authors of the series, were Mrs. Parsons and Dr. Goldenweiser, both anthropologists and authors, and Floyd Dell, the novelist. All three gave talks that were serious and, at the same time, sharply provocative. The room was crowded, and the discussion following the speeches roamed over a wide field. It was so contentious that my powers as chairman were heavily taxed. I recall one question and answer among the dozens exchanged. Said a dignified woman to Dr. Goldenweiser: "You have advocated legalizing birth control. Now I would like to ask you, Doctor, whether you meant to suggest that information about birth-control methods should be made available to young, unmarried women." Said Dr. Goldenweiser, partly rising, "Oh, yes." "Pardon me," said the questioner, "I'm not sure I heard the answer." "The answer," I told her after a glance at the speaker, "was 'yes'." There was a pause, and then the audience broke into somewhat embarrassed laughter.

NO STORY ABOUT THE NATION'S twenties could end without at least a glance at the key people who wrote and helped edit the paper, in addition to those whose role has already been touched upon. Automatically my mind turns first to the Van Doren dynasty—Carl, Irita, Mark, Dorothy. Under Carl, who joined the editorial board in 1920, the book section grew in authority and interest to a height it had never reached before—at least, not since Godkin's day. As a colleague and a friend, Carl was irreplaceable.

When he left, two years later, to become co-editor of *Century,* Irita took over the section and carried on in her husband's tradition. However, from the start, she was completely editor in her own right, and a most capable one, as was further demonstrated by her long and successful career as literary editor of the New York *Herald Tribune,* a post she accepted a couple of years after resigning from THE NATION.

Irita was succeeded by Mark. His scholarship was as substantial as Carl's, but since he was first and always a poet, and only second a critic, the tone and matter of the book section achieved a somewhat different quality. Mark also chose poetry for THE

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*Published by Albert and Charles Boni, 1924.

Nation and occasionally contributed a poem of his own. If his taste was in vivid contrast to that of his editor-in-chief, one could not be surprised. A generation of changing styles and attitudes separated them; also Mr. Villard, as he often remarked a little wistfully, "had never been thoroughly grounded in the poets."

Dorothy joined The Nation earlier than the rest—in 1919. Later she became a successful novelist, but her many years as associate editor were devoted to the miscellanies of editorial work. She had a flair for rather hard-boiled whimsy and wrote many columns for a weekly feature devised and introduced by Mr. Villard. It was hopefully intended to inject a light touch into the magazine's sober pages, and was called "In the Driftway." I must say that I never liked the feature as such, but there were two editors who could write sharp and amusing columns, and Dorothy Van Doren was one of them. Of course, she also wrote sober editorials and paragraphs and edited copy, and indeed could turn her hand to any chore around the office.

The other editor whose Drifter columns I liked was Arthur Warner. He had a quirky humor and a leisurely style, and nobody could do a better piece on the degeneration of apple pie in America or how to prepare a cheese soufflé. I suppose I needn't add that Arthur was a man with a poor digestion, who could seldom enjoy—except in his mind—the delights he wrote about so well.

Arthur was, besides, an experienced reporter who had spent much of the war period working for the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* and the London *Daily Mail*, as well as for the New York *Post*.

Arthur Warner's views were radical, lucid, and calmly expressed. When he died, in 1934, of a heart ailment, he was missed, and still is, by every one of his colleagues. I was asked to speak for the staff at Arthur's funeral service, and I have been sorry ever since that I could not get through my short tribute without weeping. Arthur would not have approved of those tears.

Joseph Wood Krutch might almost qualify as a member of the Van Doren dynasty were it not that he was too much a natural individualist to be assimilated to any group. He and Mark had been students together at Columbia, had enjoyed a year's traveling fellowship together in Europe, and had joined The Nation staff in the same year, 1924, Joe as drama critic, succeeding the mercurial and brilliant Ludwig Lewisohn.

Joe's protean nature is well indicated by his many published works. Their themes range from Restoration comedy to the vast world of non-human nature. As The Nation's drama critic he made a name for himself and the paper; his reviewing was shrewd, amusing, often profound. He also wrote "off" editorials (i.e. those not dealing with The Nation's main interests); book reviews, of course; essays in a variety of areas. Once in a while he would take on a job of special reporting, as when Villard sent him to Europe to write about the theatre in Hungary.

Outstanding among Joe's non-literary articles was one on the famous Scopes trial at Dayton, in his native state of Tennessee. He covered the trial along with a star cast of reporters from every leading paper, and his article, "Where Cowards Rule," published in The Nation on July 15, 1925, was in my view the sharpest and most discerning that appeared anywhere.

The editor who was probably most important to the paper as a whole was Lewis S. Gannett. He had come to The Nation after acting as correspondent and assistant to Villard during the Peace Conference at Paris, and was a first-rate reporter as well as an effective editorial writer. In the office he was the editor's right hand. He could fill in anywhere. In fact, if you wanted to be lazy, Lewis could easily do your work and his own as well! It was a grievous loss to the paper when he quit in 1928 to become daily book columnist of the *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Villard said many times that he had always hoped to make Lewis Gannett his successor as editor.

MANY OF MY OTHER colleagues of that decade played less prominent roles simply because they remained with The Nation a shorter time. Among them were Raymond Gram Swing who, after a brief term as member of the editorial board, left to become one of the most famous of radio news commentators; Lincoln Colcord, almost universal in his interests and writings, whose solid fame came from his sea stories, based on many years before many masts—real ones; Arthur Gleason, primarily an expert on labor and related subjects; Stuart Chase, who wrote on economic affairs in a vein too "modern" to please the editor. After he left The Nation—to its great loss, in my view—his star rose fast.

There were Albert J. Nock, essentially a Single-Taxer, and a sharp, sardonic writer, who resigned after a rather short stay and founded his own journal, *The Freeman,* and Suzanne LaFollette, who left The Nation to work with Mr. Nock in that distinguished venture. Briefly, Norman Thomas was a valued member of our board. So was George Soule, another excellent writer in the field of economics, who later, in partnership with Stuart Chase and Evans Clark, established the Labor Bureau, an agency providing economic services for labor organizations. For a short time William Hard acted as Washington correspondent, a post later inherited by Paul Y. Anderson, to whose vivid and provocative reports The Nation recently devoted an article.

Before ending this roster I want to mention two people from the business side of THE NATION who stand out in my mind for special reasons. One is Miriam Walters, circulation manager during the first period of the Villard era. She was inventive and dynamic and certainly deserves a big share of credit for the paper's swift growth in those early years. The other is Adeline Henkel Fantozzi. Adeline served in the accounting department during the same remote era—and is THE NATION's accountant today. If she had not devoted a number of years to other duties, her term of service on THE NATION would outstrip that of any member of the staff—from the start of Villard's NATION until now! Strangely enough her age, to all appearances, has remained the same these forty-odd years.

A GOOD DEAL of semi-official and social life was intermingled with editorial duties in the early Villardian era: for instance, the staff luncheons at the Railroad Club, to which Mr. Villard invited outside guests as well as the editors. These affairs had a little of the aspect of a "royal command"; we attended unless some real obstacle got in the way. And since the guests were usually persons involved in public affairs with which THE NATION was directly concerned, the luncheons were professional as well as social.

Editors joked about them. Joe Krutch maintained that the Boss's guests were usually, if not always, members of the British Labor Party. But like the rest of us, he came. Actually I can recall some extreme variations from Joe's norm. For instance, the Bishop of Oxford, a good liberal as well as a most distinguished churchman, who happened to be guest at a NATION luncheon on the day of the "false armistice," when all of downtown New York poured into the streets pushing and shouting with hysterical joy, and to venture out was to risk injury at least. After lunch, the Bishop was escorted to safety, but I spent one of the most exciting hours of my life helplessly swept back and forth in the Broadway maelstrom.

Another variation was the great Nehru, for whose lunch we had to induce the club to provide the special dishes that our guest's vegetarian principles and frail digestion required. And, as a third, two young Negro girls from the deep South, brought to New York to tell their story, following a farm workers' strike which had recently been crushed with extreme brutality. In those days special arrangements had to be made with the Club to permit their attendance; but Mr. Villard made them, and seldom did we entertain brighter or more articulate guests.

But NATION luncheons could be regarded as part of the job. Entirely different were the mid-winter house parties at the Villard farm "Rockledge," in Thomaston, Connecticut. These were purely social get-togethers. Our host invited staff members of various ranks, along with husbands or wives, and presided over the festivities with the air of a genial *pater familias* who enjoyed joining the children in their sports—even if some of them were close to his age. We coasted if there was snow, walked in the woods, danced and sang songs in the evening; and I, for one, remember those weekend parties with pleasure.

I also recall an elaborately planned birthday party in honor of THE NATION's copy editor, George Schumm, who was known to young and old as "Papa Schumm." The affair was elaborately arranged by Mr. Villard himself and can best be described in his words, taken from a letter he wrote to Lewis Gannett, who was then in Europe. I should introduce it by explaining that Papa Schumm was the most modest man alive—besides being a philosophical anarchist and a passionate anti-militarist.

"We shall miss you," wrote the Boss, "at Schumm's 70th birthday celebration. Freda is lending her house, and THE NATION is blowing itself to a $100 silver coffee service and a collation for about twenty-five at which I shall confer upon him the decoration, Fourth Class of the Red Eagle, in the name of the Kaiser, and also pin an Iron Cross on him if we can find one in some pawn shop. . . ." And then, after the event: "Delightful party at Freda's. . . . Great surprise to Schumm. We all met in front of the house and marched in in lock-step. . . . William MacDonald and Van Loon were there, Van Loon bringing two violins on which he and Marian Tyler played while Carmen Reuben [Papa Schumm's daughter-in-law] sang. Wonderful birthday cake!"

Last winter I read these fragments to Papa Schumm's son Paul, for many years an engineer in the service of the Puerto Rican government. He remembered every detail of the party and said his father had been totally overcome with surprise, pleasure, and embarrassment. While such gala events were not frequent, I think this one well illustrated Villard's characteristic mixture of benevolence and rather juvenile, even "corny," humor.

MENTION OF Hendrik Willem Van Loon recalls another story that seems worth preserving. He was loosely attached to the staff in the early twenties and for a time regularly contributed cartoons and other drawings. His tall, lumbering figure, his wit and good nature, his odd neurotic quirks, and his wide acquaintance with persons and events, all created a pleasant ambience whenever he came to the office.

One day he stopped me and asked suddenly: "Who is this Alma Wertheim that's working here in the office?" "But you know her," I answered. "I've seen you talking to her." "I know I know her," said

Hendrik, "but I don't know who she is. Now, I'll tell you what happened last evening. Then you'll tell me what I asked.

"You know how she looks, rather hollow-cheeked, rather poorly. I thought, well, why not ask her to dinner; she might like a real square meal."

So, Hendrik invited Alma and she agreed. Then, the day before, around the time to stop work, Alma said to him: "I wonder whether you'd mind having dinner with me at home? I have children, and it would be a little more convenient."

"Well," said Hendrik to me, "Of course I agreed, though I thought it a little odd, and I really did want to take her out. But we started uptown and got to her place, and it was a big apartment house on Central Park.

"Then I begin to wonder. We go up to her floor and in the door, and we are in a huge, very grand room which is two stories high, with a balcony around. Against one wall is a great organ, its pipes reaching to the ceiling. And in a moment, out come three little girls, and they are introduced and curtsy politely one by one.

"So I am lost! We enjoy an excellent dinner, most properly served. We chat of art and the war and THE NATION and much else. And now perhaps you know why I ask you, 'Who is Alma Wertheim?' "

I needn't describe my wonderful enjoyment of this story. "Alma," I told him, "to begin from the beginning, is the granddaughter of Henry Morgenthau, Sr., our Ambassador to Turkey during the war, where he also handled the interests of the Allied powers; he is a great philanthropist and a man of large affairs. Alma's husband, Maurice Wertheim, is himself now on a government mission in the Middle East. He's a good friend of Mr. Villard, and I think he helped finance THE NATION.

"Don't look so horrified, Hendrik, even if Alma is almost certainly not hungry! She's working on THE NATION out of interest and good will and because her husband is away, and I'm sure she'll be happy to dine with you any night when she has no home duties to attend to."

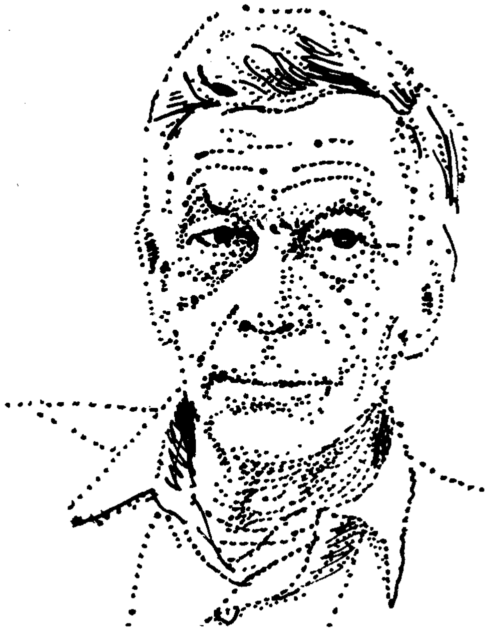
What I could not add to the story, for want of power to foresee future events, was that one of the little daughters Hendrik met, Barbara, would later join the NATION staff and, at a still more distant day, would write a book called *The Guns of August;* that a second daughter, Anne, would serve for a time as the NATION'S film critic; that a third, Josephine, would contribute generously to THE NATION and become my friend and colleague in other activities.

Nor could I explain that Maurice himself would later buy THE NATION from Mr. Villard, publish it for several strenuous New Deal years, and ultimately—in 1937—sell it to me for a price so modest that I could not resist taking on a responsibility which, in the sober light of experience, was far beyond my financial capacity.

But that is another and a longer story!

MARK VAN DOREN

Literary Editor: 1924-1928



MY FOUR YEARS as literary editor of THE NATION (1924-1928) were years of excitement and anxiety: excitement because of all that went on around me, in and out of my office whose shelves were crowded with new books, and anxiety because I doubted that I could ever altogether please the editor-in-chief, Oswald Garrison Villard. In his mind, I continued to believe, there were at least three strikes against me: I was my predecessor's younger brother, I took my time getting books reviewed and often ignored certain ones supposed by everybody else to be important, and I had a queer taste in poetry. He and I got along well in most ways, but I still think he never forgave me these defects. I was not Carl Van Doren, whom he adored (as I did too); I refused to be timely; and the poets I printed bore no resemblance to those in whose works he once lamented he had been so poorly "drilled" at Harvard.

I shall never forget the morning when Laura Riding, then Laura Riding Gottschalk, dropped in on her way to England where she was to meet Robert Graves. I had printed several of her poems, sent to me from Kentucky, and now a new one was about to appear. Who then should come by, waving a proof of that poem, his face hot with fury because he couldn't understand it, but OGV? I managed, I thought, to maneuver Miss Riding out of the office before she heard the worst of what he had to say; then—as Lewis Gannett likes to remind me—I told him he didn't know a goddamned thing about poetry. He forgave me this, but I am sure he never forgot it, any more than Lewis and I have. Nor would he be likely to believe me now, were he alive to listen, if I told him I no longer consider myself the expert I then fancied myself to be. But no matter. THE NATION went on as if no blow had been struck it, and I got my own quiet satisfaction out of printing the early poems, say, of Allen Tate, my friendship with whom began in those years. Also, I listened one day to an older friend, James Rorty, who had come from California to ask why no reviews had appeared, in THE NATION or elsewhere, of a book by Robinson Jeffers —who was he?—called *Tamar and Other Poems.* He had several copies under his arm and insisted that I take one home to read that night. I did so; reviewed it (promptly, for once) with unrestrained enthusiasm; and saw similar reviews, similarly inspired, appear in other places almost on the same day. Mr. Villard was not aware of many such happenings in the course of my stay on his paper; but he shuddered annually over the poetry contest we held, lest every year we make the mistake he thought we made when we gave the prize to Eli Siegel for "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana."

THE LITERARY section of THE NATION was then under two irreconcilable pressures: to continue in the austere and truly excellent tradition of Paul Elmer More, whose columns had educated me as a student under Stuart Sherman at the University of Illinois, and at the same time to recognize the many new strains, some of them shocking, in the literature of the twenties. The older tradition had of course to go; but meanwhile a weekly column I wrote, "First Glance," was conceived as a lifeline thrown back to the shores of erudition. I reviewed reprints, and in so doing showed off such scholarship as I possessed.

The book section was expected to be comprehensive, and tried its best to be so. And we had many superb reviewers, including Preserved Smith and H. L. Mencken. Mencken's copy was a joy to handle because nothing whatever had to be done to it: I often did not read it until it was in proof. Other contributors, some of them famous, wrote carelessly; though there was one whose care in composition was clearly so exquisite that he too needed no editorial attention. This was B. H. Haggin, who came one day to propose himself as music critic for THE NATION but with the stipulation that his copy never be changed or cut. Nor was it; and if he was grateful I was even more so, as any editor will understand. There was equal pleasure to be got from reading the dramatic reviews that came in, first from Ludwig Lewisohn and later from Joseph Wood Krutch, whom I had known intimately for ten years. These men were both serious and witty; the pleasure they gave me and their readers was intellectual in the richest sense of that great word.

As a member of THE NATION staff I of course attended conferences and had my share of editorials to write. And I took my turn being The Drifter, an imaginary fellow who weekly delivered himself of opinions or observations that could be as trivial as he pleased. Yet on the whole I was left to myself and the new books that poured in from the publishers. This was my life, at least on the days when I was not teaching at Columbia, and I liked it. The other editors —Villard himself, Lewis Gannett, Freda Kirchwey, Arthur Warner, and others who came and went— were seldom anything more than curious as to what I was doing. Their own concerns, with the society and the politics of the day, I left to them as they left mine to me; though naturally I learned much from them.

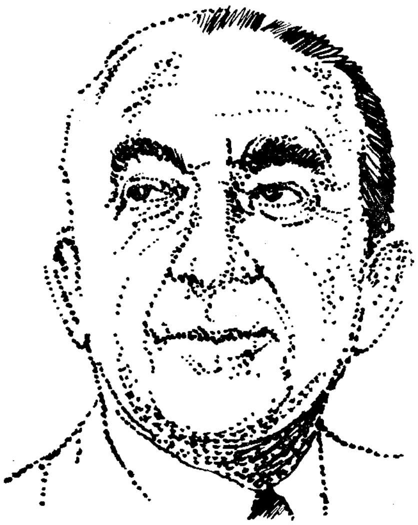
Once I learned something from Heywood Broun that had to do with writing—his writing—rather than the state of the world. Late one Friday afternoon, when I was the only editor in the office, the composing room called to say that Heywood's column, his weekly contribution, failed by 200 words to reach the bottom of the page. I got him on the phone, told him this, and inquired with some diffidence how soon the needed words might be expected. "Why not now?" he asked. And he proceeded to dictate a dozen or so perfect sentences. "Fine," I said, "but where should they be inserted?" "Anywhere you like," said Heywood, and hung up. I discovered that he was right. His method was to say one thing many times; a subject didn't advance for him, it simply spread in circles, like water into which a stone is dropped. The first place I tried his words, they fitted. A statement, rich already, was now richer. A statement about what? I must admit I don't remember.

ERNEST GRUENING

Managing Editor: 1920-1922

I HAD TWO TOURS of editorial service at THE NATION. My name first appeared on the masthead as managing editor on May 15, 1920, and remained there till November 1, 1922, when I left. I continued for another year as an associate editor, however.

In May, 1920, Oswald Garrison Villard, the magazine's owner, was listed as editor. Associate editors were: William MacDonald, Freda Kirchwey, Arthur Warner, Arthur Gleason and Lewis Gannett. Carl Van Doren was literary editor. Ludwig Lewisohn



Ernest Gruening

was writing dramatic criticism and book reviews and would shortly replace Gleason as an associate editor.

We were a congenial group and our weekly staff meetings, when we would plan the next issue, were leavened by hilarity and wit. While our writing and editing talents were more or less interchangeable, each of us had one or more specialties. I had brought one with me.

While at Camp Zachary Taylor during World War I, I had picked up a newspaper in the "Y" and read an item recording the bombing of Haitian villages by U. S. Marines. This appeared so in conflict with the Wilsonian pronouncements of self-determination and rights of small nations, that I promised myself I would try to look further into the matter at the first opportunity. THE NATION furnished it admirably.

Herbert Seligmann's devastating article, "The Conquest of Haiti," appeared in the July 10 issue; "The Conquest of Santo Domingo," by Lewis Gannett, the week following. Editorials and pertinent documents on these flagrant episodes in U. S. gunboat diplomacy—which had been largely concealed from the world by a rigid censorship—followed, and I sent James Weldon Johnson to Haiti.

In August, THE NATION began publishing Johnson's four articles under the general heading: "Self-Determining Haiti." Our campaign resulted in a Congressional investigation. A select committee of four Senators, headed by Medill McCormick, went to Haiti and Santo Domingo—both victims of our Marine Corps conquest—and I was asked to precede and also to accompany the committee. Before his departure, Sen. McCormick wrote in THE NATION:

> The Haitian scandal is the fruit of that exquisite hypocrisy which had peculiarly characterized the present administration [Wilson's] and of the canting inefficiency which has marked the conduct of the Navy Department during the last several years. We subjugated the people of Haiti and of Santo Domingo by force of arms.

Warren G. Harding, the Republican Presidential candidate, likewise made a campaign issue of "the misuse of our gallant Marines."

But, after election and the return of Republicans to power, all acts of the Naval occupations and their fiscal concomitants were ratified. The Senatorial investigation produced a complete whitewash.

THE NATION, however, continued to campaign—including exposure and denunciation of U. S. arms-supported "dollar diplomacy" in Nicaragua. Related, also, was the United States policy toward Mexico, which was denying recognition to the post-revolutionary government of President Obregon because he declined Secretary of State Hughes's request to sign away in part the purposes and fruits of the Mexican Revolution when these seemed to our State Department to imperil American properties.

Independence for the Philippines was a related NATION "cause," as was revision of the canal treaty with Panama. Critical examination of U. S. Policies in Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and Samoa were "naturals."

Another island came in for intensive attention. The century-old English-Irish struggle was intensifying in bitterness and bloodshed and arousing hostility between Britain and the United States. THE NATION, initiating a series of full-page editorials headed "No War With England," sponsored an investigating committee of 100 leading Americans. The idea caught fire. Over 150 outstanding men and women in all walks of life responded. From among them a commission of five was elected. The hearings brought witnesses from overseas; the testimony was highlighted in THE NATION and received coverage in the press. It is fair to state that this undertaking was an important factor in securing Ireland's status as a "free state" and later as an independent republic.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS—especially the new nations created by the Versailles Treaty—came in for much attention. So did Russia, the great controversial enigma. A major report by Bertrand Russell appeared in two successive issues. "I went to Russia believing myself a Communist," he wrote, "but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of communism, but of every cult so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery"; and after further discussion of his experiences, Russell concluded: "I cannot accept the bolshevist philosophy or believe in abandoning the slower methods of democracy and popular agitation."

British affairs were ably presented by J. A. Hobson, Henry W. Nevinson, Harold Laski, J. Ramsay MacDonald and Herbert Horwill.

Villard was covering Germany as were Robert Dell, S. Miles Bouton and Dorothy Thompson. Paxten Hibben was writing on the Middle East; Nathaniel Peffer on the Far East. Lewis Gannett was keeping watch on France. Freda Kirchwey, directing that excellent documentary department, the "International Relations Section," was watchful of events in the Balkans, Africa and Asia.

The twenties were a sterile period politically and socio-economically. NATION editors could muster enthusiasm neither for the Harding-Coolidge regime nor for its Democratic alternatives. "Don't throw away your vote by voting either for Cox or Harding," adjured one leading editorial. Senators Borah and LaFollette were editorially encouraged to start a third party. The Farmer-Labor Party's convention, which nominated Parley P. Christensen for the Presidency, received full coverage and the Socialist Party's campaign was not neglected. (Norman Thomas, its oft-time leader, was welcomed as a contributing editor in October, 1921.)

The problems of Labor and the farmer received full attention editorially and in articles by Anne Martin, Frank P. Walsh, Mary Heaton Vorse, James H. Maurer and George Soule—one of THE NATION's steady contributors on economic subjects. J. P. Warbasse was a frequent contributor on cooperatives.

Villard wrote an excellent series analyzing the performance of the country's leading dailies; it was later published in book form. Suppression and distortion of news came in for frequent editorial comment. Obviously THE NATION was printing much the *dailies did* not.

DISCRIMINATION AGAINST the Negro was treated by Villard, William E. Burghardt Du Bois, Walter White, William Pickens and—in a moving article titled "A Question to Democracy"—by my sister, Martha Gruening, under the pseudonym of Faith Adams. William Ellery Leonard's "The Lynching Bee" was an important contribution both poetically and polemically.

Anti-Semitism in the universities—particularly President A. Lawrence Lowell's proposal to establish a quota system at Harvard—were fully dissected. Palestinian problems received knowledgeable treatment from Judah L. Magnes, Louis Lipsky, Hiram Moderwell and Louis Weitzenkorn.

Social injustices and governmental performance on national, state and municipal levels were closely scrutinized. THE NATION was early involved in the Sacco-Vanzetti case and continued to try to obviate that tragic miscarriage of justice.

Conservation was dealt with by its foremost apostle, Gifford Pinchot, as well as by Robert Sterling Yard and in the editorial columns. Stuart Chase began his fruitful popularization of socially and economically vital subjects with an attack on waste.

The status of women was variously discussed by Florence Kelley, Elsie Hill, Harriet Stanton Blatch, Clara Mortenson Byer.

Belles-lettres in that era should receive retrospectively a hearty accolade. There were Ludwig Lewisohn's drama and book reviews, ever-penetrating and creative. There was Carl Van Doren's great series on contemporary American novelists, which ploughed new ground. The galaxy of book reviewers was unsurpassed. They included, besides our staff: Charles A. Beard, Robert Herrick, Thomas Reed Powell, Henry L. Mencken, J. Salwyn Shapiro, Frank Harris, Samuel C. Chew, Grant Showerman, Sidney B. Fay, Vernon Parrington, Edward Sapir, Hamilton Fish Armstrong, Mark Van Doren, Joseph Wood Krutch, Heywood Broun, Carleton Beals, Lewis Mumford, Preserved Smith, Carl Becker, Ludwell Denny, John Kenneth Turner, Franz Boas, Robert Morss Lovett, John Erskine, Robert Livingston Schuyler, Zechariah Chafee—the best talent in the academic and journalistic world was freely available to THE NATION for the asking, though the financial compensation was negligible.

Nor must we forget the contributions of Anatole France, who honored THE NATION with a notable series of "Opinions."

Much exceptionally good poetry appeared from the pens of Edward Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, Elinor Wylie, Hartley Alexander, Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Ben Ray Redman, Babette Deutsch, Grace Hazard Conkling, Hilda Conkling, Witter Bynner, Louis Untermeyer, Anne Herendeen, J. E. Spingarn and James Rorty, whose delightful "Children of the Sun" generated a small internal crisis in THE NATION's poetry selection policies.

ONE SERIES WHICH attracted a stellar cast of authors and corresponding interest dealt with the states. I presented no specific formula except a general purpose to bring out, in whatever way the author desired, the state's individuality. The first article, "Kansas: A Puritan Survival," by William Allen White, began with the pertinent sentence: "It is curious how State lines mark differences in Americans." Mencken followed with "Maryland: Apex of Normalcy," and the galaxy included Robert Herrick on Maine, Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, Zona Gale on Wisconsin, Douglas Southall Freeman on Virginia, Theodore Dreiser on Indiana, Sinclair Lewis on Minnesota, Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, Edmund Wilson on New Jersey, Willa Cather on Nebraska, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant on New Mexico, Mary Austin on Arizona. Some of the articles by relatively unknown authors proved among the best, such as Easley Jones's Colorado, Johan J. Smertenko's Iowa, Charles H. Chapman's Oregon and Clement Wood's Alabama. Our staff was attracted by this assignment: Ludwig Lewisohn wrote on South Carolina, Arthur Warner on Delaware, Jack Macy (who succeeded Carl Van Doren as literary editor in October, 1922) on Massachusetts. I tackled New York City, dividing the Empire State into two parts; the rest of the state was handled by Charles W. Wood. The series was later published in two volumes. (I suggest that a similar series be written every fifty years!)

I left THE NATION to go to Mexico, assigned to write for it and also for *Collier's Weekly,* both of which published articles. THE NATION also published some reviews of Mexican books—forerunners of a great output on revolutionary and post-revolutionary Mexico, of which my *Mexico and Its Heritage,* published in 1928, was one.

The Great Depression was upon us and much change was impending when THE NATION's first issue in 1933 announced a new editorial board of Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt and Ernest Gruening, in whom editorial control was vested. Villard was to be a contributing editor with a weekly page headed: "Issues and Men."

Among the great changes that impended were the inauguration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his "New Deal" on the home front and the emergence of Adolf Hitler abroad.

THE NATION welcomed many of the Rooseveltian reforms, for some of which it had contended for over a decade. It early exposed and inveighed against the horrors of Hitlerism.

DURING THIS ONE year's NATION editorship, I had occasion to visit Washington frequently to report on events there and was able to interest President Roosevelt and Secretary Cordell Hull in the need of a new policy toward Latin America. In the fall, I found myself appointed Advisor to the United States Delegation to the Seventh Inter-American Conference meeting in Montevideo in December. There we initiated a new policy of abjuring intervention in our neighbors' territory, making the Monroe Doctrine, in F.D.R.'s words, "a joint concern," and bringing to an end our era of imperialism and gunboat diplomacy. This was one of several battles for good causes for whose victory the foundation had been laid in THE NATION's editorial sanctum.

I shall ever be grateful for my years and the friendships formed there. They were among the most rewarding and stimulating experiences of my life, and taught me much that was helpful in my public service thereafter. Of no title could I be prouder than that of NATION alumnus.

ROBERT BENDINER

Managing Editor: 1937-1944

BY EVERY OBJECTIVE STANDARD the period when I first worked on THE NATION was surely the worst of times. In the last half of the thirties (I am jolted to realize that I was managing editor when the 75th Anniversary Issue came out) the depression was slowly dissolving, but it was dismally clear that it was melting under the heat of a growing rearmament; the fathers of Russian socialism were being shot weekly in the cells of Lubianka Prison; and the fetid tide of fascism was flooding, one by one, the capitals of Europe. Those were the years, a current jibe had it, when Hitler would take a country in the weekend while the British were taking a weekend in the country. As for Americans, they were still trying to make up their minds whether they belonged to the world or were operating on some independent planet.

Yet, grim as things were, there was an exhilaration, often a gaiety, sometimes even a giddiness, in the offices of THE NATION that wholly belied the times. In part, I have no doubt, the high spirits were a function of my youth—I was still in my twenties when I came to the antiquated offices on Vesey Street, overlooking the pleasant green of St. Paul's churchyard. No doubt, too, there was a natural headiness in the sudden and frequent exposure to the political and journalistic great of the day—a party to honor President Benes of Czechoslovakia, a lunch for the fast-talking Harold Laski or for Sir Stafford Cripps (who ate only carrots and watercress) or a dinner for retiring old Senator George Norris, who in spite of the spirited oratory alternately wept and slept throughout the long evening. Certainly a lightening influence was the spirit of Freda Kirchwey, whose warm and buoyant nature constantly surprised those who had assumed that anyone as steeped in the woes of the world as the editor of THE NATION could not fail to project an aura of doom. She laughed far more frequently and infectiously than was thought proper then, or is now, in official circles of reform. But beyond these personal elements, I think, was the fact that in response to its gothic horrors, like the response of fever to infection, the decade had developed an élan scarcely recognized by social historians.

Staff meetings on Friday morning were especially lively affairs. Usually presided over by Miss Kirchwey, they were attended by Margaret Marshall, literary editor, punster, and most ingenious deviser of article titles; Keith Hutchison, our genial English-born economist, myself as managing editor and later J. King Gordon and Harold Field, my successors in that slot; and a series of assistant editors who had a way of turning out to be the magazine's most famous and successful alumni, James A. Wechsler and Richard H. Rovere as prime examples.

OVER THE YEARS *distinguished associate editors and* Washington correspondents came and went, and they, too, would show up from time to time at these sessions—Paul Y. Anderson, who a decade before had cracked the Teapot Dome scandal, Joseph Wood Krutch, a superb dramatic critic before becoming the Thoreau of the Arizona desert, Max Lerner, Ralph Bates, Maxwell Stewart, I. F. Stone, and a dozen more. Foreign editors and correspondents like Robert Dell, Louis Fischer, and J. Alvarez Del Vayo, once the Foreign Minister of Spain, would sit in when they happened to be in the country and available, though often as not special evenings were set aside to hear their reports and analyses.

The Friday morning staff meetings had several purposes, the most entertaining of which was to wrangle over the cover line-up and titles. Hugo Van Arx, the whimsical Swiss business manager, was made welcome at these proceedings on the theory that the cover was the best sales promotion we had, but his proposals were usually shouted down as even more commercially improbable than those of the editors. One of his recurrent dreams for this magazine with a concentrated circulation in New York, Chicago and Los Angeles, I recall, was a cover with the screaming legend: "Save Our American Forests."

As with other periodicals, newsstand sales went up when the top of the cover touched on sex, insurance, animals, health, or Abraham Lincoln, all of which were for us unfortunately rare topics. But two of our most prophetic, if not commercially successful, titles had nothing to do with these matters. Both were mine, I am immodest enough to say—one "The Peace to End Peace," which ran the week following the Munich Pact, and "Don't Count Truman Out," which appeared in September, 1948. Other editors will no doubt recall better ones of their own.

Everyone worked hard, and for the editors, facing a Monday deadline, no weekend was ever free and clear. For all the brickbats we received, no one ever alleged that the magazine lacked earnestness and a very high specific gravity, although the injection of a satiric bit now and then must have troubled some of the oldtimers. The testy Oswald Garrison Villard, who enjoyed a kind of emeritus status in my early days on the paper, had so little relish for the light side of social criticism that for years he had flatly forbidden the use of political cartoons in the magazine. NATION readers, too, took to humor uncertainly, and some never acquired the ability to distinguish spoof from literal truth. In a column called "Beside the Point," in which Peggy Marshall and I collaborated after the war, I once took off on an outlandish charge by the Prague government that American airplanes were dropping beetles on the potato fields of Czechoslovakia. Offering what purported to be a *transcript of a Cabinet meeting, I revealed the "plot,"* with the Secretary of Agriculture saying things like "Give me 5,000 Colorado beetles, Mr. President, and I will have the Czechs eating out of your hand—if at all." To my chagrin, letters came in expressing horror at the conduct of the Administration, congratulations on my journalistic enterprise in getting the inside story, and indignation that the rest of the press had chosen to bury it. It was plain that in the view of the letter writers we were dedicated people, and facetiousness was not for the likes of us.

YET IT WOULD HAVE been impossible to get through those yars, in that environment, without developing either a fond eye for the *outré* or a galloping neurosis, and both were common in the trade. To the natural concentration of eccentricity the stream of distinguished exiles added considerably, and few more delightfully than Rustem Vambery, Hungarian scholar and, for the short time he could stand it, Hungary's postwar ambassador to Washington. Professor Vambery, whom I cite simply as the first good example occurring to me, sported Edward VII whiskers, a twinkling eye, and an outsize gallantry, all supported by a height of hardly more than five feet. It was his happy notion that no minor difficulties in New York could fail to be smoothed out by a few pieces of hard and perfectly dreadful Esthonian candy, which he carried in a small tin for emergency purposes. These he would offer alike to ladies in a drawing room, as though they were exotic perfumed cigarettes, and to

Dead End kids on Tenth Avenue as payment for keeping a protective eye on his car. On one occasion, I remember, he extended the box to THE NATION'S switchboard girl, who had promised to convey a telephone message for him. "I have been many years in the Balkans," he murmured as we stepped into the elevator, "and I know the value of a bribe."

Another figure who stands out in a gallery of colorful individuals is Herbert Evatt, formerly Australia's Foreign Minister, who was very friendly to THE NATION when he served in New York as the UN Assembly's first president. Unaware at the time of his avid interest in sports (his other extracurricular passion was, and probably still is, the exoneration of Captain Bligh), I asked him whether there was anything to the talk that Philadelphia had been chosen for the permanent headquarters of the United Nations. "Wot," he said, "a city with two biseball clubs and both in lahst plice!" Lack of space, rather than material, precludes further anecdotage, but I should at least mention the debonair Baron von Munchausen, descendant of the classic liar, who came around to my apartment in June of 1939 to persuade me of the justice of Germany's rape of Czechoslovakia and to hint darkly that in two months "we" meaning the Nazis and what he thought to be the American Left, would be allies. Happily I was told several years later—whether accurately or not I can't say—that he wound up in an internment camp.

It was a luxury to write for THE NATION then, and it still is. But top people did write for it, for as little as $50, and a big name was no guarantee of acceptance. I don't think I was ever as tough as one of my predecessors, Ernest Gruening, now Senator from Alaska, who is said to have rejected assigned pieces by Carl Sandberg and Edgar Lee Masters. But I do recall getting two rewrites out of a Pulitzer-prize winner, at our customary rate of two cents a word, an incident I have hitherto concealed from my fellow-free lances in the Society of Magazine Writers.

Dick Rovere, who has long since become an adornment of *The New Yorker,* had a way of handling this particular aspect of an editor's work that was wholly his own. Empowered to reject manuscripts but not to give final acceptances, he would often find it so painful or difficult to explain a turndown that he would quietly stick the manuscript into a desk drawer instead, no doubt intending in some vague future to deal with it. One summer day when he was off on vacation, an editorial secretary looking for a lost article came across the Rovere cache, a collection of some forty to fifty manuscripts, together with a score of plaintive and indignant letters from authors attempting vainly to crash through the wall of editorial silence.

I WOULD NOT WANT to suggest that everything about THE NATION in those years was pleasantly eccentric, much less that all was courageous wisdom and good cheer. On the contrary, it was a period of fratricide, particularly the years from 1937 to 1941, from which American liberalism has yet to recover. For principled pacifists and not-so-principled isolationists THE NATION became a target, and many of its erstwhile supporters, mostly in the Midwestern tradition of La Follette and Wheeler (even O.G.V. was alienated) fell away—some as Socialists and pacifists, some as America Firsters, and some, alas, as apologists for Hitler Germany. (What were the Nazis doing, they kept asking, that was any worse than what the British had done for years in India?) At the same time, the Moscow purge trials, the persecution of Trotsky, Communist behavior in the Spanish war, and finally the Soviet-Nazi pact made a shambles of the Popular Front against fascism—not suddenly, which would have been better, but gradually, each step of the way leaving liberals fighting with other liberals over whether even a war against Facists could justify cooperation with such an ally. In this protracted agony, THE NATION'S judgments were as fallible as anyone's, its responsibilities greater, and the judgments against it proportionately bitter.

Yet it must be said that differences on the staff were freely aired and respected, and there were occasions when two editors, each under his own name, would set forth conflicting views in the same issue. Sad as these staff differences were, and significant, they were pursued freely and in good faith. Few other journals, whether left or right of THE NATION, could say any more. For this and for much else that was good and generous in her long editorial tenure, American liberalism owes a debt of gratitude to Freda Kirchwey. And beyond this, I happily acknowledge an even greater personal indebtedness, which I think an anniversary issue of THE NATION ideally suited to convey.

For one hundred years THE NATION *has lent its voice to the causes of freedom and progress. Readers have looked to it for courageous leadership and forthright comment on current political and social issues.*

I take great pleasure in congratulating you on this landmark anniversary, and in wishing that during the next hundred years THE NATION *continue in this proud and honorable tradition.* **—Vice-Pres. Hubert H. Humphrey**

THE NATION and its CENTURY

RICHARD CLARK STERNE

Mr. Sterne would appear to be particularly qualified to write a history of THE NATION; *as a graduate student at Harvard University, his doctoral thesis was on "Political, Social and Literary Criticism in the New York* NATION, *1865-1881." More recently, Mr. Sterne spent two years abroad lecturing on American literature under Fulbright grants. Since 1963, he has been Associate Professor of English at Simmons College.*

I

Founders and Early Makers: 1865-1918

HOSANNAS MINGLED WITH tears that spring and summer of 1865. April was cruel to Confederates, kind to Unionists, then indifferently cruel: Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox was directly followed by the murder of Abraham Lincoln. The pungently scented lilacs evoked in Walt Whitman's elegy were faded by July, but even in the wilderness of ruins that was the South, the "sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands" was mourned, along with the hundreds of thousands who had died during the war. The slaves, however, were nominally free, and there was exultation in Fourth of July speeches, newspaper editorials, and poems like James Russell Lowell's Harvard Commemoration Ode:

> Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
> . . . .
> Bow down in prayer and praise!
> No poorest in thy borders but may now
> Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,
> O Beautiful! my country! ours once more!

On July 6, the New York *Evening Post* announced that Ford's theater in Washington would shortly reopen with a play called *The Octoroon*; the *Post* also noted that three new weekly journals had just appeared in New York City: the frivolous *Mrs. Grundy,* the specialized *Commercial and Financial Chronicle,* and the intellectual NATION.

THE NATION had been conceived by Frederick Law Olmsted, who was the architect of Central Park, and Edwin Lawrence Godkin, a young Anglo-Irish Liberal on the *New York Times* editorial staff. The weekly's midwives were a Philadelphia Abolitionist named McKim, and a new England scholar, Charles Eliot Norton. In 1863 Olmsted had written to Godkin of plans to establish a weekly journal of opinion that would rival such English periodicals as the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*. Godkin was intensely interested, and when the versatile Olmsted—who had sent to *The New York Times* first-hand "classic" reports on the ante-bellum South, agreed to manage a mining enterprise in California, Godkin went ahead with the NATION project. Olmsted had introduced him to Charles Eliot Norton, Dante translator and one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly.* As a member of the New England cultural establishment, and as a friend of wealthy Boston Abolitionists, Norton was able to obtain both financial support and potential writers for the new journal. In Philadelphia, meanwhile, powerful help came from a veteran of the anti-slavery movement, James Miller McKim. He had been a co-founder, with William Lloyd Garrison, of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and in 1862 a generous supporter of an early experiment in Reconstruction at Port Royal, South Carolina. McKim wanted Emancipation to go far beyond the formal liberation of the Negroes. Garrison's Boston weekly, *The Liberator,* had been thundering against slavery since 1831, but McKim thought this journal needed an effective successor in the post-war period. He also hoped to further the career of Wendell Phillips Garrison, who in addition to being his friend's son was about to become his own son-in-law. This modest, industrious young man, a Harvard '61 graduate, justified McKim's nepotism. He became so valuable an assistant editor that Godkin threatened to "retire into a monastery" if "anything goes wrong with you."

Godkin's minacity was whimsical: when he was born in northern Ireland in 1831, his father was a

Presbyterian minister. But like many other Anglo-Irish dissenters from the Anglican Church, James Godkin favored Home Rule. One of the newspapers he took was a Dublin-edited organ of "Young Ireland" called *The Nation*. Essentially middle-class and intellectual, this weekly was started by the mordantly eloquent John Mitchel, grandfather of a twentieth-century mayor of New York. Writers for the Dublin *Nation* were attuned to the liberal romanticism of Lamartine, and the journal published James Clarence Mangan's translations of republican German verse. The British government, fearing all this intelligent ardor in print, eventually broke up *The Nation*'s presses. Concurrently, in 1848, James Godkin lost his pulpit for publishing "Repeal Essays," which urged the abrogation of the union between Ireland and England. Later he was to become an advisor of Liberal Party Prime Minister Gladstone who favored Home Rule. Young Edwin Lawrence Godkin, was determined to carry on in the Liberal tradition. After entering in 1849 the Queen's College of Belfast, newly established specifically for Presbyterians, he became president of a student debating society whose members, he later wrote,

> . . . were filled with the teachings of the laissez-faire school and had no doubt that its recent triumph in the abolition of the Corn Laws was sure to lead to wider ones in other countries.

Godkin added that while John Stuart Mill was their prophet, America was their "promised land" where —barring slavery—their schemes were already at work.

It was to this promised land that Louis Kossuth, brilliant leader of the unsuccessful Hungarian revolution of 1848-49, went in 1851 to propagandize for his cause. Young Godkin, then studying law in London, may have seen Kossuth when the Magyar stopped in England. In any case, Kossuth's high deeds in Hungary had captured his imagination, and he eagerly accepted a publisher's offer to write a history of that country. The book, which appeared in London, then New York, when Godkin was only twenty-two, has the vivid clarity of his later journalistic prose. He mentions an American traveler in Hungary—it was Charles Loring Brace, a future contributor to THE NATION—who had been arrested by the Austrian authorities, tried secretly and thrown into a dungeon before being expelled from the Austrian territories, and who bore witness to

> . . . the utter prostration of the people under the grinding tyranny of military despotism, the extinction of literature, the daily and nightly terror caused by the spies who infested every corner of the land,—the streets, the cafes, the salons, the hotels, and even the family circle, watching and treasuring each word as it fell, and laboring with devilish ingenuity to twist innocent expressions into seditious or treasonable allusions. . . .

Godkin's libertarian pen won him a sword, a gift from grateful Hungarian revolutionists when he traveled through their country in 1854, on his way to cover the Crimean war for the London *Daily News.* It was this reporting experience that taught him the importance of good journalism. The appearance of special correspondents in the Crimea, he later wrote,

> . . . was a troubling of the waters which was a good thing for the British army and people. . . . It brought home to the War Office the fact that the public has something to say about the conduct of wars, and that they are not the concern exclusively, as that delightful old charlatan, Lord Beaconsfield, said, of "sovereigns and statesmen."

Godkin returned to England after his Crimean experience, but was determined to go to the land of his Liberal dreams. He arrived in New York in 1856, on the eve of the Presidential election. Hearing wildly applauded freedom songs a few days later, at a Frémont rally in the old Academy of Music, Godkin may have thought slavery was well on the way to extinction. But then, pursuing political education as one of a great throng at Tammany Hall, he heard a Southern Senator declare that every one present "would be the better of a good nigger to wait upon him." Shocked by what his British training led him to consider a breach of Senatorial dignity, and inspired by the example of Frederick Law Olmsted, whom he had just met, Godkin headed south on horseback. In a saddlebag were Olmsted's three volumes on the "cotton kingdom," taken along as a guide. Two years earlier the handsome, refined, delicate-looking Godkin had slogged through mud and been down with fever in the Crimea, but what he saw now in Dixie was more depressing. Writing to the London *Daily News,* which published his letters from the South, he described the poor whites of the slave states as despised by both Negroes and planters: they "chew, spit, 'loaf', and die, melancholy, taciturn, surly, and sickly."

> . . . In lightness of heart, in the joys of the mind, the Irish peasant is a king in comparison.

Of Negro slaves attending masters who were emigrating to the Southwest, Godkin said that their morale was low even in comparison with that of "the meanest Russian *mujik* that ever toiled along the steppes of Perekop." While he wrote of the generous hospitality and the courtesy of many Southerners, he found an obsessive concern with the "nigger," and a widespread desire to extend what he called the "foul and monstrous" wrong of slavery to Mexico, Cuba and Central America. Few Southerners, he wrote, could be made to see the wastefulness of the slave system: the small farmer had to tie up capital in the support of slaves which he could better use, if free labor were available, to buy and till a farm three times as large as the one he now owned.

His Southern trip of 1856-57 did not make him an Abolitionist *à outrance.* A few days before Thoreau called John Brown an "angel of light," Godkin was writing that the Harper's Ferry raid, if successful, could only have "bred massacre and desolation." But he went on, in a letter to the London *Daily News,*

> No one can see a gray-headed man, who has lost five sons in the cause of freedom, step in, with the last survivor of his family by his side, between the slave and his master, and with his thirteen other companions bid defiance to a whole State in the name of the Lord of Hosts, without more or less admiration. There is something grand in the old fellow's madness. . . .

While in England in 1861 with his wife, a New Haven girl he had married two years before, Godkin was annoyed by the "hostile and slightly contemptuous" attitude of Continental and English newspapers toward the Union cause in the Civil War. He wrote a piece defending so strongly the Union's seizure of the Confederate diplomats Mason and Slidell aboard the English steamship Trent that the London *Daily News,* his old outlet, published it as "an expression of American opinion and sentiment." Ironically, Godkin was later to be attacked in the United States as a "foreigner," and was even to be viciously accused of accepting "British gold."

His political and social outlook as editor of THE NATION is implicit in what he wrote during the fifties and sixties. Opposition to all "feudal" restraints, whether in Hungary or Mississippi, on men's freedom; belief in an independent press as a potent weapon against autocracy and secret government; "Manchester" faith in the "free market and "free trade"; hostility to government "interference," whether abroad in the form of colonialism or at home in the form of regulation of workers' hours and conditions—all these convictions, in addition to confidence in universal education as an agent of gradual reform, stamp him as the model of a British Liberal.

The prospectus for THE NATION [*see text next page*], which Godkin sent to Charles Eliot Norton

An anonymous Ohioan, passing through Baton Rouge, describes life in the South immeadiately following the Civil War:

"You must understand," said he, "that in 1860 I was a strong Douglas man. I didn't like Lincoln, and the abolitionists I hated; but, of course, I was Union. As the war went on I began to believe in Lincoln, and, by the time the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, I had been educated up to it and endorsed it. As a war measure, I mean; that was how Mr. Lincoln regarded it, and so did I. Well, since the war ended I've been a conservative; I've considered Stevens and Sumner dangerous men, who did n't understand the South, wanted to humble it and so on, and were standing in the way of peace. I believed what we used to hear, that the North did n't understand the South. I believe it yet, but in a very different sense. This journey has been the greatest that I ever experienced. I came out with the kindest feelings for these people down here; I wanted to see it made easy; we had whipped them, and I wanted it to rest there. I thought the South wanted it to end there. But I was tremendously mistaken. They hate us and despise us and all belonging to us. They call us cut-throats, liars, thieves, vandals, cowards, and the very scum of the earth. They actually believe it. They won't even allow that we won our own battles. 'We were overpowered by numbers,' they say; 'of course we could n't fight all Europe.' They've said that to me more than fifty times within the last few weeks. And they say that they are the gentlemen; we are amalgamationists, mudsills, vandals, and so forth. And I've heard and seen more brag, and lying, and profanity, and cruelty, down here, than I even saw or heard before in all my life. The only people I find that a Northern man can make a friend of, the only ones that like the Government and believe in it, are the negroes. I'm convinced they can vote just as intelligently as the poor whites. A Southerner would knock me down if I said that to him; but it's true. I tell you I'm going home to be a radical. Fight the devil with fire. I've learned to hate Southerners as I find them, and they can hate me if they want to. I'm a Sumner man after I get back, and I shall write out my experience for some of our papers. Every man that's seen what I've seen ought to let it be known. . . . I wish every county in the North would send out two men, who have the confidence of their fellow-citizens, and make them travel through the South and report the true condition of things. They could n't make a true report without changing every honest administration man into a radical."

—*John Richard Dennett, in the series,*
"*The South As It Is,*" THE NATION, *1866*

Prospectus for *The Nation* (1865)

This Prospectus appeared in the first issue of THE NATION *and is considered the official version. An earlier version, somewhat more elaborate, was circulated among potential readers in June, 1865, a month before the first issue appeared.*

THE NATION

A Weekly Journal of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art will be published July 6, 1865.

ITS MAIN OBJECTS WILL BE

First — The discussion of the topics of the day, and, above all, of legal, economical, and constitutional questions, with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press.

Second—The maintenance and diffusion of true democratic principles in society and government, and the advocacy and illustration of whatever in legislation or in manners seems likely to promote a more equal distribution of the fruits of progress and civilization.

Third—The earnest and persistent consideration of the condition of the laboring class at the South, as a matter of vital interest to the nation at large, with a view to the removal of all artificial distinctions between them and the rest of the population, and the securing to them, as far as education and justice can do it, of an equal chance in the race of life.

Fourth—The enforcement and illustration of the doctrine that the whole community has the strongest interest, both moral, political, and material, in their elevation, and that there can be no real stability for the Republic so long as they are left in ignorance and degradation.

Fifth—The fixing of public attention upon the political importance of popular education, and the dangers which a system like ours runs from the neglect of it in any portion of our territory

Sixth—The collection and diffusion of trustworthy information as to the condition and prospects of the Southern States, the openings they offer to capital, the supply and kind of labor which can be obtained in them, and the progress made by the colored population in acquiring the habits and desires of civilized life.

Seventh—Sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art.

The Nation will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body. It will, on the contrary, make an earnest effort to bring to the discussion of political and social questions a really critical spirit, and to wage war upon the vices of violence, exaggeration, and misrepresentation by which so much of the political writing of the day is marred.

The criticism of books and works of art will form one of its most prominent features; and pains will be taken to have this task performed in every case by writers possessing special qualifications for it.

It is intended, in the interest of investors, as well as of the public generally, to have questions of trade and finance treated every week by a writer whose position and character will give his articles an exceptional value, and render them a safe and trustworthy guide.

A special correspondent, who has been selected for his work with some care, is about to start in a few days for a journey through the South. His letters will appear every week, and he is charged with the duty of simply reporting what he sees and hears, leaving the public as far as possible to draw its own inferences.

The following writers, among others, have been secured either as regular or occasional contributors:—

Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Samuel Eliot (Ex-President Trin. College, Hartford), Professor Torrey (Harvard), Dr. Francis Lieber, Professor Child (Harvard), Charles E. Norton, Judge Bond (Baltimore), Edmund Quincy, Professor W. D. Whitney (Yale), Professor D. C. Gilman (Yale), Judge Daly, Professor Dwight (Columbia College), Judge Wayland, Frederick Law Olmsted, Rev. Dr. McClintock, Rev. Dr. Jos. P. Thompson, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. Dr. Bellows, C. J. Stille, Henry T. Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, C. A. Bristed, C. L. Brace, Richard Grant White, William Lloyd Garrison, Sydney George Fisher, Theodore Tilton, James Parton, Gail Hamilton, R. H. Stoddard.

Joseph H. Richards,
Publisher

130 Nassau Street, N. Y.

a month before the first number appeared, committed the weekly to treat topics of the day "with greater accuracy and moderation than are now to be found in the daily press" (it was not unusual in the sixties for one newspaper to call another "traitor"); to give special consideration to the freedmen's condition, in order to secure to them "as far as education and justice can do it . . . an equal chance in the race of life"; to emphasize the importance everywhere in the country of popular education; to diffuse trustworthy information about openings to capital in the Southern states; and finally, to provide sound and impartial criticism of books and works of art. Taken together with these "main objects" of the weekly, the declaration that THE NATION "will not be the organ of any party, sect, or body" indicates clearly what Godkin intended the journal to be: more illuminating than intense, but dedicated to the promotion of John Stuart Mill's cultivated individual in a prosperous capitalist society.

Listed in the prospectus among the "regular or occasional contributors" were Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier and William Lloyd Garrison. Several writers now generally considered more noteworthy than any of these were not mentioned, probably because they were not yet widely known: Henry James, Jr., William James, Henry Adams. William Dean Howells, also not mentioned, was to write regularly on "Minor Topics" during the first year. Among other contributors to the early NATION, well known in their own time, more or less remembered today, were James Bryce, John W. DeForest, O. B. Frothingham, Asa Gray, Thomas Wentworth Higginson (leader of the first Negro regiment in the Civil War and later an editor of Emily Dickinson's poems), Michael Heilprin (polyglot expert on European literature and politics), Sir Leslie Stephen, Charles Sanders Peirce (who developed the principle of pragmatism, and influenced Josiah Royce and John Dewey), William Graham Sumner and Daniel Coit Gilman.

Since articles in the new journal were published anonymously—this 19th century practice presumably enabled contributions to be judged strictly on their own merits—only insiders knew who had written what. On one occasion Godkin joined Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in playing a *schadenfreudian* trick on the latter's brother, Henry Adams. Henry had just published his first major work, a biography of Albert Gallatin. THE NATION came out with a long two-part unsigned review, which mixed praise with harsh criticism of a book that "falls little short of being an outrage both on Albert Gallatin and on everyone who wishes to know anything about him." Charles Francis Adams, Jr. had written the review, and Godkin tried to discover his brother's reaction to it. According to Ernest Samuels, in *Henry Adams: The Middle Years,* the victim of this equivocal joke reproached Godkin "with forceful dignity" for publishing the review, but may never have learned who wrote it.

The young NATION's offices were on Nassau Street, then New York's newspaper row. Only a few months before its first number, dated July 6, 1865, appeared, the bulletin boards of James Gordon Bennett's lively *Herald,* at the northwest corner of Fulton Street, had been giving reports from the battlefields; on the opposite corner of Fulton was the New York *Sun* building, with a pigeon-house on the roof for the homing birds that brought news from ships far out at sea, before there was an Atlantic Cable. Farther down Nassau Street was William Cullen Bryant's *Evening Post,* the highly esteemed daily of which Godkin's NATION rapidly became a respected weekly colleague. A few blocks from this New York Fleet Street was Barnum's museum (until it burned down on July 13, 1865, with lions, tigers, whales, boa constrictors and monkeys dying in the flames). Barnum's, said the *Daily Tribune's* report of the disaster, had been the chief amusement resort for the com-

mon people, who could not afford seats at the more expensive theatres. Barnum's customers were not sufficiently well educated to read THE NATION, even if they could spare three dollars a year for a subscription. But the *Evening Post* predicted, after examining the first number, that the new weekly "will be a boon to intelligent and thoughtful men in all parts of the country."

A rapid glance at that first number captures something of its quality. The first three pages are devoted to paragraphs, headed "The Week," which comment on current events; twelve or thirteen pages of articles follow—dealing with topics like Reconstruction, European problems, critics and criticism of the arts, and including an account of a volunteer clergyman's court-martial by General B. F. Butler. Then comes a poem, "The American Struggle" signed Aubrey DeVere, which is followed by about three pages of book advertisements. The "back of the book" contains six pages of literary notes and reviews—among them pieces by Henry James, Sr. and Henry James, Jr.—and two and a half pages on the fine arts. Mammon has the last word, with four and a half pages of advertising for banks, insurance companies, clothing stores and household goods. Unlike *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,* THE NATION contains no illustrations, but a light essay on "Club Life" indicates that the journal intends to appeal to gentlemen as well as scholars.

> To be young is surely the best, if the most precarious, gift of life; yet there are some of us who would hardly consent to be young again, if it were at the cost of our recollection of Mr. Emerson's first lectures during the consulate of Tyler. We used to walk in from the country to the Masonic Temple (I think it was), through the crisp winter night, and listen to that thrilling voice of his, so charged with subtle meaning and subtle music, as shipwrecked men on a raft to the hail of a ship that came with unhoped-for food and rescue. Cynics might say what they liked. Did our own imaginations transfigure dry remainder-biscuit into ambrosia? At any rate, he brought us *life*, which, on the whole, is no bad thing. Was it all transcendentalism? magic-lantern pictures, on mist? As you will. Those, then, were just what we wanted. But it was not so. The delight and the benefit were that he put us in communication with a larger style of thought, sharpened our wits with a more pungent phrase, gave us ravishing glimpses of an ideal under the dry husk of our New England; made us conscious of the supreme and everlasting originality of whatever bit of soul might be in any of us; freed us, in short, from the stocks of prose in which we had sate so long that we had grown wellnigh contented in our cramps.
>
> —*James Russell Lowell*, THE NATION, *1868*

GODKIN PAID HIS authors anywhere from $10 to $50 per contribution, rarely more during the early years. But he had no trouble attracting good writers, and the magazine rapidly acquired renown and influence out of all proportion to its circulation peak of 12,000. The first year, however, was rocky from a financial viewpoint. The largest single contribution to THE NATION's $100,000 capitalization had been made by a Boston Abolitionist stockholder, George Luther Stearns. Stearns, and some of his stockholding colleagues, including Wendell Phillips, immediately found fault with the publication on several points, the most important of which was its alleged softness toward the South, its relative coolness in discussing the freedmen. Stearns, a successful lead-pipe manufacturer, had supplied John Brown with weapons that were used at Harper's Ferry; after the Civil War began he helped to recruit Negro regiments in Massachusetts and the South. He was apparently persuaded to think Godkin a good bet as editor of the nascent NATION because of their common interest in the Hungarians: Godkin had written a book about them, and Stearns had entertained and been friendly with Hungarian exiles in Boston. But while Stearns saw the new journal as a business he partly owned whose aim was to promote the Negro's cause, Godkin wanted to treat issues as rationally, as "scientifically," as possible. The conflict was classic: the single-minded "doer" versus the broad-gauged molder of opinion. Stearns thought Godkin had known who would be calling THE NATION's tune, and publicly accused him of bad faith. The Bostonian also made it clear that if he had known from the beginning of their dealings about Godkin's Irish birth, he would have had nothing to do with him. Godkin's letters to Charles Eliot Norton reveal his concern about this whole episode, and also indicate that stockholder dissatisfaction with him was essentially confined to Boston. James Miller McKim and his Philadelphia friends held firm, although it is clear that some of them disagreed with Godkin's free-trade views. In June, 1866, their assistance enabled Godkin, McKim and Frederick Law Olmsted—whose California mining venture had not panned out, and who early in 1866 had become an associate editor of THE NATION—to enter into a co-partnership, under the name of E. L. Godkin & Company. Briefly, during the spring, the experiment of twice-a-week publication was made, but the journal became a weekly again with its first issue of July, 1866.

Another problem—during the summer of 1865—was the appearance of a weekly rival, *The Round*

Table. This New York paper had tried to get under way in 1863, with contributors like Thomas Bailey Aldrich (later an *Atlantic Monthly* editor), Daniel Coit Gilman, Moncure Conway and General George B. McClellan, but had failed in 1864 because of war conditions. Late in July, 1865, Godkin wrote to Norton about *The Round Table*'s plan to come out in September:

> . . . I am told they rely for success as against us, on their freedom from any responsibility with regard to the Negro, and on being more sprightly. I think, I confess, THE NATION is not quite as *light* as it ought to be, but I still preserve my faith in the American public. . . . Your article on the "Paradise of Mediocrities" excited a good deal of attention, and called out plenty of abuse, which is just what we want. . . .

In August, *The Round Table*'s advertisements began appearing in New York newspapers directly below THE NATION'S notices, and soon after hitting the streets in September, the former claimed to be "leading." But it was essentially a literary journal, and could not long compete with Godkin's paper, which intelligently covered the cultural and political waterfront from Matthew Arnold to the Tweed Ring. James Ford Rhodes, an American historian, recalled being devoted to *The Round Table* while a student at the University of Chicago in 1866, then of being introduced to THE NATION by an English professor who found it decidedly superior. "The editors of *The Round Table,"* Professor William Mathews had said,

> . . . seem to write for the sake of writing, while the men who are expressing themselves in THE NATION do so because their hearts and minds are full of their matter.

Rhodes also made the significant comment that, as a man living in the Middle West between 1865 and 1890, he badly needed THE NATION'S literary columns—"our most important link between our practical life and the literary world."

Statements praising Godkin's journal and its editors are not hard to come by. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at first cold to the weekly, was soon telling James Russell Lowell that it was "superior to any other journal we have or have had" by reason of its "breadth, its variety . . . its admirable style of thought and expression." About three years after THE NATION began, Samuel Bowles's distinguished daily, the *Springfield Republican,* called it a "permanent and proud addition to American journalism" which "may not ever be popular . . . as the New York *Ledger,* or the Boston *Journal,* or even the New York *Tribune* is . . . but it assuredly has been and will be most useful." Incidentally Franklin D. Roosevelt, sending seventy-fifth anniversary congratulations to THE NATION in 1940, echoed this judgment:

> . . . No one would ever accuse THE NATION of seeking to become a popular organ. It has, through its long history, often appeared to stand alone.

Praise from England came early. A London paper said in September, 1865, with the merest shade of British condescension, that in the new American weekly, "we recognize many of the qualities that distinguish our own press"; it was "the best newspaper we have seen yet from America." The *Spectator* referred to Godkin's journal, in January, 1866, as a "new Radical weekly paper of high aims," and Viscount Bryce, author of the classic *American Commonwealth* and later British Ambassador to the United States, recalled the early NATION as "the only weekly journal of political importance in the Atlantic

If there is one thing more than another in regard to which the people of New York appear to be utterly indifferent, that thing is the sanitary condition of the great city in which they live, and die too, at a greater rate than the inhabitants of any other large city in Christendom. Without efficient hygienic regulations, with a thorough disregard of the imperfect system which exists, with the most shameful neglect and criminality in all matters which relate to the health of the population committed to their care, the authorities are allowed year after year to pursue a course which is hurrying thousands upon thousands to untimely graves. The wealthy, the educated, the respectable, in whom the real power resides to right these wrongs against the society to which they belong, are content to look out from the windows of their well-arranged high-stoop or English-basement houses, and to thank God that the street is clean, that the garbage is removed, and that there is no probability that the typhoid fever or small-pox, which exists in the tenement houses in the rear, will infect their own luxuriously equipped dwellings. Attention has again and again been called to the deplorable and wicked recklessness of those having the immediate charge of the sanitary condition of the city, and innumerable efforts have been made to rouse the people themselves from the apathy they have constantly evinced in regard to their own hygienic welfare. It has all been in vain. With a degree of composure and stolid unconcern which have either proceeded from the grossest ignorance or the most thorough indifference, they have turned a deaf ear to the arguments and the entreaties which have been made, and New York to-day is the filthiest and the most unhealthy city to be found within the limits of the civilized world.

—From an editorial review, THE NATION, *1865*

States"—brilliantly written, witty, conspicuously independent.

There were varying degrees of dissent from these encomia. Henry Holt, while considering Godkin one of his "great teachers," perhaps "our greatest man since Lincoln," and an editor who had an enthusiastic group of adoring followers, also called him "one of the best hated men in the country" and found something "icy" at the bottom of his heart. Godkin, Holt thought, was inclined to settle all questions with the intellect alone. A partial defense against the charge of coldness is provided by W. C. Brownell, who in 1879 left the daily *World* to join The Nation's editorial staff. After commenting on "the gentleness, the self-respect, the feeling of character, that pervaded the office," Brownell recalled working five days of the week in an almost Quakerish silence, broken only by Godkin's "hearty laugh" from the back office. But Lincoln Steffens, who was a news reporter on the *Evening Post* in the 1890s, recalled Godkin—by then editor of the *Post*—differently:

> Reporters were to report the news as it happened, like machines, without prejudice, color, and without style; all alike. Humor or any sign of personality in our reports was caught, rebuked, and, in time, suppressed. As a writer, I was permanently hurt by my years on the *Post*. . . . In general, the news reporters, supposed to have no concern with the editorial policy of the paper, were led somehow—not directly, but by the methods of trial and error . . . to gather ammunition for the editorial writers. Mr. Godkin was no hero to me. . . .

> Paradoxical as it may seem, the diffusion of education and intelligence is at present acting against the free development of the highest education and intelligence. Many have hoped and still hope that by giving a partial teaching to great numbers of persons, a stimulus would be applied to the best minds among them, and a thirst for knowledge awakened which would lead to high results; but thus far these results have not equalled the expectation. There has been a vast expenditure of brick and mortar for educational purposes, and, what is more to the purpose, many excellent and faithful teachers of both sexes have labored diligently in their vocation; but the system of competitive cramming in our public schools has not borne fruits on which we have much cause to congratulate ourselves. It has produced an immense number of readers; but what thinkers are to be found may be said to exist in spite of it. The public school has put money in abundance into the pockets of the dealers in sensation stories, sensation illustrated papers, and all the swarm of trivial, sickly, and rascally literature. From this and cheap newspapers thousands—nay, millions—draw all their mental improvement, and pamper their mental stomachs with adulterated, not to say poisoned, sweetmeats, till they have neither desire nor digestion for strong and wholesome food.
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> —*Francis Parkman*, The Nation, *1869*

It is safe to call Godkin's character "complex." Such comments as those above, taken together with that of Charles Dudley Warner, who called the early Nation the "Weekly Judgment Day," or that of William James, who considered Godkin the "towering influence" of his time in public affairs, or that of the anonymous woman who found that Godkin as editor made virtue "odious," indicate that reactions varied to this witty, moralistic intellectual who combined gaiety with social snobbishness—or was it "reserve"?

To a degree, it seems clear, Godkin's personal faults were public benefits during the "gilded age": a society grown sleek needed intelligent chastisement more than "genial" criticism. Perhaps more regrettable than a lack of compassion was this talented editor's failure to transcend the conventional liberal wisdom of his day. Here, heart and head were both involved. He came to the United States, in his own words, as to a Promised Land. When our war against slavery was won, he thought that democracy had triumphed over a cruel, anachronistic feudalism. Then came the fiasco of Reconstruction, and the shame of corruption under Grant: not democracy, but the commercial spirit seemed to have triumphed. There came, too, the death of Godkin's infant son in 1868, of his eight-year-old daughter in 1873, and of his wife in 1875—blows inducing a depression that led him to move, with his remaining son, ten-year old Lawrence, to Cambridge. (His friend Norton lived there, and he had other friends at Harvard University, which had conferred an honorary degree on him in 1871.) For two years he edited The Nation by making weekly trips to New York. He was resilient enough to keep on working hard and to become an influential editor of the New York *Evening Post,* after Henry Villard bought The Nation from him in 1881 and began publishing it as the weekly edition of the *Post*. He even continued to dominate The Nation, although Wendell Phillips Garrison, formerly the literary editor, officially succeeded him as editor-in-chief.

But Godkin's mood was far different from what it had been in the days of Kossuth's kudos, or in 1865. His Mugwump bolt from the Republican Party to Grover Cleveland in the 1884 Presidential campaign, his fight against Tammany Hall, his defense of gold against the bimetallists, his vehement attacks on "anarchists," even his anti-colonialism—were relatively conventional postures for an Eastern seaboard 19th century Liberal. In a sense, Godkin's intellectual economy contracted during the 1870s and although he remarried, and carried on as a courageous, respected publicist until a few years before his death in 1902, he became deeply pessimistic toward the end. In Paris in 1892, he talked to August Laugel who had been writing for THE NATION about French politics, society and literature since 1865. Laugel, he told Garrison, gave him a sad account of the increase of political corruption under the Third Republic. This, "according to his account, seems to be in the very warp and woof of democracy." A few years later, Godkin was writing to his old confidant, Norton:

> . . . I am not sanguine about the future of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed the fall of the Roman Empire and then a recrudescence under some other form of society. Our present tendencies in that direction are concealed by great national progress.

He was plunged into deepest gloom by the United States's war with Spain, and by our emergence from that brief conflict as a colonial power. Gustave Le Bon's *Psychologie des Foules,* he wrote to Norton from Vichy in 1899, brilliantly explained the phenomenon of the war in terms of the "mental and moral apparatus of a crowd"; during that same summer of 1899, he wrote to a friend in Chicago:

> American ideals were the intellectual food of my youth, and to see America converted into a senseless, Old World conqueror, embitters my age. Don't despair, however.

The Adams brothers, Brooks and Henry, shared in their own fashion his *fin de siècle* nightmare of a Socialist "downfall of the west" (Godkin was much impressed by Le Bon's *La Psychologie du Socialisme* as well as by the book on crowds), and Henry James—a good friend of Godkin's—expressed a few years later, in *The American Scene,* an analogous if more squeamish distaste for democratic throngs. In fact, there was among many cultivated Americans at the turn of the century a marked falling away from the dreams of their youth. Godkin, who had given a vigorous start in 1865 to a distinguished intellectual enterprise, and who certainly maintained throughout his career a high standard of criticism in all domains, could not cope with the problems of a rapidly industrializing, mechanizing world. He saw the horror of "killing half a dozen Filipinos every week," but was unable to conceive a political and social program to provide William James's "moral equivalent for war." He feared the mob more than he cared for its members as human beings. When he resigned from the *Evening Post* because of ill health in 1899, he saw himself as a "disillusioned radical." But every radical whose ideas congeal when he is young is a conservative by middle age.

In 1903, a year after his death, a group of his Harvard friends turned over to the President and Fellows of the University a fund collected to establish an annual lectureship named after him. The only condition imposed was that the lectures, whose publication as well as delivery was thus endowed, should be devoted to "The Essentials of Free Government and the Duties of the Citizen," or to some part of that subject. Introducing the first Godkin Lecturer, James Bryce, in October, 1904, Harvard President Eliot remarked:

> The subscription list is one of the most interesting I have ever seen, not only because of the quality of the men and women who desired to contribute, but also because the list bore the names of many to whom Mr. Godkin's opinions were not acceptable, but who wished to show their profound respect for his character and high motives. . . . His was a strong, virile pen. His writings were often intensely irritating to his opponents. He died without seeing his ideals realized. . . .

The establishment of the Godkin Lectures at Harvard as a tribute to the journalist was matched in appropriateness by the naming of a British Liberal weekly, begun in 1907 by H. V. Massingham, after Godkin's NATION.

INEVITABLY IN GODKIN'S shadow as long as that strong personality was associated with the New York weekly, Wendell Phillips Garrison became editor-in-chief in fact as well as name in 1899. Since THE NATION, beginning in July, 1881, had been reprinting many of the editorial articles of the *Evening Post,* Garrison's heaviest responsibilities continued to be the weekly's literature and art department. He had established a reputation for excellent judgment in the choice of reviewers, many of whom were leading 19th century intellectuals: Henry and William James, Carl Schurz, Charles Sumner, Goldwin Smith, Chauncey Wright, Charles Eliot Norton, Bernard Berenson, Kenyon Cox, Russell Sturgis and Leslie Stephen, among others. If after Godkin's departure THE NATION lost much of its political punch, it continued to command respect in the humanistic departments of the universities. W. C. Brownell, who knew the late 19th and early 20th century NATION from the inside, remarked that Garrison's determination

> . . . to treat every book as a trust, to be reviewed only by the most competent men in the United States, Canada, or England, without regard to any timeliness, was the despair of the business office and a source of deep irritation to publishers, who were furious when a review appeared three or six months after the publication of the book.

But even then a NATION review often "killed the volume or exalted it to the highest position."

Garrison was a much more tranquil man then his Abolitionist father, who had been, in the words of one of his friends, "in a state of chronic martyrdom for years"; but Wendell Phillips Garrison committed himself to THE NATION as intensely as William Lloyd Garrison had committed himself to the slaves. And while he lacked Godkin's ability to write Swift-like satiric prose, he did publish a fictional essay, "The New Gulliver" (1898), which ironically attacked imperialism.

During Wendell Phillips Garrison's editorial tenure his nephew Oswald Garrison Villard—son of the *Evening Post*-NATION's owner, Henry Villard—began to write for the weekly. Although the "modern" NATION emerged only when Oswald Garrison Villard became owner and editor in 1918, the gradual reliberalizing—in a 20th century sense—of the journal in the early 1900s was partly due to Villard's interest in the Negro's cause: he was one of the founders, in 1909, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

In the June 28, 1906 issue, Garrison regretfully announced that he needed a prolonged rest "after forty-one years of unrelaxed application" in the weekly's service, and that the editorship would be assumed by Hammond Lamont. Like Garrison and John R. Dennett—a brilliant assistant editor and writer on a variety of topics for THE NATION until his early death in 1874—Lamont was a Harvard graduate. After taking his degree in 1886, he had done newspaper work in Albany and Seattle, and had made such a favorable impression on President Eliot of Harvard with a superbly written newspaper piece about him that Eliot had offered him an instructorship in English. From Harvard he went to a professorship at Brown, but was soon persuaded by Oswald Garrison Villard to become managing editor of the *Evening Post*. When Wendell Phillips Garrison was about to retire, he wanted to let THE NATION die because he could think of nobody "fit to carry it on who would respect it and its traditions." Whereupon Villard mentioned Hammond Lamont, whom Garrison immediately and happily accepted. Lamont was a noble, kindly, conservative gentleman. In 1902 he gave a speech at Tuskegee Institute, where George Washington Carver was doing his important agricultural work, in which he expressed essentially the views of Tuskegee's principal, Booker T. Washington, on "Negro self-help." Less than three years after becoming THE NATION's editor, he died during what had been expected to be a minor operation on his jaw.

His successor, in May, 1909, was Paul Elmer

The New York *Times* thinks our proposal that the South should be put into the hands of the Federal officers, with their will for law, and "the only law," something rather extravagant, and asks how the powers of military officers are to be regulated at all if, as we maintain, the attempts of the South to regulate them by constitutional precedents and doctrines are absurd. It ought not to be necessary to explain that when we advocate the subjection of the South to the absolute control of military officers, it is to their absolute control *qua* military officers. A man who uses armed force to execute his *own* will, as a man, is not a military officer, but either a chief of brigands or a despot. Federal officers cannot become absolutely free agents, so that no matter how large the powers that may be given them, they must exercise them under responsibility to their superiors—namely, the Northern people. . . . The South and Mr. Johnson have been trying for . . . two years to regulate the conduct of the Federal commanders by constitutional doctrines and precedents, to institute, in fact, a mixed system of their own, and we know what the result has been. Such a system might have been possible had Southerners had imagination enough to understand their situation; but they apparently have not. The sword has never been taken from their throats for one week that they have not rushed into some folly. They are allowed to hold courts, and they forthwith refuse negro testimony or acquit murderers or robbers of negroes. They are allowed to legislate, and they forthwith proceed to patch up a negro code or keep *Harper's Weekly* out of Alabama. The greatest kindness that can be done them now is to tie them up, hand and foot, till they are fairly in the Union. It is quite true, as *The Times* says, that the South is not in Russia. If it were in Russia, instead of having its rulers laboring might and main for two years, as the North has been doing, to get it to adopt and practise republican principles, to acknowledge the equality of men, to respect freedom of speech, most of the leading Southern "statesmen" would by this time be engaged in "practical mining" or other hard labor, with their backs a little stiff from knouting . . .

—*Editorial*, THE NATION, *1867*

More. More's character and personality are brilliantly evoked in an essay written on the occasion of his death by Edmund Wilson; it is called "Mr. More and the Mithraic Bull," and it makes supererogatory any attempt here to suggest what this ascetic devotee of the "inner check" was like. Born in St. Louis, a frail child who one day was beaten to the pavement by a hail storm and had to be carried into a saloon until it passed, More did not immediately go to Harvard but rather steeped himself in German romanticism at Washington University in St. Louis. Then he went East, studied Sanskrit, Greek and Latin at Harvard, where he met the formidable Irving Babbitt, took an M.A. in 1893, and subsequently taught for a few years—first at Harvard, then at Bryn Mawr. Tired of teaching, wanting to write, and having no financial problems, he retired to a hut in the woods at Shelburne, New Hampshire. There he began composing the literary criticism which he published in fourteen volumes from 1904 to 1935 as the *Shelburne Essays,* and which led Ludwig Lewisohn to call him "one of the soundest of American prose stylists." His literary and other opinons seem to have become settled rather early in life. Upton Sinclair recalls being told by More, apropos of *The Jungle* (which stirred consciences along with other muckraking works, and was largely responsible for the Federal Meat Inspection Law of 1906): "Some time ago I made up my mind I was through with the realists." *Dixit.* The kind of stamp he placed upon THE NATION during the five years of his editorship may be suggested by quoting two of his essays. In "The Classics," published in the weekly (and in the *Evening Post*) in November, 1911, he distinguishes between humanism and humanitarianism,

> . . . between perception of the values of life in themselves and active sympathy for those who have missed these values. Without the former our sympathies are, after all, but treading in a blind circle, helping others to help others to we know not just what. And it is well to remember sometimes that the individual soul has its own claims. How much better shall we be if the nations are all at peace with one another, but there is no peace in our own hearts? How much happier shall we be if we settle all the grave questions of labor and capital, but ourselves lose the gracious art of living?

His piece on Disraeli, which appeared some years later in another journal, indicates More's antipathy to laissez-faire liberalism:

> It must be remembered that while the Manchester school was proclaiming its inhuman principles, which regarded men as no more than unconscious cogs in the grinding mechanism of trade, Disraeli was writing his *Coningsby* and *Sybil.* . . . He was thinking of that instinctive, unreasoned relation between man and man, which recognizes the dependences of the lower on the higher and the higher on the lower, together with that communism of the imagination which softens the asperities of fortune as no chilly abstraction of rights has ever yet succeeded in doing. There was nothing remote in [his] view of the Constitution, which he had learned from Burke; every citizen of the state was to feel his little part in life enhanced by the glamour of the whole.

More's "communism of the imagination" is closer to what might be called the poetry of the corporate state than it is to Marxist communism. More looked always for moral implications in literature. Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer,* which appeared some years after he had left THE NATION, More called an "explosion in a cesspool"—but he later conceded to Edmund Wilson that he saw "the element of protest in Dos Passos and Joyce." Wilson replied that although there was protest in Dos Passos, he didn't believe there was any in Joyce, and thus—said Wilson in his essay—

> . . . unfortunately deprived Mr. More of his only excuse for being polite about *Ulysses.*

Irving Babbitt, whom More had met at Harvard, began contributing to THE NATION when More became its literary editor in 1906. And one of Babbitt's students at Harvard in the early 1900s, Stuart Pratt Sherman, was given both an outlet in the weekly and important encouragement by More. It was these "professors" whom H. L. Mencken delighted in attacking, although his contempt for egalitarianism was as great as Babbitt's and More's.

More found editing THE NATION a "crushing grind." In 1910 he arranged for a kindred spirit, Harold deWolf Fuller, to join the staff as assistant editor; fairly often, after this, More was able to relax in what he called a "wild debauchery" of three-handed bridge and whiskey with Fuller and another assistant, Stanley Went. More and Villard were not on the same wavelength. But Villard came increasingly to determine the political policy of the *Evening Post,* and therefore of its weekly Siamese twin, THE NATION. In July, 1912, More wrote to his wife that he feared

> *The Evening Post* in its advocacy of Woodrow Wilson will run into greater and greater extravagances of radicalism until my position is intolerable.

This case of journalistic schizophrenia was exacerbated by More's absolute lack of interest in format and display, for the drab-appearing NATION was facing competition from more sprightly magazines. Tired and discouraged by an editorial job for which he was not temperamentally suited—his best work was in his literary essays—More hoped to see the publication remain humanistically conservative. He therefore wrote in September, 1913, to Stuart Pratt Sherman, asking him to carry the torch as editor. But Sherman declined as emphatically as General Sherman had declined to run for the Presidency. It was some satisfaction to More that, since he was determined to resign, the owners of the *Evening Post* decided to put Fuller in charge of The Nation—although "aided and supervised by Mr. Villard and Mr. Strunsky." Leaving the weekly early in 1914, More felt that eleven years of journalism lay "behind me like a nightmare." He had got out, he said, "just in time."

While fearing a "cheapening" of The Nation under Villard, More consented for a time to be listed as an "Advisory Editor." But this was a purely honorific title, and More's separation from the weekly was soon absolute. During his tenure the magazine was, more than it had ever been, more than it was to be, a literary and scholarly journal. It commands a certain interest on its own terms. But it would be an unusual reader who could admire equally More's Nation, and that of Villard or Kirchwey or McWilliams.

All ages are in some sense ages of transition. However, the brief period of Harold deWolf Fuller's editorship was distinctly a bridge between past and present. Fuller's background was scholarly, like that of Lamont and More. He had written a Harvard Ph. D. thesis on the sources and authorship of *Titus Andronicus,* and had translated a 14th century Dutch legend into English. His world outlook, like More's, was that of post-Burkean conservatism. Along with his predecessor, Fuller represents a break with Godkin-Garrison liberalism—which stood for individual freedom from government control and monopoly control. The conservatism of Fuller and More symbolizes that longing for authority in a confusing world which gripped many upper-middle-class intellectuals early in the 20th century. T. S. Eliot was to become their drily moving voice. Oswald Garrison Villard respected Fuller's convictions, but was determined to give The Nation a new life. Significantly, the announcement in the issue of March 12, 1914, on four cream-colored pages (this venture into color undoubtedly struck Paul Elmer More as vulgar) of Fuller's assumption of the editorship, included the following sentence:

> The Nation proposes now to restore certain features of its earlier history and to devote more attention to some fields which have become of larger public interest while carefully maintaining its present scholarly and literary standards, all in the hope of continuing to exert its influence against dangerous tendencies of the day.

This is clearly a politic statement, designed to hold as many subscribers as possible, and the last phrase has a decidedly conservative ring. But in England the *New Statesman* had got under way in 1913, and here Herbert Croly was launching the liberal *New Republic*: Villard was champing at the bit. Contributions from a new generation of writers—Emory Holloway, Horace M. Kallen, Harold Laski, Allan Nevins—were beginning to appear in The Nation. Resurgence and renaissance were in the air. Unless one felt like Prufrock, one was for the new freedom, or the new nationalism, and one read or wrote for Harriet Monroe's recently established *Poetry: a Magazine of Verse,* which encouraged new talent. Villard had what many of his *Evening Post*-Nation colleagues regarded as disturbingly new ideas. He was strongly opposed to the "war madness," and by 1916 believed that Woodrow Wilson had "maneuvered us to a point

(*Continued on page 241*)

On Friday last two men, William King and Abram Owens, were hanged at Franklin, Ky., with formalities that give one a pleasant notion of that region. At nine o'clock in the morning five ministers visited the jail and exhorted the prisoners and prayed with them. Then the two men were taken down-stairs and dressed in black coats and trousers, lasting shoes, white gloves, and straw hats. Their hands were tied, a running noose of grass-rope three-quarters of an inch in diameter was put round the neck of each, lighted cigars were given them, and they set out for the gallows, which was at a little distance from the town. The local pride of the people of Franklin in their two murderers was exhibited in the arrangements for the procession. . . . First [there] came a brass band, next a military company, next the prisoners and sheriffs, next a wagon containing two coffins, next citizen guards, next the clergymen on foot, and finally "the citizens, male and female." The band played a funeral march all the way to the gallows, and the condemned men continually called to their friends in the crowd, and exhorted them to meet them in heaven. The number of spectators—men, women, and children—was very great. When the place of execution was reached "the sheriff introduced Captain King to the immense crowd," and he made a long speech. . . . "I am to die for the death of my brother. No one ever loved a brother better than I did. . . . Had I known his murderer, I should not have said yea or nay, but I should have killed him." He died protesting his innocence, and so did his companion, though doubtless both were guilty. King lived no less than twenty-two minutes after the drop fell, the complaisant sheriff having, at his request, so arranged the noose that the neck should not be broken. An account of a more revolting execution we do not at present remember, and the simple recital of occurrences like this one ought, we should think, to do more to increase the number of people who oppose capital punishment than all M. Victor Hugo's rhetoric, and the increase will be quite as legitimate in the one case as the other.

—*Editorial*, The Nation, *1867*

1865: THE GREAT TRANSITION

ABRAHAM S. EISENSTADT

An Associate Professor of American History at Brooklyn College, Mr. Eisenstadt was a Fulbright Professor in Italy in 1962-63. He has written much on his chosen field, and is now doing an anthology on the writing of contemporary American history for Harper and Row.

> It is not simply the birth of the nation which we now commemorate but its regeneration. . . . It is not simply the triumph of American democracy that we rejoice over, but the triumph of democratic principles everywhere, for this is involved in the successful issue of our struggle with the rebellion. We need have little hesitation in predicting that the effects of the revolution through which we are now passing upon European politics will be still more marked than the effects of the revolution of 1776.

THESE SENTENCES APPEARED in the first issue of THE NATION, July 6, 1865. They spoke both victory and prophecy. Appomattox had come fewer than three months before, the formal end of hostilities less than one. Lincoln's assassination had given the victors a martyr and a cause. Principles and purpose took on a clarity they had not quite had before, right and wrong fell into a neat division, and morality clasped victory firmly by the hands. Martyrdom justified victory.

In July, 1865, the month THE NATION appeared, the certain theme of victory was the triumph of democracy. The meaning of a democratic triumph was obvious in at least two respects: the empire of slaveholders had been defeated, and so too had been their European defenders. The slaveholders would be exposed to the dictates of the Northern arms; their defenders, to the dictates of Northern ideas. In the shaky condition of European thrones, ideas were no less powerful than arms. But if this much was certain about the triumph of the democratic idea, a good deal was not. How far would it be able to reshape the ideas and institutions of the South? Could it overcome the entrenched habits of decades, indeed centuries, of peace, and the bitter commitment of four years of war? Was the Negro to be given the vote, was suffrage to be universal? Could a slave of centuries at once assume the responsibilities of citizenship? Was democracy to be social as well as political? What would be the impact of Negro suffrage upon the whole social order, Northern and Southern, but especially Southern, where Negroes would, in many areas, predominate?

For decades after the War of 1812, both North and South had tapped the resources of an expanding domain, each trying to realize its own version of the American dream. Now that the Southern version of the dream had ended, with a rude awakening, how would the Northern version continue? If the South had hitherto stayed the North's project for America, what would the collapse of the South mean for the project's possible realization? And if it was far from clear what Northern triumph meant for the South, it was not really more clear what Northern triumph meant for the North. The war, like all great modern wars, had ended with much more than it began; like them too, it compassed only victory but achieved also revolution. What would be the domains of the revolution? This much was clear already, that the United States had been catapulted into a new era in the realms of industry, finance, agriculture and communications. But would not other areas of American life be altered too? If the American idea was that of equal advantage and opportunity, how would it be extended by the triumph of democracy? Into what new realms of territory and enterprise would the renewed tenet of equal opportunities lead?

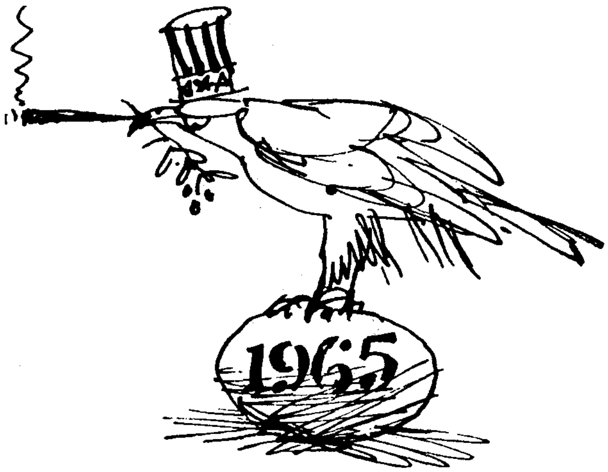
What would the democratic triumph mean for Europe? Within each state and within each capital, a national civil war was active or brewing between the establishment and democracy. If the conflict had been irrepressible in America, it was no less so in Europe, and its issue in the New World was full of dire portents for the Old. The whole Western world, Europe and America, stood at a turn in the 1860s. All Western countries, cisatlantic and transatlantic, were responding to similar forces which were everywhere defining the conditions of modern life. The forces were legion, but among them some were more prominent than others: industrialization, nationalism, urbanization, secularism—and democracy.

July, 1865, marked the triumph of the democratic idea. The Republic in America had withstood the test of violent civil war. Elsewhere, civil wars had signaled the disruption of politics and the death of established ideas. In America, the conflict ended with the polity strengthened and the established idea affirmed. So massive had been the armies of the Republic, so great its productivity, so solid its victory, that its principal idea could no longer be denied. The first issue of The Nation put the matter squarely: the whole Western world must face up to the full meaning of government by the people, of the people, and for the people.

I

The Americans of 1865 inherited this much of their Puritan legacy, that they too felt themselves to be moving under God's special providence, they too were latter-day Hebrews, divinely chosen and divinely protected. The war had been for them a moral war, a religious war. "Our cause, we love to think, is especially God's," said Horace Bushnell, Hartford's famous Congregational minister. At Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher declared that the South had been put to the scales and had been found wanting. "This continent is to be from this time forth governed by Northern men, with Northern ideas, and with a Northern gospel."

What God's will had made manifest, they felt, was the validity of Northern principle. The fact of it was that the war had come first, and the undying principle of the war second. If the North had begun merely by fighting against rebellion, to sustain the Constitution, it ended by fighting for equality, to fulfill the Declaration of Independence. Lincoln indeed had cited the Constitution as his responsibility, the Declaration as his creed. The principle which triumphed when the war ended had been proclaimed many times before the war began. It reduced the American idea to two component elements: liberty and equality. In his farewell address, Andrew Jackson had rested the American future on the planter, the farmer, the mechanic and the laborer: "men who love liberty and desire nothing but equal rights and equal laws. . . ." Shortly before the war began, Carl Schurz spelled out what the words meant: liberty was the right of a man to be himself, to pursue freely the road to attainable perfection; equality was the sharing of equal rights, "where the title of manhood is the title to citizenship." The union, affirmed The Nation once more, in its very first issues, rests on the equal brotherhood of man, where "it is the equal right of all to attain that which is made attainable to any." No less significantly, said The Nation, the very existence of a union of equality was also a propaganda of equality. Equality was not merely an American practice, it was a preachment to the world abroad.



To Northern opinion in July, 1865, it was clear that the Negro had to be brought within the pale of democracy, that he had to be given the vote. While it was not clear, by the end of the war, how far the capacity of the emancipated Negro extended, it was beyond question that he had it, and that whatever deficiencies he evidenced were because he had been a slave, not because he was a Negro. "What shall be done with the Negro?" asked The Nation. "Make a man of him," it answered, "elevate him to true manhood, with attainment of all that belong to membership in one common humanity." Perhaps the Southern states, seeking now to re-enter the Union, might wish to restrict the suffrage on the basis of intelligence or education; but color was no basis.

If power were not to be abused by any single group in the South, government had to be democratic rather than restricted. For that reason the Negro must be represented and must be given the vote. Public order, wrote Chief Justice Chase in a letter to the freedmen of New Orleans, rests securely on the widest franchise. "Universal suffrage is the surest guaranty and most powerful stimulus of individual, social, and political progress." Moreover, argued E. P. Whipple, a popular journalist of the day, in the *Atlantic Monthly,* the largest justice to the Southern Negro might well serve as the basis for the widest clemency to the rebel white.

But the South seemed very far from democracy in the months that followed the war's end. True enough, the seceded states were complying with the conditions set down by President Johnson for resuming their legal position in the Union. But, to many Northerners, compliance was hardly proof of democracy, while the conditions themselves proved only Johnson's leniency. In what it had been and in what it was now, the South was a negation of the American idea. Tocqueville had pointed out the Southern dilemma at the time that the peculiar institution of Negro slavery was converting all of the South into a peculiar society. Built on slavery and therefore in conflict with the American idea of democratic liberty, the South could not abolish slavery without introducing a serious problem into the conduct of its social life. The Southern mind had been antagonistic to essential American principles. At the time of the European revolutions of 1848, Senator Calhoun of South Carolina, the South's most famous spokesman, attacked the doctrine that liberty and equality were basic to a sound republic: "It is this false conception that is upheaving Europe. . . . It is at the same time threatening our institutions." During the 1850s, George Fitzhugh, a Virginia journalist, came to the defense of the South with a violent assault on Western liberalism, the idea of equality and the movement for abolishing slavery.

IN THE EYES OF the victorious North, the South stood condemned. Had it not, noted THE NATION in Vol. I, No. 1, undertaken the defense, "in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, of one of the worst forms of barbarism. . . ."? Had it not, suggested the *North American Review,* begun the Civil War as a *coup d'état,* failing which it hoped to paralyze the economic life of the Free States to bring them to their knees? Had not, remarked E. P. Whipple in *Atlantic Monthly,* a Confederacy that began in the name of states' rights ended, under Jefferson Davis, in a military autocracy? And had not the dastardly assassination of President Lincoln, said C. C. Hazewell, another of the *Atlantic Monthly*'s writers, proved the continuing spirit of aristocracy in the South, inasmuch as assassination was an essentially aristocratic practice?

Having turned its back on human progress for so long, where did the South now stand with the democratic idea? Had the Northern victory over Southern arms also been a victory over Southern minds? The evidence, said the Northern journals, seemed to be running the other way. The Southern press was rejecting the principles over which four bloody years of war had been fought: the Union, individual liberty, equal rights. The Southern spirit was obstinate, it was resisting in every way the full meaning of the abolition of slavery. Servitude in one form or another remained, and the Negroes were being confined to a subordinate caste. In America's mobile society, where success was a game for whites only, imprisoning the Negroes in a caste was in many ways worse than retaining them as slaves. It was a fallacy to assume that defeat had rehabilitated the South. Southern states were resuming operations with a minimal change of institutions. The rebel's hand had lost control of the sword, but had gained control of the ballot. "The South," summed up THE NATION, "is not a moral community." Despite the war, despite its outcome, there remained yet the deep and broad gulf "which had separated and still separates the slaveholders from the rest of the Christian world, in opinion, in feeling, and in practice, upon nearly all the great questions which civilized men have every day to submit to the decision of their conscience."

WHAT WAS TO BE done with the South? As victors, we have the right to do anything to insure our security, said Professor Theophilus Parsons of Harvard. The North forced Negro emancipation, and we are now bound to protect the freedman. Reconstructing the South could not be reduced to simple acts admitting the seceded states back into the union. The problem was to effect a social revolution, to convert eleven oligarchical states into democratic and free republics. "The conflict is not yet over . . . this war was a war of ideas. . . ." A moral union of states had to be effected no less than a physical one. The victors had to insist on political equality for all men. It was their moral duty to "subjugate" the South: "to reduce her from slavery to liberty, from injustice to justice, from oppressive privileges to equal rights and privileges, from barbarism to civilization." The sentiments were widely heard, in the press, in the Congress, from the pulpit. "The whole fabric of Southern society must be changed," thundered Thaddeus Stevens, the Republican leader of the House of Representatives. The South had been aristocratic, it must be made democratic. The time had come, James Russell Lowell asserted, for transplanting the South into the nineteenth century; the time had come for the "Americanization of all America." "The true way to prevent 'sectional feeling' and 'sectional agitation'," said THE NATION, "is to abolish sectional institutions, to make the bases of society and government the same in all parts of the Union, or in other words to render it more thoroughly democratic." The South had to be made safe for democracy.

But the real point of victory was that the North too could be made safe for democracy. The writ of equality was to run not merely through the South, but throughout the Union. And the concept of equality extended wide, including the citizen's position before the law, his possession of rights, his ability to advance. This surely was the concept Lincoln held when he described the Civil War as "a people's contest . . . whose leading object is, to elevate the condition of men . . . to afford all, an unfettered start, and a fair chance, in the race of life." The words recur repeatedly in all his public utterances. They are to be found in a speech he made, towards the end of his life, to a group of soldiers. The war was being fought to secure "an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise, and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life. . . ." Just a few years after the war, Walt Whitman affirmed Lincoln's concept. It was democracy's rule, he said, that each man was "a separate and complete subject for freedom, worldly thrift and happiness, and for a fair chance for growth. . . ."

The fair chance and the race of life were the prime concerns of the self-made man. His prototype could be found in Franklin's Poor Richard, to whom industry and frugality were civic virtues; it could be found in Crèvecoeur's Andrew the Hebridean, who became an American in the process of becoming a landowner. In his annual message to Congress in 1832, Jackson specified both the terms of the American idea and the relation of civic to individual good: "The government should afford to every American citizen of enterprise the opportunity of securing an independent freehold." Visitors to ante-bellum America looked in amazement, not infrequently in distressed amazement, at the race of life in the United States, aware that in the arithmetic of our national character liberty plus equality added up to wealth. Charles Mackay, noting the bustling activity of the Northern states in the late 1850s, commented that "the free states are progressive, and, to use the regular Yankee word, 'go-a-head-ative.' "

EQUALITY HAD A NEW access during the war and after it, and so did opportunity, enterprise and self-made men. While the war was proceeding, without Southern opposition to block it, Congress enacted legislation that opened wide the race of life to all men of enterprise and ambition. The protective tariffs of 1861, 1862 and 1863; the Homestead Act of 1862; the laws of 1862 and 1864 creating, respectively, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroad companies; the National Bank Act of 1863: they were a collective tribute to the ideal of individual enterprise. The postwar years saw the widespread popularity of Herbert Spencer's teaching, with their support of individual enterprise and his plea for laissez faire. These were the years too of the great popularity of Horatio Alger, whose heroes overcame shabby beginnings, believed that everybody ought to have a chance, and uniformly availed themselves of their chance to achieve fame and fortune: "the fame of an honorable and enterprising man of business, and a fortune which promises to be very large." Charles Francis Adams, Jr. thought less but was no less aware of the new breed of self-made men. "Failure," he said of the new age that opened up with the war's end, "seems to be regarded as the one unpardonable crime, success as the all-redeeming virtue, the acquisition of wealth as the single worthy aim of life." In the newer American ethos, democracy walked hand in hand with success.

When peace came, in the spring of 1865, Wendell Phillips said he feared that "our old farming and reading republic" was at an end, and that it would be succeeded by a strong military and perhaps predatory one. Our triumph has its dangers, anticipated THE NATION, and one of them is the possibility of overcentralization. The fear and the anticipation were premature. The power and control that the federal government had amassed in war were rapidly dissipated in peace. Laissez faire became again the creed of the day. "In America," said the younger Charles Francis Adams, "the whole instinct of the people leads them to circumscribe rather than to enlarge the province of government. This policy is founded in wisdom." But government was very active in the democratic pursuit of wealth, not so much by controlling it as by laying down the legal conditions under which it could be freely practiced. Charters, franchises and cooperative political organizations were the steps on the way to wealth for the Poor Richards of the postwar years.

II

The American experience had rested at every turn on a dialogue with Europe. American identity had been simply a definition of values vis-à-vis Europe. The city upon a hill that the Puritans set up in 1630 was the first of a series of models that America devised for instructing Europe in the good society. But the model was then meant to be an immediate, working example of how best to solve the same problems, how best to realize common values. If the Puritan ethos had in 1630 been authoritarian, oligarchic, salvation-minded, and under God's special and direct Providence, it was, by 1776, libertarian, democratic, property-minded, and under God's ordinary and less direct Providence. The Declaration of Independence signified that, in pursuing with other Atlantic communities the common ideal of the better society, America would go its own way. The city upon a hill had become more ornate, its values more particular; yet it remained an example for others to contemplate, if not to duplicate entire. The period from 1776 to 1865 was a testing time for the American idea. If 1776 meant that America was to give up its European identity, 1865 meant that Europe must consider taking on an American identity. Up to 1865, nothing was so important for the success of the American idea as the course of Europe. After 1865, nothing was so important for the course of Europe as the success of the American idea.

When the European wars ended in 1815, the stream of visitors to America grew to a flood. A book on America was no longer, as it had been in earlier centuries, an excursion into exotica. It was immediately relevant to the European world. The grand tour of American democracy was getting to be a vital part of the European's education. Tocqueville better than anyone else set the meaning of America for Europe: ". . . The democracy which governs the American communities appears to be rapidly rising into power in Europe. . . . My wish has been to find there instruction by which we may ourselves profit. . . . I confess that, in America, I saw more than America: I sought there the image of democracy itself. . . ." There were many who came to praise America, and there were many who came to scoff and remained to scoff. Each went on extended travels, each made a descriptive list of key American institutions, each tabulated American virtues and vices, and each came out with a positive or negative rating of American life. John Stuart Mill summed up the whole literature of this period: "Every book of travels on America has been a party pamphlet."

THE CIVIL WAR, as its contemporaries clearly perceived it, was a war of ideas. Indeed, at least three sets of ideas were in conflict, each set related to the others certainly, but nonetheless individually distinguishable: nationalism versus localism; liberalism versus authoritarianism; and democracy versus aristocracy. Similar conflicts were raging in the principal Western countries. The war between the North and South diagrammed and exaggerated the undeclared wars being fought within the European powers. Each American section represented the extreme of its ideological position. Within the Civil War lay the choice of alternatives for Europe, clear, sharp, unmistakable; indeed, too sharp to make sensibly, too extreme to make readily.

If the established orders in Europe favored the South, the *Westminster Review* explained, it was not because they approved of slavery but because "The general triumph of slavery would not seem to them as dreadful as the general triumph of democracy." Related to the fear of a triumphant democracy was the fear of the tremendous power the triumphant democracy would have. France and Britain knew, certainly, that a victorious North would confront them in international politics as "a giant nationality" and that, in the light of America's fantastic rate of growth, the giant would rapidly dwarf them. They have seen, wrote a Northern journalist, how easily a republic which is armed with the ideas of liberty and equality "has raised men by the million and money by the billion" and they are afraid. "But they also fear that this nation will be an armed and aggressive democracy . . . impelled by a spirit of propagandism which will continually disturb the peace of Europe." Yet while the English classes hoped for the South, the English masses cheered for the North. They considered absurd Earl Russell's remark that "the North is fighting for power, the South for independence." The North was in fact fighting for democracy, and its victory would also be theirs.

THE VICTORY OF THE North over the South, Americans felt, was also a victory of the American idea over the European. In their mind, Europe represented feudalism, archaic customs, despotism, the repression of human aspiration. Every measure of praise for the Union was one of dispraise for Europe. European monarchs, Americans felt, had fought to repress foreign nationalities seeking independence, but the North had fought to insure and complete American nationality. In Europe, said Carl Schurz, "wars of great principles degenerated into wars of general devastation"; but in America they advanced "the reformatory age" and fulfilled "the idea mission of this country and of this people." James Russell Lowell's Commemoration Ode to Harvard, that July, 1865, hailed America as a "Promised Land/That flows with Freedom's honey and milk"; he gloried that there was

Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface . . .
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath.

Hitherto the formula about the respective merits of the different types of government had been: "Democracies are the most patriotic; aristocracies the wisest; autocracies the strongest." But how, asked THE NATION, did it now stand with the formula? The outcome of the war had clearly disproven it, for not only had democracy shown itself to be wiser than aristocrats, who had misunderstood it and predicted its early demise, but no less powerful than the most absolute of monarchs, as its spectacular success on the battlefield had demonstrated. There remained but to consider Tocqueville's conviction that democratic culture, as compared to aristocratic, was mediocre and poor. Tocqueville had erred, thought Godkin, in pushing his thesis too far, in arguing that America's cultural shortcomings, like all other features of American life, expressed the democratic principle of social equality. The fact of it was that American culture had, after the Revolution, been the product of the American frontier, and to that source could be ascribed its practicality, its rough manners, its lack of excellence. Once the frontier influence had abated, democracy would achieve a higher culture, one to match all that aristocracy could offer. Thus the circle of the comparative advantages of democracy and aristocracy was complete: possessing many strengths, democracy had none of the shortcomings inherent in aristocracy; and the shortcomings that democracy seemed to have were in fact not inherent ones.

Tocqueville's prediction that the democrats would inherit the earth had been realized. "Europe would do well to realize that only democracy remains," said Walt Whitman. Appomattox was more than the North's military victory over its sibling; it was a justification of America's ways to Europe, a lesson taught by the progeny to the progenitor. At Harvard in July, 1865, Holmes spoke the meaning of Lincoln's death and of Northern victory for European monarchy:

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands, —
Thrones look a century older in its light!

Victory, said the *North American Review,* taught us "that the best hopes of man for men might here find their accomplishment . . . that a perfect commonwealth might here become a reality."

America's lesson to Europe had yet another theme. The whole concept of nationality was undergoing profound change in Europe during the 1860s. Both in those countries (such as Britain and France) where a nation-state already existed, and in those (such as Italy and Germany) where a nation-state was in formation, the central question was what were to be the basis and forms of sovereignty. America had answered the question, said Godkin: "Sovereignty without centralization, consolidation without despotism, nationality under democratic forms, this is a fact now for the first time established in the history of government."

Mazzini summed up what triumphant democracy in America meant to Europe. "There is one great battle—to which all local battles are episodes—fought on both continents and everywhere, between liberty and tyranny, equality and privilege, right and might, justice and arbitrary rule, God and the Devil. . . . Your triumph is our triumph: the triumph of all, I hope, who are struggling for the advent of a republican era. . . . The abolition of slavery binds you to the onward march of mankind; and the admiration of all Europe calls you to take your rank—a leading one—in that onward march." Appeals were not lacking in the United States for translating Mazzini's call for American leadership into action. We must help the Poles who are fighting Russia for their independence. We must help the reform movement in England. We must propagandize democracy everywhere in the Old World. In sum, we must Americanize Europe.

III

In hailing the triumph of democracy and what it would mean for both the United States and Europe, The Nation was not unaware, that July, 1865, "of the thousand sins that will assuredly beset us." Prominent on its list was "the portentous, irresponsible power of moneyed corporations and their corrupting power over legislatures." Godkin, with his eye constantly on British public life, was shocked by the immorality of the American business world. His indictment of it ran very close to George Fitzhugh's, both showing the alien sense with which the Southern and the British *haut monde* regarded Northern capitalism. Men live by their wits alone, said Godkin; tradition and authority have disappeared as a social force; we are living in "moral anarchy." In the arts of life, said George F. Hoar, the only one in which the United States "surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption." One could lament the bribing of Senators or one could satirize it, as Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner did in *The Gilded Age.*

Men who had once served the agrarian republic with Roman virtue could feel nothing but horror at the ways of the new democracy. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., with the family brilliance that reduced a civilization to a formula, if not quite to an absurdity, found that "trade now dominates the world, and railways dominate trade. . . ." From the railways and the men who controlled them spread the pernicious influence which corrupted public life. Bought legislators, hired proletariats, rings, lobbies, Caesars who ran corporations: these were the *dramatis personae* of the whole play of perversion and decay. Charles Francis Adams's younger brother, Henry, saw what he deemed to be the worst excesses of democracy during Grant's administration, and fled back to the refuge of Boston, where Puritan virtue had at least a decent ambience, if not a universal practice. In Henry Adams's early novel, *Democracy,* Mrs. Lee rejected the hand of Silas P. Ratcliffe, the powerful Senator from Illinois, "the high priest of American politics." Her understanding had been that public works should be public duty. His was that democracy is the government of the people, by the people, for the Senators. To her, his offer of marriage was an offer of the profits of vice. "I am not willing to be made a receiver of stolen goods," said Mrs. Lee finally, "or to be put in a position where I am perpetually obliged to maintain that immorality is a virtue!"

Materialism dominated the new democracy. From having been one aspect of our civilization, said Francis Parkman, it has become the only aspect. Progress and civilization were merely a catalogue of material pursuits: clearing lands, building cities, constructing railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines, making goods and selling them, erecting lavish houses and wearing extravagant clothes. Our intellectual interests were suffering, writing was second-rate, scholars were not wanted, "and today there are fewer serious and thoughtful readers than in the last decade." America, agreed THE NATION, was a paradise of mediocrities. Our thought and life were shallow, our work shoddy, our architecture inferior, our standards low. But standards were also mediocre in aristocratic countries. American democracy, when it had once satisfied the immediate wants of its citizens, would yet produce a superior culture. "A nation where men start on a level, where 'every man has a right to be equal with every other man,' where every man has 'a chance,' is not likely to remain for ever the 'Paradise of Mediocrities.' "

No indictment of the shortcomings of the new republic was more incisive or significant than that of Walt Whitman, himself the poet of democracy. Establishing free political institutions, said Whitman, did not insure democracy's success. Society, in every basic aspect, was "canker'd, crude, superstitious and rotten." The business classes were depraved; public servants were tainted and corrupt; the cities reeked with robbery and scoundrelism; our elite was "but a mob of fashionably dress'd speculators and vulgarians"; literature was second-rate; morality and religion were a "dry and flat Sahara . . . Democracy grows rankly up the thickest, noxious, deadliest plants and fruits of all. . . ."

THERE WAS A DIFFERENCE, however, between Whitman's indictment of the new democracy and that of the others—the group that, in another connection, Richard Hofstadter has so well described as the genteel reformers. Whitman's *Democratic Vistas* was not a despair for democracy, but a call to fulfill its promise; he hoped, indeed he expected, that the future would justify the triumph of 1865. The Brahmins of State Street, on the other hand, longed for a past they could not recapture, and for power they could never have.

Indeed, to contrast their criticism of the republic with those of an earlier Boston generation is to show something of the way the democracy had changed since the years before the war. Emerson's cohorts had preached a jeremiad against sin; his successors preached against incompetence. The first group arraigned American life on charges of moral bankruptcy: thinking in terms that were essentially nonpolitical, they were spurred by the image of a Heavenly City and by the hope of a reformation. The second group arraigned American life on charges simply of bankruptcy: thinking in terms that were essentially political, they had no vision of a Heavenly City, and hoped not for a reformation, but merely for reforms. In Theodore Parker's day, reform was posited in terms of morality and Christianity; in Godkin's age, it was posited in terms of bureaucratic efficiency. One group was at one with the times, the other out of joint with them. In the ante-bellum years, Puritan materialism was censured by Puritan conscience; in the postwar years, materialism became universal and conscience declined into condescension. 1865 marked a termination to the direct line of Puritan descent, to the laying on of hands by which the Puritan succession had been continued. By 1865, the moral and intellectual leadership over America which Boston had exercised for well over two hundred years was clearly at an end.

FOR HALF A CENTURY, two forces, Puritanism and democracy—antithetic in many respects, yet far from being mutually contradictory—had grappled with each other for ascendancy in the Northern states, shaping and reshaping each other in the contest. After 1865, Puritanism remained, but it was no longer dominant, and had been substantially transformed. Where Puritanism had generally resolved the differences between public good and private gain by supporting the public, the new age tended to see private gain as insuring public good. Where Puritanism had seen a difference between the morality of sound government and the soundness of popular government, the new age inclined to see the morality of popular government, so that *vox populi* and *vox dei* were virtually equivalent terms.

The important point to be made about the moral climate of the new democracy is not that immorality and materialism were so much less censured, but that they were so much more accepted. The prevalent sense, as Allan Nevins has pointed out, was not so much that democracy had failed, but that a golden age had opened up where wealth could be gotten by venture. Here is why, as our recent historians have been telling us, so many of the "robber barons" may have considered that they were barons but hardly robbers. In a way, the new access of wealth and the new ways of getting it were a fulfillment of democratic aspiration, offering infinite opportunities for poor men to rise. This, after all, Lincoln had considered the essential American idea, and it was to sustain the idea that the North had fought in the War of the Rebellion.

The men who stood poised on the brink of civil war in 1860 could hardly have anticipated the radical changes which the American idea would undergo. The clash of two massive armies became the clash of two massive ideas. The war became revolution. In 1865, a new American idea emerged.

IV

The democratic idea that triumphed in 1865, one could see in the years that followed, was not much more than a homily of proud intentions, a grand moral program designed to give reason to a great material victory. Equality became rapidly converted, in America, into an uncontrolled race for wealth of which the most conspicuous result was, paradoxically, inequality. In 1890, Howells' *A Hazard of New Fortunes* described an America where making money was "the ideal and ambition of most," where the money-makers were torn by their own sense of moral decay, where equality of opportunity was a failing social ideal and one whose failure not only showed how much the democratic idea had changed but asked, more pointedly, whether it was yet alive. In 1890, too, in a retrospective estimate of the quarter-century since 1865, THE NATION noted that the influence of the clergy and lawyers upon public affairs had declined and that businessmen controlled American politics: "The Senate has, in fact, become almost exclusively a capitalists' chamber. . . ."

Materialism and the pursuit of wealth have since remained significant, but the desire for money has, in recent decades, been tempered by the desire for security. For this reason, the laissez-faire role which the men of 1865 saw as a fitting one for the government has been increasingly abandoned. In a series of "deals"—Square, New and Fair—government has moved, with popular approval, into active control of American economic life. In this way, the democratic idea has been extended to insure security against failure in the race of life.

With regard to the South, the democratic idea had a double career. As an idea of wealth, it was enthusiastically embraced by the New South, and Southern industrial leaders welcomed the invasion of Yankee ideas and Yankee finance. But as an idea of equality for the Negroes, it failed dismally. Under Northern persuasion, indeed coercion, the South tried bi-racial politics and, in some respects, a bi-racial society, for about two decades. Then it abandoned the effort. THE NATION was among the first, in the years immediately after the war, to despair of the Negro and to abandon him to Southern care. By 1900, with general Northern acquiescence, Jim Crow was on Southern law books, and the Negro had been pushed into a subordinate caste. Only in 1965 does it seem that the idea of equality for the Negro which the North had considered so central to its victory may yet be fulfilled. One recalls Whitman's words: "History is long, long, long."

If the American democratic idea of 1865 was transformed at home, it was nowhere realized abroad. To say this is not to say that Europe did not share ideas with America. Bryce noted that there were larger parallel movements of taste and opinion in both England and America, and he attributed the correspondence to similar causes rather than to the reciprocal influence of one country upon the other. If Europe was not significantly shaped by the American democratic idea, it had come to live with it. The difference between Tocqueville and Bryce is the difference between anticipating an idea and acknowledging its realization; Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* is the demonstration of a principle, Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is the description of a practice. A meaningful change had occurred in books about the United States by foreign visitors: before the Civil War, they looked at American democracy from without, questioning its premises, considering it as a theory, a prospect, a possibility among other alternatives; after the Civil War, they looked at American democracy from within, tacitly accepting its premises, considering it as a reality, a fact of Western life.

DURING THE PERIOD from 1865 to 1940, the American presence was a factor in international politics, but the United States avoided deep involvement in European affairs, taking refuge in the notion of its own uniqueness and essential difference from Europe. Up to 1940, in the minds of most Americans, Europe and America were the terms of an ideological antithesis. World War II marked the true end of American innocence, for the national myth could no longer answer to international facts, and a projected vision about the world outside was no longer adequate because the world was no longer outside.

The important thing today is not that America sees much of the world as a home for tomorrow's liberal democracy, but that much of the world sees America as a remnant of yesterday's colonialist imperialism. The vital idea in 1965 is not the democracy of the highly developed Western countries, but the revolutionary upsurge of the highly under-developed countries of Asia, Africa and Latin America. In 1865, making a necessity of virtue, we believed that our experience would teach a moral lesson to Europe; in 1965, making a virtue of necessity, we are learning from European experience that nations do not live by moral lessons alone, if indeed at all.

FASHIONS IN LIBERALISM

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

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Attempts to define liberalism are not likely to meet with success. . . . —*Lionel Trilling*

I

LIBERALISM IS EVEN more an attitude than it is a program. Liberals are critical of injustice, suspicious of vested interests, friendly to change, hopeful of peaceful improvement and convinced that reasoned argument ultimately overcomes selfish opposition. A society without liberals is in poor condition. Liberalism is relative to time and place. What sense can be made out of the complex record of liberal activity and liberal sentiment in the United States since the onset of the Great Depression? Until the Second World War transformed the political scene, the central intellectual issues which confronted the readers and the writers of THE NATION and *The New Republic* were aspects of a bankrupt society apparently permanently blighted by rusting factories, spoiling crops and idle men. Nobody was prepared for such events. Although liberal journals had freely criticized the injustices and crudities of American life in the 1920s, they had been no more prescient than conservatives about the impending economic disaster.

When depression came and remained, liberals shared the general uncertainty both about cause and cure. Certainly they did not identify the Governor Roosevelt of 1932 as their savior. THE NATION's July comment was representative: "In the confusion that besets the Democratic convention . . . one thing stands out clear and unchallengeable. That is the unashamed renunciation by Franklin D. Roosevelt of his last pretension to progressivism." In that year many liberals said things that they later repented. Louis Fischer, for example, put the choice of economic systems as between "capitalist dictatorship and white terror on the one hand and Soviet dictatorship on the other." Of course Franklin Roosevelt in the White House was a different affair and many liberal intellectuals, among them Adolf Berle, Lauchlin Currie, Rexford Tugwell, Leon Henderson and Benjamin Cohen, found not only solace but constructive employment in a New Deal which at the minimum imparted a sense of activity and movement to a stagnant society.

As the economy partially recovered from the depths of 1932 and 1933, liberals recovered as well a measure of their confidence and their volubility. However, to say the least of it, liberal trust in Roosevelt was a qualified sentiment. In 1936, the year of Roosevelt's greatest electoral triumph, THE NATION assessed the President in these measured tones:

> Never has an American President so clearly attacked the finance-capitalists, the holding company wizards, the corporation lawyers, and the whole resplendent array of big-business statesmanship. His attack, coming at a period of capitalistic crisis, is the most significant Presidential utterance we have had on the concentration of financial power in a capitalist state. . . . But Mr. Roosevelt must go farther. If he has not entirely shot his bolt, if he is not more adept at showmanship than at statesmanship, he must affix to the speech a real legislative program. . . . By his references to taxation, the budget and relief, by his very pointed emphasis upon the New Deal as a finished achievement rather than a fragmentary incomplete program, he is serving notice that he will go no farther.

Six months later, at the end of June, THE NATION declared firmly, "the only essential difference between Franklin Delano Roosevelt and Alfred Mossman Landon at the moment is that Roosevelt is in the White House and Landon is here." Apparently concurring, Walter Lippmann announced his intention of voting for Governor Landon.

The New Republic reached a scarcely more favorable conclusion. No doubt the New Deal compared favorably with anything the Republicans might offer the country, but "if one compares it with the measures necessary for a thorough renovation of our society, for creating an economy of abundance, it is sadly deficient, and even in some respects, reactionary." A trifle patronizingly, *The New Republic* concluded that "perhaps the most useful way to judge it is as a necessarily blundering, but well-intentioned attempt to find a way out of the enormous difficulties with which the nation was confronted, an attempt which may be of real educational value if its imperfections are clearly understood and if the groundwork is laid in thought and political organization for a sounder and more permanent advance in the future."

WHAT ELECTORAL ADVICE under the circumstances could the editors of *The New Republic* extend to their readers? "The Editors' Choice," a long September editorial, started with the assumption that the "era of capitalism is past its zenith" and argued that the ultimate solution "lies in the direction of a socialized organization of production and distribution." However, ultimate solutions infrequently define immediate tactics. In fact, *The New Republic* urged its followers "to vote for Labor and Socialist candidates in state, local, and Congressional elections, and for President Roosevelt nationally." Ballots split in this way, the editors judged, "will . . . be the clearest possible demonstration of the simultaneous demands for a national labor party in 1940, and for a progressive attitude toward labor in the next administration." *The New Republic*'s informal poll of writers and intellectuals returned 44 for Roosevelt, 8 for Norman Thomas, 3 for Earl Browder and 1 for Alfred Landon. In 1936, Elmer Davis, Theodore Dreiser, Lloyd K. Garrison, Fannie Hurst, William Heard Kilpatrick and Harold Groves all supported Roosevelt, while John Dewey and Sidney Hook preferred Norman Thomas.

For many liberals, then, the best that could be said for the New Deal seemed to be that it had bought time during which an alliance of liberals, radicals, labor unions and intellectuals might effect a fundamental shift in the direction of social ownership and central economic planning. Hence the incessant speculation in liberal journals about third-party prospects. Hence also the implicit and explicit belief that reforms were no more than patches placed upon the leaking raft of American capitalism. The assimilation of Keynes by the American liberal community has a relevant connection with this attitude. Keynes's *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* appeared in this country early in 1936. Reaction was varied. Maxwell Stewart's NATION review took Keynes to task for his failure to stress redistributionist remedies for continuing depression and for his minimization of the role of monopolies. As Stewart read the *General Theory,* Keynes was advancing a largely conservative argument.

But the most influential American expositor of Keynesian ideas, Harvard's Alvin H. Hansen, perceived other meanings. Inspired by *obiter dicta* scattered through the *General Theory,* Hansen argued in a famous 1938 presidential address to the American Economic Association that the United States was suffering from secular stagnation—a long-run insufficiency of growth caused by the diminishing birth rate, the closing of internal geographical frontiers and the reduced rate of technological innovation. Although Hansen himself shrank from remedies more drastic than those of the New Deal (which he on occasion advised), some at least of his more radical followers identified secular stagnation as a convenient amplification of a Marxist analysis of American difficulties. In an obituary notice written in 1946, Paul Sweezy argued that Marxists had more to learn from this great bourgeois economist than the better trained Keynesians could derive from the technically clumsy Marxists.

IT IS PERFECTLY possible to believe in the fragility of capitalism on Keynesian or other grounds without becoming a Socialist. It is equally possible to become a Socialist without turning into an admirer of the Soviet Union. Many Americans adopted one or the other of these attitudes. Still, it is not astonishing that those who despaired of capitalism and embraced socialism yielded to the powerful attraction which emanated from the land where, as Lincoln Steffens believed, the future worked; where, as the Webbs became convinced, a new civilization was emerging; where, as so many eager visitors testified, social planning had vanquished the business cycle and terminated centuries of economic injustice.

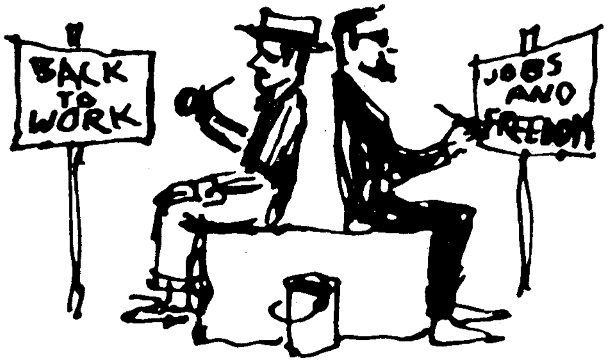
Although liberals of this persuasion did not ignore Russian assaults upon civil liberties, they frequently argued in George Soule's fashion: "One should not take this great question of liberty lightly; there is much to be said about it that is out of place here. But it would be a theoretical discussion, not based on observation. What I can say, as a partially informed tourist, is that we saw no indication whatever that the Russian masses who had made the revolution, felt any lack of freedom, or were governed by fear." Moreover, 1936 was the year of the new Soviet constitution, which promised American liberties and more. As a NATION editorial put the matter, "Louis Fischer's article on the new Soviet constitution . . . is a journalistic scoop of the first order. While it has been known for some months that the new constitution would abolish the inequalities and discriminations which were necessary in a transitional period, no one expected changes as fundamental as those he describes. What we have . . . is a liquidation of the proletariat in the civil sphere and its replacement by constitutional democracy." THE NATION seized the occasion to point the additional moral that "of course the Soviet system has always contained far more genuine democracy than outsiders have realized. It is true that the open ballot and indirect election made popular control over the governmental apparatus somewhat remote. But the essential power in the Soviet Union has never rested entirely with the government."

The great purge trials which followed hard upon the promulgation of the most democratic constitution in the world were a bewildering shock, for it appeared as difficult to believe that old Bolsheviks like Radek, Zinoviev and Bukharin were spies and traitors, as to accept the trials as deliberate frame-ups maneuvered by a crafty tyrant for his own obscure purposes. If argument split the intellectual and the liberal community in 1936, 1937 and 1938, as trial followed trial and incredible confession succeeded incredible confession, the confusion of the debaters accurately measured the substantial emotional and intellectual investment that liberals and Soviet well-wishers, nearly as much as Communists and fellow-travelers, had made in the Soviet example. Even the 1939 pact between the Soviets and the Nazis receded in significance in comparison with the trials.

II

The Second World War suspended several controversies of the 1930s. For one thing, wartime spending spectacularly demonstrated the accuracy of the Keynesian proposition that deficit spending of the right size would infallibly produce full employment. The wasteful public works of modern warfare rapidly eliminated unemployment which had persisted for a decade. Events gave a new turn to liberal estimates of Russia. After June, 1941, Russia became the last continental force in the field against German fascism and by the end of the year the Soviet Union was our ally in a common effort.

Inevitably, as victory neared in 1944 and 1945, liberals began to take thought of the postwar world. What afflicted them in particular was the threat of a massive postwar depression. The Harvard Keynesians—Alvin Hansen, Seymour Harris and Paul Samuelson—expressed themselves frequently in *The New Republic,* where they maintained that unless substantial postwar government spending policies were prepared while the war still bolstered employment and income, the cessation of hostilities would soon be followed by catastrophic unemployment. The legislative consequence of this line of reasoning was the introduction in 1945 of the Wagner-Murray Full Employment Bill. Although the Employment Act of 1946 which finally emerged was a drastically weakened version of the original proposals, an important point was made: the federal government *did* have a responsibility to prop up the economy and avert depression. No matter how feebly and reluctantly, Congress had conceded the principle.



In the event, the economy took care of itself somewhat unexpectedly and indeed somewhat embarrassingly for those economists who had predicted disaster. The accumulated wants of the postwar years, accompanied by the huge liquid assets accumulated in wartime savings, sparked an amazingly smooth reconversion of a wartime economy to peacetime production. For liberals, the 1950s took a quite different turn; as far as programs were concerned, they still depended heavily upon the heritage of the New Deal. As Robert Bendiner argued in *Commentary,* liberals failed to recognize just how many of the New Deal objectives were already achieved, among them progressive taxes, strong unions, public power and social security. For Bendiner, the liberals' love affair with Adlai Stevenson was a blatant demonstration of intellectual bankruptcy, for Stevenson had no new program to offer. The generally tired tenor of liberal comment on economic and social issues during the Eisenhower years did little to controvert Bendiner's evaluation.

Fresh intellectual impulses do not arrive upon demand. No doubt this is one of the reasons for liberal repetitions of old positions. But there is another. Liberals, like the rest of humanity, have a limited stock of psychic energy. During the early 1950s in particular, an inordinate share of liberal time and talent was addressed to the phenomenon of Joseph McCarthy, the reality of Communist infiltration into the government, the guilt or innocence of Alger Hiss, and the relation of anti-Communist legislation to civil liberties. The polemical wars of the 1950s divided liberals into contending camps.

In this internecine strife, *Commentary* emerged as a major organ of hard-line, anti-Communist liberalism. Fairly typical was Granville Hicks's blast, "The Liberals Who Haven't Learned." Hicks began with an attack upon the 85th Anniversary Issue of THE NATION. According to Hicks, writers like Freda Kirchwey, Del Vayo and Isaac Deutscher gave Russia the benefit of every doubt. Their behavior, Hicks believed, constituted an extension of the disastrous record of association between liberals and Communists in the 1920s and the 1930s. The *Commentary* position as it emerged during these years emphasized the number and the influence of Communists in the United States. Thus Irving Kristol's review of Carey McWilliams' *Witch Hunt* condemned the book above all because it failed to take the Communists seriously.

While never defending Senator McCarthy, *Commentary* tended to minimize the Senator's impact. Thus Robert Bendiner ("Has Communism Wrecked Our Liberties?") conceded the threat of McCarthyism but at the same time denied that "American liberals have surrendered to the forces of militarism and repression." His sharpest comments were reserved for those liberals who ignored the Hisses and the Rosenbergs and painted a one-sided picture of an America terrorized by reaction.

THE HISS CASE WAS an important divisive issue. In a celebrated essay, "Hiss, Chambers and the Age of Innocence," Leslie Fiedler, starting from the premise of Hiss' guilt, used the case as a chance to attack the naïveté of American liberals: "American liberalism has been reluctant to leave the garden of its illusion; but it can dally no longer; the age of innocence is dead." There were times when it appeared that *Commentary* could think of nothing except Communists, communism and Soviet Russia. The magazine's March, 1952 issue contained four articles in a row keyed to the magic words. Lionel Trilling's graceful tribute to "George Orwell and the Politics of Truth" contained many things, including praise of *Homage to Catalonia,* but one of Orwell's characteristics which won Trilling's special praise was his "disillusionment about Communism." Irving Kristol's "Civil Liberties—1952—A Study in Confusion" implied its theme in its subtitle, "Do We Defend Our Rights by Protecting Communists?" In the text, Kristol criticized such civil libertarians as Alan Barth, Henry Steele Commager, William O. Douglas and Zechariah Chafee for a "refusal to see Communism for what it is: a movement guided by conspiracy and aiming at totalitarianism."

Kristol set off a notable uproar, featuring a sharp exchange between him and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. Taking the position that Kristol had much overestimated the extent of liberal involvement with communism, Schlesinger pointed out that none of the prominent New Dealers had been either a Communist or a fellow-traveler. Kristol's emphasis upon conspiracy was echoed in Sidney Hook's "Does the Smith Act Threaten our Liberties?" Although Hook had many criticisms to make of the Smith Act, he opposed its repeal on the ground that "such repeal would give new life to an illusion whose widespread and pernicious character was partly responsible for the original enactment of the Act: namely, that the Communist party is a political party like any other on the American scene and therefore entitled to the same rights and privileges as all other American political parties." It was consistent with this estimate of Communist activity that *Commentary* took a hard line on the vexing question of how witnesses before hostile and prejudicial investigating committees should comport themselves. Although many civil libertarians argued that silence was often the only honorable course, Alan Westin in "Do Silent Witnesses Defend Civil Liberties?" advocated "complete responsiveness" and adjured the former Communist to "think twice before reserving to himself the decision as to whether his former comrades are *presently* dangerous to American society."

Although *Commentary* ran occasional articles critical of investigative excess, the magazine was much more interested in ridding liberalism entirely of the Communist virus. Liberalism did purge itself of communism. The CIO hunted its own witches and expelled them in a body. The ADA set itself up firmly as a non-Communist grouping of the exceedingly moderate Left. New York's Liberal Party was founded as an answer to an American Labor Party receptive to Communist influence.

PURITY TURNED OUT to be exhausting. Labor unions, once exalted by liberals as the natural allies of progressive action, lost their organizing zeal and their innovating edge. Increasingly they turned into economic pressure groups justifiably eager to improve their members' income and benefits. The ADA has played a larger role in the apprehensive dreams of conservatives than in the creative rethinking of liberal programs. After some initial displays of independence, the Liberal Party has settled down as a regular ally of the New York Democratic Party.

The Eisenhower years were intellectually flaccid not alone, or even importantly, because of the General's bland personality, muddled good will and whimsical syntax. What reasonable person expects original thought from a politician? The liberals who still subsisted on the slogans of the 1930s bear much more of the responsibility. The intellectual disarray of American liberalism continued into the Kennedy years. The Kennedy style, the glitter of the White House entourage and the prominence of such intellectual minstrels as W. W. Rostow, Carl Kaysen, McGeorge Bundy, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. and J. K. Galbraith seemed to convince a good many American liberals that their day had arrived. Although the liberal journals criticized Kennedy programs in detail, too few liberals grasped a central point—the Kennedy team of pragmatists and technicians was by its own boast unideological and by its works conservative.

The principal economic initiatives of the Kennedy administration were highly favorable to the business community—the investment tax credit, the liberalization of depreciation practices, the Trade Expansion Act and the general tax-reduction proposal. Kennedy's strategic decision, reinforced by the Johnson Administration, was a concentration upon tax reduction as the approved means of fiscal stimulation of a sluggish economy. Thus the progression of the tax system has been diminished, new loopholes have been added to old, and the opportunity to divide national output more sensibly between pressing public uses and frivolous private choices, the theme of Galbraith's *Affluent Society,* has been all but foreclosed. Keynesian remedies, once the exclusive property of liberals, have been reshaped as an element of a Great Society founded upon a consensus in which business is the senior party. The implicit treaty of peace ratified under Johnson auspices protects the established interests of business and organized labor and confines innovation to the fringes of the system. Some, at least, of the heirs of the New Deal have come to terms with a business community now sufficiently sophisticated to realize that a cooperative federal administration is an unsurpassed guarantor of high profits and continuing prosperity.

III

This is an exceedingly glum conclusion of a story which has its bright moments, even if most of them were concentrated in the early New Deal period. In 1965 there are some hopeful signs of liberal stirring. One is liberal involvement with the civil rights movement. If the movement's drive and momentum are maintained, liberals will find themselves allied with Negroes in an attempted transformation of American society. The necessary changes in attitudes and the essential disruptions of business and union habits constitute a challenge as substantial as the Great Depression itself.

Automation has produced some fresh liberal thought. The Manifesto of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, debatable as is much of its analysis, is an imaginative document. Under the leadership of Michael Harrington, a revitalized League for Industrial Democracy is exploring the possibilities of renewed alliance among trade unions, intellectuals and civil rights leaders.

Yet a third source of liberal renewal is foreign policy. The Kennedy administration, in retrospect, appears to have been torn between the creative impulses which generated the Alliance for Progress and the cold war conservatism which shaped our unfortunate Cuban and Vietnamese policies. The Johnson Administration appears to have surrendered entirely to the second impulse. Although some hard-line anti-Communists such as Max Lerner, A. A. Berle and Max Ascoli support the Johnson foreign policy, the creative furor of the teach-ins, the national confrontation between Administration spokesmen and their critics, and the growing interest of college students, identify the type of concern and the quality of criticism which lend hope.

Liberalism is in better condition in 1965 than it was in 1953. If the bequest of the New Deal is finally spent, it is also true that the tedious war between hard and soft anti-Communists has ceased to dominate the liberal conscience. The major combatants are aging. A generation has grown up which contains no ex-Communists for the satisfying reason that it never contained any Communists to begin with. It is possible—it is better not to say probable—that liberalism stands on the threshold of another creative period. It is time.

On this the 100th birthday of THE NATION, *I agree wholeheartedly with what Helen Rogers Reid, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Dag Hammarskjold, Herbert Lehman, and Harry S. Truman said about* THE NATION *on the occasion of the 90th birthday 10 years ago. Your past 10 years have more than fulfilled the promise of the 90 preliminary years. Your occasional studies in depth have been quite amazing and important to the continuance of our democratic way of life.*

—Henry A. Wallace

THE STAGGERED CULTURE

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Distinguished critic and essayist, Mr. Kronenberger was drama critic for PM *(1940-48) and* Time *(1938-61), and now serves Brandeis University as Librarian and Professor of Theatre Arts. His latest book is* The Cart and the Horse.

> *It won't be long till the walls of the Grand Canyon are covered with advertisements.*
>
> * * *
>
> *I refer to . . . the notion that the public has a right to intrude on private life as far as they like.*
>
> * * *
>
> *Western newspapers have a special column of astrologers' advertisements . . . the profession is as much honored in California today as it was in ancient Greece.*
>
> * * *
>
> *I was interested by a big Chicago business building opposite my hotel: at nine o'clock at night, work was still going on in thirty-eight offices.*

THESE TIMELY COMMENTS on our culture were made, actually, between 1892 and 1920, and all of them by Englishmen. They indicate how much that we stigmatize in American life is of long standing; and going farther back, to where we start in the '60s, we find Anthony Trollope observing how spoiled are our children, how hurried our meals, how incessant our talk about money. If this, in one sense, is only to put a rubber band called *Plus ça change* around various clichés about America, in another it does indicate how early we developed some of our most noticed traits, and how hard it is, in a fairly short article, to date things accurately or even roughly. Take "Their very language seems to be in a hurry." We think of OK, TV, hifi, mike, tux, 'ex'; but the remark was made in 1830 by an Italian about the English.

For indeed as some things aren't new to our way of life, others aren't particularly national. Many changes in American manners and morals have been matters of period rather than place. At a certain point, in America and Europe alike, we find the upper and then the middle class—lower-class living cuts here too close to the bone—take up tennis or bridge, stop wearing corsets or start using wrist watches; or life in many places grows more informal, living more mechanized, language more downright. This is truer than ever today, when the speed of communication and transport has internationalized behavior and naturalizes ideas overnight; and it would be a good parlor game to spot the place of origin of, say, the electric razor, the cigarette lighter, color photography, the LP record, shaking for drinks, contact lenses and instant coffee.

As against this, and most strikingly a hundred years ago, there is the great diversity in manners and morals in the United States itself, with its disunited regional culture. A century ago, panties on piano legs were coeval with living-room cuspidors; as was that New England still life, the front parlor, with Nevada's rambunctious frontier. The contrast ran to morals as well: here, stringent blue laws; there, roaring red-light districts. In terms of geographical diversity, vast numbers of the best people in San Francisco around 1865 were upstarts, in Charleston were paupers, and in New Orleans did not speak English. During our hundred years, time often counts for less than the time-lag, for ours has been a staggered culture, with one region or city a decade or even a generation behind another.

What made 19th-century people immigrate to America, and afterwards migrate westward, was the prospect of material gain and, often, greater social equality. Hence the morality of our Age of Expansion rested on the *idea* of expansion, on an ethics not so much of moving upward as of forging ahead; on the young man's gospel of thrift, industriousness, self-reliance; on the middle-aged ideal of the solid citizen, with his Heaven-favored property rights. There was seldom a clearer separation of Church and State, God being notably inattentive and government, in many larger communities, painstakingly corrupt. Right on from those Abolitionists who were also heel-grinding mill owners, a morality had developed of men farsighted in one eye and stone blind in the other—which, rather than fostering anything humane, roused protest against something more and more hardfisted. Almost all our later nineteenth-century big capitalists and industrialists were Alger heroes rich in Alger-villain traits. Fortunately the morality that never gave an economic inch in the city world of tenements and sweatshops was offset by the still dominant small-town world, with its unpretentious social life, unpressured business life, family-owned trades and shops: here self-help was abetted by neighborly helpfulness and merchant-sized ambition (the rabidly ambitious left home). The American dream had not yet too greatly polluted America's waking life.

BETWEEN the lip-service morality that shielded or shut its eyes at rapaciousness, and the morality that sprang from moderation and fair dealing, there emerged our central, essentially worldly, morality of respectable appearances and Thou Shalt Not Be Found Out. Where gentility really governed, it was an age of maidenly lowered eyes and matronly lowered voices, and of standard-branded misconduct—the black sheep, the "fly" girl, the kept woman, the lady lying dead drunk "upstairs," the errant husband, the well-born syphilitic, the house of ill fame; but rarely, yet, any notice of divorce, homosexuality, dope, or even women who smoked.

The changing position of women provides, of course, one of the great chapters of the last hundred years. Their pre-Civil-War position was overwhelmingly domestic and restricted; poor girls worked in mills, genteel women might teach or do needlework. Even that new voice, the woman's magazine, stressed the proprieties (a young man who wiped his feet on the doormat would make a good husband, one who took the last griddle cake would not). Yet gates were everywhere opening. Various inventions—the sewing machine, cash register, telephone, typewriter—created vast female employment; the Feminist movement had already produced its Lucretia Motts and Susan B. Anthonys; the Women's College movement, from the founding of Vassar in 1861, went striding ahead—whether, like Wellesley and Smith, on the "nunnery" plan; or on the coeducational, like Syracuse and Cornell; or on the "coordinate," like the Harvard Annexe—later rechristened Radcliffe. Bearing out Tocqueville's dictum that wherever possible Americans hold meetings and organize, the Women's Club soon flanked the Women's College, and the Settlement and Suffrage movements followed. Women still had parlor problems—Chicago condemned bare arms and New York, bangs; and serious professional problems—women medical students visiting almshouses would suddenly be confronted, thanks to men doctors' malice, with stark-naked males. But by the end of the century women had footholds in both medicine and the law, and perhaps half a million women "belonged" to some kind of organization.

The Age of Plush

American living from 1870 till the turn of the century seems, if any one word can summarize, eminently unstreamlined. Using the Centennial Exhibition of 1876 as a touchstone, there is a sense of chronic and gimcrack too-muchness: too much furniture and food, too many ornaments and underclothes, things heavy and thick, things wadded and plush-covered. There were similarly too many euphemisms and taboos: wives were "expecting" and couples "retired" for the night. And if prudishness directly ordained too many garments and nice-nellyisms, indirectly it fostered other kinds of excess. With sex, hard liquor, tobacco, cosmetics, profanity, gambling and the gayer forms of entertainment so often frowned upon, Respectability consoled itself with being richly attired, ostentatiously domiciled and immoderately fed. Garish gentility bestrode the age, with decorum the boon companion of display.

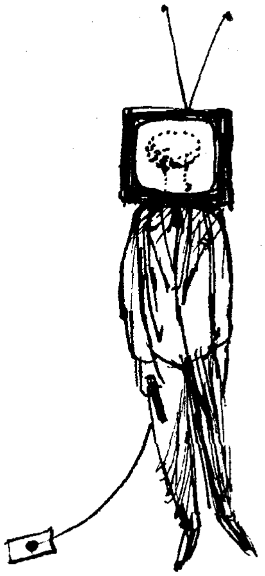
The era suggests great comfort and great inconvenience alike: ample living space, overstuffed sofas and underpaid servants, eiderdowns and hot-water bottles and footrests. But relatively little by way of modern plumbing, or electrical appliances, or private phones, or proper refrigeration; or canned goods, detergents, deodorants. If invention was the child of necessity, it became in turn the mother of leisure and the aunt of feminism. As the sewing machine had already saved millions of stitches, now the telephone saved millions of steps; with electric light at home came the electric streetcar abroad; and a whole armory of gadgets—can openers and bottle openers, fountain pens and safety razors, lawn mowers and carpet sweepers, toilet paper and washing machines. Time savers could be taste-makers as well, for speed-up beckoned on toward streamlining. The Turkish corner made way for mission furniture and that male hideout, the "den"; the bustle had passed into the tailor-made, American-plan hotels were going European. Manners were freer, mothballs fewer. A younger generation led a far more outdoor life—school athletics, tennis, baseball on a city sandlot or a suburban field. For the suburb had arrived, as a culture no less than a locality: in its modernities, a sort of citified village; in its gabby compactness, a sort of glorified keyhole. Here conformity reached a well-tended full bloom, here Babbittry would take on Ivy-League flourishes, and the country club strike root. Suburbia had its enlightened side, its concern about good schools, hospitals, sewerage systems, clean local government; and though liberalism might be one kind of dirty word and art another, sex, via the suburb, made one of its most smashing breakthroughs, liquor discovered one of its natural strongholds, and business found in the country club its most profitable branch office.

Roughly from 1900 until the First World War, those future villains of society, mass production and the machine, rather proved to be its saviors. Along with all the labor-saving devices within the home, came all the time-and-money-saving services outside it. The Sears Roebuck catalogue brought the economy department store to every farm; installment-plan buying brightened every tight-budgeted household; the chainstore grocery, with its packaged foods, lent aid to every dinner table. And Advertising became Big Business in the very process of promoting it.

The Cultural Divide

The aftermath of the First World War looms larger, historically, than the war itself. The Post-War Era produced such new moral attitudes, and so changed the atmosphere of manners, as to seem a cultural divide. Yet, during the emancipating '20s, there was more in the air than had perhaps taken root. It is interesting to read a series of NATION articles, appearing in 1924, on Our Changing Morality. For there was still in 1924 an outcry that "the young girl of today . . . instead of raising men to her level, is descending to theirs." Again, from a statistical study among American undergraduates, Bertrand Russell found that Sabbath-breaking was judged worse than lying, and extra-marital sex more heinous than murder. And sexual equality was really subjoined to feminism, with articles like Sylvia Kopald's "Where Are the Female Geniuses?"; or non-sex was the problem, as in Floyd Dell's "Can Men and Women Be Friends?" Over it all was draped the mantle of Freud, and out of it was to emerge a century hailed as the century of women.

Their change in status, gains in opportunities, insistence on greater freedoms did decisively reorder society. The new college-bred woman of 1900 had within a generation become the new career woman and enfranchised woman both. Women now undertook, not just to educate your children or decorate your house, but to run big agencies and large businesses, set up model lodging houses, restrooms, convalescent homes, work for tenement inspection and birth control. They advised the ignorant, counseled the perplexed, instructed the needy; they meditated and met, they wrote and distributed, they invaded what would be called the behavioral sciences. And as time passed, they acquired more and more right of entry, even into men's grills and poker games.



Whether or not this was to be women's century, the '20s were peculiarly their decade. They were to profit by the "sanity" the '20s preached in terms of sex: Freud now made them men's equals in knowledge, teaching indeed what, earlier, men had known no more about than women. With the Oedipus complex becoming a household word, the mother-in-law became a new kind of household menace. But women profited from the madness of the '20s as well as from the sanity, and not least from Prohibition. The speakeasy became a coed drinking place where the saloon had been a male one; a bourgeois hangout where the saloon had seemed lowdown; and the speakeasy, being unlawful, fostered new illicit enjoyments in turn. A generation after the chaperon had vanished, the "male protector" largely did also: women now lived alone, traveled alone, went out at night alone, failed to come back alone. Sex before marriage, from being a scandalous risk, was now judged a wise precaution. With each edition, Emily Post further liberalized her *Etiquette*. For all its adherents, cultural conservatism was no longer in the saddle, but on the run.

Along with the mass flouting of the Volstead Act came the cracking and crumbling of much old empedestaled morality. During a shallowly skeptical age, theology—not helped by Monkey-Trial farces—lost ground, while almost every secular-ology gained it. Statistics loomed as the sermons of the future; and with woman holding her own against man, there went a decline, or at least decided relaxation, in manners. The genteel tradition and Mrs. Grundy could only have been routed, I suspect, through a powerful *argumentum ad feminam*: women are largely prudes from being made resentful non-participants.

The 1930s enhanced women's strength through adding to their burdens. But the '30s were a whole new spin of the wheel: the earlier personal, quasi-Freudian, Prohibition outlook gave way to a social-minded, quasi-Marxian, depression one, with women's rights turning to human rights, and then to civil rights and social wrongs. Women were out of the kitchen for good. Since then their voice and vote have been central to American society; any woman today can say to any man: Whither thou goest, I will go. And in one old-fashioned way women now have a decided edge: it is not they but men who in their high-pressured forties and fifties suffer the strokes, the coronaries, the cerebral hemorrhages. At the better-income levels, ours is still a nation of widows—or divorcées—growing comfortably old on trust funds, settlements and insurance money.

OUR MAN-WOMAN relationship has tended to become bloatedly economic from being less sexual than conjugal. André Maurois has called successive marriages in America the counterpart of adultery elsewhere, and this has wrought far more complicating problems in manners, morals and family life than the husband, the wife and the lover. Multiple marriage today can literally make not just for broken homes, but for constantly broke ones. A man having to support two divorced wives and the children of three marriages is among the most frequent entrants and harassed contestants in the rat race. Statistically, the American family may still resemble the cereal-ad foursome; but the higher a man has climbed, the more spouses and offspring he is likely to gaze out upon. When a child says: "I don't want to go to that movie with Ellen, I saw it with Anne, and anyhow Joe wants me to go to the ball game," what foreigner would suppose that he is speaking of his ex-stepmother, current step-grandmother, and own mother's fourth husband?

Whatever the structure of family life today—among Catholics it is doubtless much different—its texture is a changing one. Problems of divorce and remarriage aside, children tend to know all about sex, about social problems, about their own problems; seem very conscious of status, not too much interested in caste. There is far less family goose-stepping: the young pursue their own interests, pick their own (often highbrow) amusements, go in summer to camp, then as teen-agers to summer schools or jobs, and at college age with other college kids abroad. Theirs is an ill-coordinated generation—on the one hand deeply committed, on the other quite unchanneled; negatively dropout, affirmatively Peace Corps. Parents' problems are now psychiatric, now sociological. Every parent who reads a magazine knows all the looming dilemmas, such as beware of not displaying enough love, beware of lavishing too much. And the era has dangerously upped the ante on children-problems, from cigarettes to marijuana, from loafing to delinquency and hipsterdom, and paradoxically from wild oats to immature marriage.

The Era of Simultaneity

Despite women's triumph, and the machine's as we once knew it, ours will hardly be the century of either, or of any other one thing. For the first half of it has already become historical; even, in a way, irrelevant. Trends in living, since World War II, have encountered virtual overturns; any planned operations we devise today can be "done in" tomorrow by scrapped techniques. Already, technology's gift to us of a century of speed has produced an era of simultaneity. In terms of motion, we breakfast in London, have lunch in New York and dinner in San Francisco; or decide between an afternoon of golf or circling the globe; or shiver at two and swelter at twenty past three; or, if our loved ones are scattered, can manage three or four Christmas dinners throughout the country on Christmas Day.

But the greatest global togetherness is achieved by complete immobility. Thanks to TV, everybody at once can see and hear anything anywhere; and not just plays but gala premières; not just mountain-climbing but life at the bottom of the ocean; not just weddings, but wedding nights. We see, indeed, by the hundred millions what earlier virtually no one could see at all—babies delivered, brain tumors removed, Presidents assassinated. And by the hundred millions we share the same gags, gossip items, fashion items, food items, parlor games. It may well be that mere conformity is ending and non-immunity looming up.

Radio was no mere milestone: it brought a new culture to birth. Besides dooming the press to perpetual news-lag, it carried encyclopaedic activity into the home, gave every one, not least the old, the sick, the rural, the scarcely solvent, a vast menu to feed off. But to compare radio with TV is to compare chronic nibbling with narcotics; and programs aside, to come upon not only more offensive commercials, but a far more pernicious commercialism. The big-money quizzes made spectator-venality a national sport; and the ins and outs, and ups and downs, of TV officials smack of government in Costa Rica. Nor *can* the programs be put aside—however rewarding at times, they are bossing our culture. Already one is not just an eccentric or poseur not to own a TV set; one is a kind of ignoramus. For, up to a point, the cultivated man without TV "knows" less than the steady watcher with one; just as, up to a point, what with businessmen flying all over the earth, the philistine is today's real cosmopolite. Thanks again to TV, news and picture magazines, and even newspapers, have been elevated from spot-coverage to learned analysis, from the flashbulb to the student lamp. And as all this deals with art and thought as well as facts and events, the adulteration of culture is yet such an exposure to it as to make blurred distinctions of mass and mid and highcult. Not only does masscult, today, sip and sample highbrow offerings; highbrow constantly studies and appraises masscult's, while midcult soars on Monday and on Tuesday slumps. They all absorb one another's jargon, adopt one another's gimmicks, leave fingermarks on one another's wares, wax prosperous taking in one another's wash. Were a highcult moral crusade involved, with infection a calculated risk of fumigation, much might be gained. But highcult posits an élite, not open to conscientious converts; and about all that is achieved, certainly in popular media, is to din into sows' ears the fact that they can never become silk purses.

THE CULTURAL MORALITY of a world subject to change-without-notice, must necessarily be rooted in shifting perspectives and unprecedented assumptions. If, inside a single generation, we may very well see total reversals of all we take for granted—such as trips to the moon, but no longer trains to the suburbs—what old certainties can we count on? Moreover, our mongrel culture seems to be moving toward a moral atmosphere in which the end-in-name-only justifies the means. Privacy is a martyr to the Freedom of the Press; home life is invaded with a psychiatric search warrant; and the polysyllabic third degree bears the title of Interviewing.

Our social morality, for the last hundred years, has made giant strides, leading to gigantic changes. And it is militant today (despite reactionary new blood) in an ever-broadening concern for the aged, the physically handicapped, the mentally disturbed, the youthfully delinquent, the economically underprivileged, the racially oppressed. At the same time, this is notoriously an age of violence, and of such sort as to override any such cultural approach as this. That urbanity is of all things most uncommon in today's highly urbanized culture, can easily seem piddling while violence and brutality infest it. Today, indeed, the merely social is engulfed in the sociological—in the awareness that as one stage of the Negro problem lessens, the next stage looms; that as a great Communist regime seems less intransigent, we have now a second one to reckon with; that as men are being processed into rats, the rats are being menaced by automation. Thanks to technology's mad genius, there is about everything, animate or inanimate today, a sense of impermanence—huge skyscrapers go up *slated* to be torn down in fifteen or twenty years. Impermanence has come to color our thinking, to turn even our cultural morality into fads. With intellectuals not least, morality, like art, must not grow trite or stale, must have fresh slants, unfamiliar *frissons*. Mass thinking, conformist living, rat races, academic dryrot, Madison Avenue are by now all crashing bores; what matter if they become worse and worse blights? Are there any grounds for hoping that such a climate of impermanence may be impermanent itself?

Gladly I join the legions who salute THE NATION *on its Hundredth Anniversary. What a legacy and hope American journalism has in* THE NATION! *Born in a time of national disunion and war's desolation, it has served with effective courage even to this time of global disunion and possible war's universal annihilation.*

The names of illustrious champions of the open mind and humane causes have distinguished its successive list of editors. America is freer because THE NATION *has been open and free.*—**Frank Graham**

AMERICAN JOURNALISM
From Essay to Assay

PENN KIMBALL

During a long career in journalism, Mr. Kimball has served in nearly all the media: newspapers, magazines, radio and TV. Now a professor at Columbia's School of Journalism, he was a contributor on journalism to the book, The Professions in America *(Daedalus & Houghton, Mifflin Co., 1965).*

THE FIRST CENTURY of THE NATION ends as it began—in an era of social, economic, political and cultural change. The cycle of change never ceases, and the news that spans the years from 1865 to 1965 is a running chronicle of restlessness and discovery, tension and strife, resistance and breakthrough—the ingredients of the process of social progress.

The character of the stories facing E. L. Godkin and his journalistic contemporaries differ more in degree than in substance from the events engaging the journalists of today. It is remarkable, indeed, how many of the concerns of the earliest pages of THE NATION persist into this age: the freedom of the Negro, the state of public education, the call for morality in politics and the aspirations for a national consensus.

Since the press is an agent as well as a recorder of change, the history of the last hundred years is also a record of the accomplishments and shortcomings of our journalistic institutions. The launching of THE NATION coincided with the transition of newspapers from small-circulation party organs, dominated often by a famous figure in the editor's chair, to large corporate enterprises catering to mass audiences. The centenary of THE NATION arrives amidst the marvels of electronic communication, in a time of shrinking competition among newspapers on the local scene and increasing competition among all media for advertising revenue to subsidize their editorial efforts.

The independent journal of opinion struggles now, as it did in Godkin's time, to keep its head above the deep waters of financial ruin. The voice of conscience or dissent, either from the Left or from the Right, is a necessary part of orderly social change. The economics of mass-media enterprises and the sheer volume of stories on the same subjects all weigh heavily on the side of conformity. Worthwhile opinion, however, is not formulated in a vacuum. A flow of reliable information about the changes taking place in society is the *sine qua non* for even the most independent editorialist.

Thus, the day-to-day reportorial function of the general press remains indispensable to democratic survival. When social change is neither anticipated nor understood, it often bursts upon society in the form of violence and crisis. A public uninformed about the content and direction of change, the quality of the continuing revolution of man in his environment, is poorly equipped to cope with their implications.

In order to evaluate the performance of the press in meeting this responsibility, it is necessary to take note of how concepts of social change have altered during the period in which the mass media were evolving their new techniques. The idea that man might significantly influence his own fate, apart from the interventions of a Supreme Being or of natural law, is a relatively modern proposition. And the impact upon a philosophy of the press has been profound.

Nineteenth-century thinkers such as Marx and Darwin believed that the forces propelling our society were moving it in some inevitable, irresistible direction—for better or for worse. Social change was a preordained movement in which the current generation was fated merely to go along for the ride. Whether the eventual outcome was to be the "survival of the fittest" or the triumph of the proletariat, the emphasis was more upon the formulation of absolute truths rather than a search for the relative truths of the moment.

SUCH CONCEPTS had their impact upon the discourse taking place in the press. Newspaper editorialists might lecture on the evolution of man from his primitive to civilized state and magazine writers extol the standing order, but the ways in which man might be the master of his own destiny tended to be ignored in favor of elaborate theses regarding the ultimate power of destiny itself.

By contrast, the social theorists of the present age are inclined to place more emphasis on the temporal consequences of interactions between human beings and their man-made institutions. Society is described as moving from one state of equilibrium to the next, and there is a strong tendency to be wary of value judgments of any absolute kind.

The old view encouraged a literature of exhortation and agitation; the new puts a premium on study and analysis, the so-called "scientific" method with its empirical, skeptical approach to the mysteries of life. It is no accident that a corresponding shift in emphasis has been reflected in communications.

The most conspicuous press development from Godkin's day to this has been the elevation of the straight reportorial function, whether through the college-trained specialist permanently assigned to an intricate beat or through the technological miracle of a TV camera equipped with the capability for instant replay of important action. Correspondents and photographers in the field began to attract notice during the Civil War; Godkin himself covered the hostilities for the English press. But when Godkin started THE NATION, reporters and the newsgathering function of the press were still in a marginal stage. It was an era of editorialists rather than investigators, of strong-willed personalities as opposed to relatively self-effacing fact-finders. Giants like Bennett of *The World,* Raymond of *The Times* and Greeley of *The Tribune* put their own stamp upon events. William James could say of Godkin:

> To my generation, his was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has assuredly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion.

It is taking nothing away from the abilities of Godkin's modern counterparts with vastly larger resources at their disposal—a Walter Lippman or an Eric Sevareid, say—to point out that their efforts pale by such a comparison. They work in a different environment, for a different sort of press, speaking to new constituencies. Godkin practiced a journalism for the elite, an elite not far removed from the power structure of its time. The style was well suited to a nation still largely homogeneous and rural, where the church and handful of colleges dominated discourse. Government, as differentiated from politics, was a comparatively minor force in the daily affairs of the citizen. Finance and industry, relative to the behemoths formed by the end of the century, were still in human scale.

In this context, the Jeffersonian ideal of a free marketplace of ideas, one where the competition of all points of view could engage the attention of the public, was a congenial possibility. "The modern newspaper," wrote Godkin in 1865,

> . . . is the equivalent of the Greek *agora,* the only means possessed by the citizens of interchanging thought and concerting action. . . . "The facts" are not always before the public, it is true; but principles are; the experience of past ages is; and whenever government shows itself forgetful of these things, it is the duty of every editor, as at least representing his readers, to remind it of them.

The primary function of today's journalists is to get "the facts" before the public. Indeed, so far has the pendulum swung that now we worry about an information glut. And we grow increasingly concerned about our ability to draw the line between supposedly objective facts and opinions cloaked in the guise of facts. The readers' representative, nevertheless, is more and more the reporter out gathering information on the spot and seeking to make the meaning of his facts so clear that the public can make up its own mind and speak for itself. This is the end line of the trend that was only just beginning when

Godkin was writing his editor's creed.

Charles A. Dana, taking over the stewardship of *The Sun* three years after Godkin founded THE NATION, promised that his paper would "study condensation, clearness, point" in order to attract readers and would "endeavor to present its daily photograph of the whole world's doings in the most luminous and lively manner." The leverage for more readable and exciting coverage was provided by the masses of new potential newspaper readers thronging to the swiftly growing cities of post-bellum America. The development of telegraph and cable communication made on-the-spot reporting quickly available to the reader. The perfection of high-speed printing apparatus made the distribution of cheap, large-circulation dailies economically feasible. Between the Civil War and the First World War the circulation of the country's newspapers expanded four times as fast as its burgeoning population.

The newspaper explosion was both cause and effect of an increased emphasis on first-hand reporting of all the raw and often sordid aspects of a rapidly changing society. Vice and crime in the new urban centers, wholesale corruption in politics, the extravagant style of living among the entrepreneurs of America's Gilded Age provided zesty material for newspaper writers. The realism and excitement of their stories, in turn, whetted the appetites of a population eager to share new experiences, hungry for education about a strange environment and thrilled by stories of expanding frontiers and material opportunities. Freedom to report on a whole new range of news fronts was encouraged by the liberation of newspapers from their former political subsidies and the importance of growing circulation to a press now geared to advertising and subscription revenues.

The 19th-century NATION, which did not share in these new forms of prosperity, took a dim view of the cultural effects of popular journalism. Observed its editors a hundred years ago:

> We are ready to make proper allowances for the rapidity with which newspapers must be manufactured, but it becomes their managers seriously to consider the influence, good or bad, upon the public taste which they inevitably exert, and to remember that the repetition in their columns of colloquial vulgarities, of cant phrases, and of verbal absurdities, give to such enormities a certain respectability, and, by making them familiar, ensures their general adoption.

The warning was well taken. As this stricture is being copied from THE NATION's yellowed page, the TV set in the next room is blaring: "Winstons taste good like a cigarette should."

The innovations in journalism likewise raised problems of press responsibility, most of which are still being furiously debated. Yellow journalism—in Godkin's words, "silly, scandalous, indecent"—is the Devil's temptation to publishers who see human curiosity as something to titillate rather than edify. A professional ethic demanding the cultivation of the better instincts of the public, rather than catering to the worst, is a necessary counterweight to the ingenuity and technical skills of eager reporters. Ethics, however, did not loom large in the other power spheres of American life during the formative years of mass communication, and the consequences have not yet ended.

Yet it was realism in the news columns, plus the crusading spirit of the new press lords like Joseph Pulitzer, that awakened the American public to the economic and social excesses that marked the era. Zeal for reporting spread to magazines, and the muckrakers turned loose by *McClure's* and *Collier's* dug up mountains of documentation on exploitation by businessmen and politicians. The philosophy of the pragmatists who argued that investigation, not some fixed system of belief, is the key to truth was an appropriate backdrop for an investigative press laying bare the social consequences of a changing technology that tended to concentrate economic power.

THE REPORTING OF social change was itself buffeted by the forces that were putting new strains on society. The substitution of advertising for political subsidies exacerbated the problems of a press relying on loyalties other than those of its readers. The dilemma reached its ultimate form when first radio, then television adopted an economic structure in which the audience pays nothing directly for the communications it receives. The indirect costs sometimes run high. In the 20th century, the battles of reporters have been as much with their own managers or sponsors as with the sources of news.

The First World War caught the American press, like the nation, in a state of deep provincialism. Very little of the energies poured into covering the American scene had been harnessed to probe the world beyond the Atlantic and Pacific moats. After the forays of Hearst and Pulitzer to make circulation capital out of war in Cuba, the cost of foreign reportage seemed prohibitive and the returns less than promising from a public suspicious of Europe and blissfully unaware of even more distant parts of the world. The isolationism which survived far into the era of Hitler and Mussolini is an illustration of the power of the press to compound by its omissions the dangers of complacency.

Yet once more it was the reportorial activities of a small but talented band of correspondents roaming the foreign capitals of the thirties which sounded the first alarms of the Second World War. Their dispatches and their books, by going beyond diplomatic banalities and political routine, set the style for the analysis of personalities and interpretation of significant trends that some years later came to characterize all first-class foreign correspondence.

LOOKING BACK at the century, from E. L. Godkin's thundering moralisms to the more antiseptic tone of today's journalistic craftsmen, one sees the consistent pattern in the news: social upheavals, technological innovations, economic reorganization and political adjustment. Historians view such movement with the penetrating powers of hindsight. But journalists, whatever their medium, race against their deadlines in the fog of the here and now.

In monitoring the elusive passing scene, the press is committed to its hour-to-hour, day-by-day, week-to-week schedules. The focus of attention has expanded in one hundred years from the consolidation of the American continent to the pacification of the planet and even to probes of the cosmos. The scale grows larger, but the tyranny of time remains fixed. The journalist is often like a child building a sand castle on the fringe of an incoming tide; the task is hopeless, but irresistible. And the pressure of deadlines is only the most immediate of his problems.

In reporting change, one is easily trapped into exaggerating it. To a supporter of the *status quo,* change casts a frightening shadow. To the discontented, any promise of relief shines with hope. The observer who seeks to interpret these reactions walks in worlds of dark pessimism or false optimism, blacks and whites obscuring the grey of truth.

There is a disposition, too, among mortals to view the achievements or disasters of their particular period with special urgency. While the fault is only human, it accounts for the impression spread by the press that it is continually a quarter to midnight for some highly prized value. Crime in the streets, to cite one example, has been the object of newspaper crusades from the inception of urban living. We have grown more efficient in our collection of statistics, though the ability of the layman to interpret them has progressed less spectacularly. The gap between reality and the appearance of reality is often lost in our personal outrage with the only life we shall ever know at first hand.

This myopia works in an opposite direction as well. Ushering the dawn of a new year on January 4, 1866, THE NATION could peer into the future in a mood of exhilaration not untypical of far less critical publications:

> There has probably been no year since the first of the present era which the civilized world will have hereafter so much reason to remember as that which closed last Sunday night. . . . The guns that announced the downfall of the Confederacy announced not only that the civil war was over, but that modern society had entered on a new path; that the future of modern society was to be democratic and not monarchial or oligarchic; that the existing divisions of society were conventional and evanescent; that, in short, an opportunity had at last offered itself, and a people had been found to use it, to prove beyond question that Christian principles could be successfully applied to the solution of political problems not only without injury, but with immense advantage to material progress.

These sanguine prophecies were immediately followed by a financial panic, wholesale corruption in Washington, the agonies of Reconstruction, the rise of city slums and the organization of industrial oligarchies that seemed to defy all powers of control. A century and two World Wars later, editorial writers would mark the year of the atom bomb as surely no less memorable to the civilized world, although their prophecies tended to dwell on an immiment epoch of annihilation rather than vistas of human progress. The triumph or even the pertinence to the solution of political problems of "Christian principles" is less self-evident on today's Egyptian-Israeli border, or in the Congo, or amidst the ancient civilizations of Southeast Asia.

THE REPORTER slogging through the quicksands of social change must allow not only for the prejudices of his own deeply held convictions, but also for the special pleadings of each to whom he talks. The ability to stand outside one's own biases and to weigh the natural predilections of others is the mark of the professionally disciplined correspondent. But he is always the target of criticism from those who see the sweep of the story through their own particular filters.

Those who dig most aggressively for their stories tread a perilous line between the public's right to know and an individual's, or even a government's, right to privacy under certain circumstances. Godkin, himself, took a negative view of the personal interview as a source of news. He was worried not only by invasions of privacy, but by the possibility that a clever man interviewed by a less clever reporter might manipulate the occasion to his own advantage. The latter concern has been amply illustrated by the use and misuse of the calculated "leak" to the press. And as recently as the tragic events of President Kennedy's assassination the practice of television reporters sticking their microphones under the noses of the bereaved stimulated a great deal of justified revulsion.

It has become a bromide of journalism that one cannot appreciate the content of news apart from the persons who make it. *Time* revolutionized news coverage by its discovery that there was more to the individual's place in a story than a middle initial and street address; it also demonstrated that public reputations can be destroyed by the brush of descriptive adjectives. It is a technique especially tempting to a writer struggling with a story where editorial opinion runs high—and facts are running low.

At the opposite pole is the *rigor mortis* of blandness. The disappearance of newspaper competition during the most recent half-century has resulted, surprisingly, not so much in vigorous one-sidedness as in pallid no-sidedness about many of the issues plaguing local communities. Modern monopolists fear to offend anyone publicly, lest their own privileges be questioned. The reporter straining to correct injustice is frequently advised against rocking the boat and encouraged to water down his findings for family consumption. Since the stories crying loudest for exposure are also likely to irritate the "important" elements in local society, the effect is often to dampen the dialogue of change until it is too late for the voices of reason to be heard.

THESE OCCUPATIONAL hazards of reporting the new frontiers of the news are intensified by the growing complexity of what a reporter needs to know. When one pauses to consider that the contents of our university libraries are doubling themselves every twenty years or less, that a single invention such as the transistor can remake an entire industrial field in less than ten years, that today's wisps of news from abroad can be tomorrow's cataclysm, one begins to comprehend the scope of the reporter's problem.

What we have come to define as "news," in reality, is most often only the outward symptom of change. Even so-called "spot" news is usually the momentary manifestation of long-range basic forces. A tenement fire can be the spectacular consequence of unspectacular social conditions. A race riot erupts out of deep-seated tensions.

Good reporting deals increasingly with the underpart of the iceberg. The emphasis is increasingly on investigation, background, explanation. In years past a story about the problems of cities was likely to dwell on such relatively simple targets as the corruption of politicians or the greed of contractors. To write intelligently today on urban renewal, for example, involves the interrelationships of land utilization, transportation patterns, school policies, race relations, buying habits, recreational facilities, employment opportunities, etc., etc.

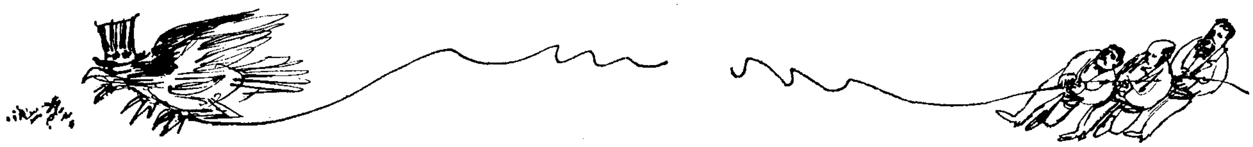
Reporters are only being human when they blanch at the magnitude and intricacies of some of their most important assignments. The herd instincts of the Washington press corps, for example, are a form of self-preservation. There is just too much to be covered, and so little time to do it. Often the result is a single story "line" that spreads through the press, the wire services, the networks, the columns. Then it reappears in the news magazines and newsletters and all the other secondary outlets of our massive communications apparatus.

A press speaking with one voice at a moment of a crisis may gladden the hearts of bureaucrats, but it is of doubtful benefit to a nation trying to clear its head for difficult decisions. When the decisions may be unprecedented, when the problems are not susceptible to simple solutions, that is the very moment for painful reappraisal. The nature of modern mass media invites monolithic attitudes when what is most needed is debate.

FORTUNATELY, OUR PRESS institutions have somehow managed to surmount all predictions that they would degenerate into bastions of the *status quo*. Controversy still sparks a glint in a city editor's eye. Perhaps it is only because we have an oppressive fear, as a people, of being thought dull. The run of the news sometimes seems almost excessively full of gloom and doom. As James Reston has pointed out, the most neglected stories are quiet accounts of unspectacular successes in meeting our daily problems.

Television, despite the soporific effects of mass doses of escape entertainment, has also lifted millions of Americans straight into the bulls-eye of vivid experience. It is impossible to estimate the impact of live coverage of the civil rights story, for example, on the shape of actual events. TV cameras turn even the most complacent into first-hand witnesses to both the brutality and beauty of human struggle. Such encounters write their own editorials. Popular magazines, breaking the taboos of our fathers, probe the most painful of our social tensions. Authors in the tradition of protest and dissent appear regularly in the periodical press, and paperbacks have given many of them enormous new audiences. America, in such circumstances, has developed a penchant for self-criticism. The levers of social change are grasped by politicians today almost as a matter of course—and not to thrust them into reverse. College professors stand up to statesmen in the very corridors of power; students picket their elders. The whole mix of American life, in spite of incredible problems at home and abroad, manages to maintain a bubbling ferment.

We are less dogmatic about change than any other nation on earth. By coincidence, the press of no other nation devotes such a major share of its substance to reporting the minute details of everyday life. The major news fronts for this press—education, poverty, race, health, automation, the developing societies of Asia, Africa and Latin America—are all deeply involved with social change. For all its limitations, the American press of 1965 provides its public the best documented and most up-to-date chronicle of its own society that the world has ever known.



BARBARA W. TUCHMAN

THE FIRST ANTI-IMPERIALISTS

Journalist and historian, Mrs. Tuchman was at one time an editorial assistant on THE NATION *and a correspondent for the British* New Statesman and Nation. *Her most recent book,* The Guns of August *(1962), was a best-seller.*

ALTHOUGH IN 1895 the name Anti-Imperialist had not yet come into use, President Cleveland was one in principle. Robustly opposed to expansion by America, he was no less ready to resist it by any other country. His Venezuela Message of 1895 emphatically asserting the Monroe Doctrine in defiance of Britain, touched off a burst of chauvinism and jingoism that revealed America in a mood of startling pugnacity. No question of gain, territorial or otherwise was involved in Venezuela; it was simply a question, as it seemed to Cleveland, of asserting an American right.

The surge of militancy evoked by the Venezuela Message shocked people who still thought of the United States in the terms of its founders, as a nation opposed to militarism, conquest, standing armies and all the other bad habits associated with the monarchies of the old world. This tradition was strongest in New England and stronger among the older generation—roughly those who were over 50 in 1890—than among the new. They were closer to Jefferson who had said, "If there is one principle more deeply rooted in the mind of every American, it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest." They took seriously the Declaration of Independence and its principle of just power deriving from the consent of the governed. They regarded the extension of American rule over foreign soil and foreign peoples as a violation of this principle and a desecration of the American purpose. The original American democracy was to them a torch, an ideal, an example of a brave new world that had set its face against the old. They wanted nothing to do with titles of rank and nobility, knee breeches, orders or any of the other insidious trappings of monarchy and when in the Navy the title of Admiral was first proposed, an officer fumed, "Call them Admirals? Never! They will be wanting to be Dukes next."

First-generation immigrants who had come to the United States beckoned by the American dream were as deeply devoted to the founding principles as those in whom they had been bred for generations. Some came out of the balked revolution of 1848, seeking Liberty, like Governor Altgeld's father and like Carl Schurz, now 66, who as journalist, editor, cabinet minister and senator, had been a power and reformer ever since Lincoln's administration. Some came to escape oppression or poverty and to seek opportunity, like the Scottish weaver who arrived in 1848 with his twelve-year-old son, Andrew Carnegie, or

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This article is condensed from a chapter in Mrs. Tuchman's forthcoming book *The Proud Tower; A Portrait of the World before the War, 1890-1914,* to be published at the end of the year.

like the Dutch-Jewish cigar maker who came from a London slum in 1863 with his thirteen-year-old son, Samuel Gompers. Some came like E. L. Godkin, editor of THE NATION and the New York *Evening Post,* not as a refugee from oppression but as a voluntary exile from the old world, lured by America as a living demonstration of the democratic ideal. To them, as to men whose ancestors had come in the 1630s, America was a new principle and they saw the new militancy as its betrayal.

GODKIN, FILLED WITH "anxiety about the country," determined to oppose the Cleveland message even at the risk of jeopardizing his paper with the "half-crazed public." Son of an English family settled since the 12th century in Ireland where he had been born and brought up, he had served as correspondent for English papers during the Crimean War and the American Civil War. He became editor of THE NATION when it was founded in 1865 by a group of forty stockholders who supplied $100,000 with the stated purpose of championing the laboring class, the Negro, the cause of popular education and "true democratic principles in society and government." In 1883, while remaining at THE NATION, he succeeded Carl Schurz as editor of the *Evening Post* and through the medium of these two organs made himself, as William James said, "a towering influence on all thought concerning public affairs."

He was a handsome, bearded, hot-tempered Celt, delighting in combat, brooding in melancholy, vivacious, pugnacious and a muckraker before Roosevelt invented the name. So unrelenting was his pursuit of corrupt practices by Tammany politicians that on one occasion they had him arrested for criminal libel three times in one day. James Russell Lowell agreed with the opinion of an English journalist that Godkin had made THE NATION "the best periodical in the world" and James Bryce, already famous as the author of *The American Commonwealth*, declared the *Evening Post* to be "the best paper printed in the English language." Closer to home opinion was hotter. Governor Hill of New York said he did not care about "the handful of mugwumps" who read the *Post* in New York City. "The trouble with the damned sheet is that every editor in New York State reads it." This was what accounted for Godkin's pervasive influence; that other makers of opinion took their opinions from him—though not, to be sure, all. "What fearful mental degeneracy results from reading it or THE NATION as a steady thing," wrote Theodore Roosevelt to Captain Mahan in 1893. Roosevelt tended to confuse the desire for peace with physical cowardice and harped curiously on this subject: "I abhor men like [Edward Everett] Hale and papers like the *Evening Post* and THE NATION in all of whom there exists absolute physical dread of danger and hardship and who therefore tend to hysterical denunciation and fear of war."

In 1895 Godkin was 64 and feared the future. The United States, he wrote to a friend, "finds itself in possession of enormous power and is eager to use it in brutal fashion against anyone who comes along without knowing how to do so and is therefore constantly on the brink of some frightful catastrophe." Indeed, as the United States had at this moment exactly one battleship in commission, Godkin was not unwarranted in thinking the Jingoes "absolutely crazy." He believed the new spirit of "ferocious optimism," as he strikingly described it, would lead to eventual disaster.

WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, was equally disquieted. "It is instructive to find," he wrote apropos of Venezuela, "how near the surface in all of us the old fighting spirit lies and how slight an appeal will wake it up. Once really waked, there is no retreat." More outspoken was his colleague at Harvard, Charles Eliot Norton, Professor of Fine Arts and one of the forty stockholders who founded THE NATION. Regarded as the exponent and arbiter of culture in American life, Norton protested the war spirit at a meeting in the Shepard Memorial Church in Cambridge. "The shout of brutal applause, which has gone up from every part of this nation," he said, makes every rational lover of his country feel the "greatest apprehension" for the future.

The white-haired, slender, stoop-shouldered figure, the husky yet musical voice speaking in its Boston Brahmin accent, the charm of that "supremely urbane and gentle presence" was never so at home as when against the herd. Born in 1827, only a year after Jefferson and John Adams died, Norton represented the puritan and militantly liberal conscience of an older generation. He was the son of Andrews Norton, "Unitarian Pope" of New England and Professor of Sacred Literature at Harvard, who had married Catherine Eliot, daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, and was himself descended through a long line of ministers from John Norton, a Puritan divine who had emigrated to America in 1635.

Norton believed in the dominance of an aristocratic class which to him meant a class founded not in land-owning but in a common background of culture, refinement, learning and manners. He saw it disappearing and protested regularly against encroaching vulgarity in his lectures. In parody of his manner a student said, "I propose this afternoon to make a few remarks on the hor-ri-ble vul-gar-ity of EVERYTHING." One of his students at Radcliffe in her diary for 1895 described him looking "so mildly happy and benignant . . . while he gently tells us it were better for us had we never been born in this degenerate and unhappy age."

Writing to Godkin about the Venezuela Message, Norton thought it made "a miserable end for this century" and had done much to increase the "worst spirit in our democracy . . . a barbaric spirit of arrogance and unreasonable self-assertion." What disturbed him more bitterly was the "deeper consideration" that the rise of democracy was not proving, after all, "a safeguard of peace and civilization" because it brought with it "the rise of the uncivilized whom no school education can suffice to provide with intelligence and reason." Norton felt the bitterness of a man who discovers his beloved to be not as beautiful—nor as pure—as he had believed. "I fear that America," he wrote to an English friend, "is beginning a long course of error and wrong and is likely to become more and more a power for disturbance and barbarism. . . . It looks as if the world were entering on a new stage of experience in which there must be a new discipline of suffering to fit men for the new conditions."

OCCASIONALLY, HOWEVER, Norton would allow himself moments of optimism when he suspected that the loss of the values he loved might be the cost of a compensating gain in human welfare. "There are far more human beings materially well off today than ever before in the history of the world," he wrote in 1896 and he could not resist the thought, "How interesting our times have been and still are!"

Thomas B. Reed of Maine, formerly Speaker of the House and now Republican Minority Leader, belonged to the same tradition. During the Venezuela crisis he said little publicly, kept the Republicans in the House under firm control and trusted to Cleveland's basic antipathy for foreign adventure which he shared, to withstand the Jingoes' eagerness to annex this and that. Reed believed that American greatness lay at home and was to be achieved by improving living conditions and raising political intelligence among Americans rather than by extending American rule over half-civilized peoples difficult to assimilate. To him the Republican Party was the guardian of this principle and expansion was "a policy no Republican ought to excuse much less adopt."

Following the Republican victory and election of McKinley, supported by THE NATION, in 1896, "Czar" Reed resumed the Speakership. Still firm in command of the Republican members, he could subdue any unhealthy lust among them for annexation but as Speaker he was bound to pilot Administration policy through the House. The question was, what *was* Administration policy: the soft reluctance of McKinley or the "outward" drive of Lodge and Roosevelt powered by the ideas of Mahan and the persuasions of the Sugar Trust? The answer came in June when a treaty of annexation was concluded with the Hawaiian Government, signed by McKinley and sent to the Senate for ratification. Although there was little likelihood of assembling two-thirds of the Senate in favor of it, the anti-expansionists were worried. Carl Schurz, whom McKinley, always anxious to please, had earlier assured of his lack of interest in Hawaii, faced him with the issue after dinner in the White House, over cigars. Very uncomfortable, McKinley pleaded that he had sent the treaty to the Senate only to get an expression of opinion. Nevertheless Schurz left with a heart "heavy with evil forebodings." In England the *Spectator* said somewhat nervously that the treaty marked "an end to the historic policy of the Republic since its foundation . . . and will mean its gradual evolution into a less peaceful and possibly militant power."

WITH THE SHRIEKS of the newspapers mounting over the "butcheries" of Spain and over the spirit of '76 reborn in the cry *Cuba Libre!*, the country was becoming increasingly excited. Reed regarded the Hearst-fabricated furor over Spain's oppression of Cuba with contempt and Republican espousal of Cuba's cause as hypocrisy. He saw his party losing its moral integrity and becoming a party of political expediency in response to the ignorant clamor of the mob. Without compunction he suppressed a resolution recognizing the belligerence of the "Republic" of Cuba. He took to the magazines to argue against expansion in an article whose title, "Empire Can Wait," became a rallying cry for the opponents of Hawaii's annexation. It spoke the awful name; as yet the outright words "empire" and "imperialism," which connoted the scramble for Africa then at its peak among the European powers, were not being used in the United States. James Bryce, perhaps the only Englishman who could have been allowed to give advice, urged Americans to have nothing to do with a policy of annexation. America's remote position and immense power, he wrote in the *Forum,* freed her from the burden of armaments crushing the European powers. Her mission in the world was "to show the older peoples and states an example of abstention from the quarrels and wars and conquests that make up so large and lamentable a part of the annals of Europe." To yield to the "earth-hunger" now raging among the European states would be "a complete departure from the maxims of the illustrious founders of the republic."

On February 15, 1898, the United States armored cruiser *Maine* blew up and sank in the harbor of Havana with the loss of 260 lives. Although the cause of the explosion was never ascertained, it was impossible in the mood of the time to assume other than a dastardly Spanish plot. The proponents of war burst into hysteria; the peace-minded were outshouted. McKinley hung back, but fearful of a split in his party, soon gave way to clamor. Speaker Reed did not. During the two months while negotiations aimed at forcing Spain into war were being pursued, he did his best to hold back the wave, limiting time for debate and quashing resolutions recognizing Cuban independence. When Senator Proctor who owned marble quarries in Vermont made a strong speech for war, Speaker Reed commented, "Proctor's position might have been expected. A war will make a large market for gravestones." He was attacked by the pro-war press and his rulings aroused resentment in the House which, on the whole, like the country, wanted war. "Ambition, interest, land-hunger, pride, the mere joy of fighting, whatever it may be," acknowledged the Washington *Post,* "we are animated by a new sensation. . . . The taste of Empire is in the mouth of the people even as the taste of blood in the jungle." War on Spain was declared on April 25.

On April 30 Admiral Dewey's squadron of four cruisers and two gunboats steamed into Manila Bay and with a day's bombardment, loosed by the classic order, "You may fire when ready, Gridley," destroyed or put out of action all ten ships of the Spanish squadron as well as the shore batteries. Never had the country felt such a thrill of pride. "Greatest Naval Engagement of Modern Times" was one headline. People went wild with excitement and hero-worship.

A NEW PROBLEM suddenly faced the country which none but a few had thought of: what to do about the Philippines. The American people on the whole, as Mr. Dooley said, did not know whether they were islands or canned goods and even McKinley confessed "he could not have told where those darned islands were within 2,000 miles." The disciples of Mahan knew well enough where they were and what must become of them. Within four days of Dewey's victory Lodge wrote, "We must on no account let the islands go. . . . The American flag is up and it must stay." Since there had been a Filipino independence movement in existence for thirty years for which many had fought and suffered prison, exile and death, Senator Lodge's simple solution took little account of the consent of the governed.

In America the outbreak of a war to be carried to the enemy and posing no danger to the homeland, did not silence but galvanized the war's opponents. Suddenly they became an entity with a name: the Anti-Imperialists. Professor Norton, now over 70, brought upon himself torrents of abuse and threats of violence to his house and person by urging his students not to enlist in a war in which "we jettison all that was most precious of our national cargo." Although an Irish politician of Boston proposed to send a lynching party for him and the press called him a "traitor" and even Senator Hoar denounced him, Norton's grief at his country's course was too great to be contained. At a meeting of the Congregational Church in Cambridge he spoke of how bitter it was that now, at the end of a century which had seen the greatest advance in knowledge and the hope of peace, America should be turning against her ideals and "plunging into an unrighteous war."

OTHERS IN BOSTON spoke out. Moorfield Storey, President of the Massachusetts Reform Club and Civil Service Reform League, and a former President of the American Bar Association, was one; Gamaliel Bradford, a rampant critic of government known for his one-man crusades through a flow of letters to newspapers, was another. The first Story (minus the "e") had settled in Massachusetts in 1635 and Bradford was descended from the first Governor of the Plymouth Colony. Together they assembled a meeting of protest as Faneuil Hall and here on June 15, 1898, three days after Aguinaldo in the Philippines issued a declaration of independence, the Anti-Imperialist League was founded. Its president was the 80-year-old Republican George S. Boutwell, former Senator from Massachusetts and former Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant. Its stated purpose was not to oppose the war as such but to insist that having been undertaken as a war of liberation, it not be turned into one for empire. The quest for power, money and glory abroad, the League maintained, would distract from reform at home and bring in its train a strong central government destructive of traditional states' rights and local liberties. Americans had enough to do to solve the problems of municipal corruption, war between capital and labor, disordered currency, unjust taxation, the use of public office for spoils, the rights of the colored people in the South and of the Indians in the West, before taking alien peoples under their rule.

These were the problems that absorbed reformers many of whom, together with independents and dissenters of various kinds and distinguished Democrats who had perforce become the anti-expansion party, now banded together under the banner of the League. Its 41 vice-presidents soon included ex-President Cleveland, his former Secretary of War William Endicott and former Secretary of the Treasury, Speaker Carlisle, Senator "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, President David Starr Jordan of Stanford, President James B. Angell of the University of Michigan, Jane Addams, Andrew Carnegie, William James, Samuel

Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and numbers of other congressmen, clergymen, professors, lawyers and writers. The novelist William Dean Howells thought the war "an abominable business" and when his friend Mark Twain came home from an extended trip abroad, he became a member of the league.

On the side of the Anti-Imperialists was a strong sentiment, growing out of the troubles with the Negroes after the Civil War, of reluctance to take on new colored populations. Nothing but more trouble would accrue, said Godkin harshly in THE NATION, from "dependencies inhabited by ignorant and inferior races" with whom Americans had no union "other than would be necessary for purposes of carpet-baggery and corruption." Carl Schurz used the same argument against the Isthmian Canal, saying that "once fairly started on a career of aggrandizement" the imperialists would insist that the canal be bordered on both sides by American territory and would want to annex countries "with a population of 13,000,000 Spanish-Americans mixed with Indian blood" who would flood Congress with 20 Senators and 50 or 60 Representatives. Hawaii, where orientals greatly outnumbered the whites, posed the same threat.

THE ANTI-IMPERIALISTS did not sweep up with them the Populists and followers of William Jennings Bryan and those soon to be known as Progressives. While these groups opposed standing armies, big navies and foreign entanglements and were in theory anti-imperialist, anti-militarist and anti-European, they were simultaneously imbued with a fever to fight Spain as a cruel European tryant stamping out liberty at America's doorstep. Bryan called for war as loudly as Theodore Roosevelt and in sincere flattery, if less promptly, had himself appointed Colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers, too late to see action in Cuba.

The Battle of Santiago in July brought the war in Cuba to an end. Since it had been undertaken with the stated purpose of "liberating" the Cubans from Spanish rule, annexation would have been awkward. But as fruit of conquest Puerto Rico, at least, was available. Required to renounce Cuba and cede the smaller neighbor, Spain was eliminated from the Western Hemisphere. Preliminary peace terms were signed in Washington on August 12 leaving the more troublesome question of the Philippines to be negotiated by peace commissioners who were to meet in Paris to conclude a final settlement.

At home the Anti-Imperialists through meetings, protests, speeches, articles, petitions and public conferences were attempting to hold their country back from plucking the archipelago in the Pacific which seemed to glow with the fatal evil of the apple in the Garden of Eden. Carl Schurz urged McKinley to turn the Philippines over as a mandate to a small power such as Belgium or Holland so that the United States could remain "the great neutral power of the world." In France it was the "Dreyfus summer" and Americans, too, in those months felt that their country had reached a moment critical for its character and future. In public and private the debate raged whether to keep the Philippines or turn them back to self-government by the Filipinos. A three-day conference on foreign policy to consider "some of the most momentous problems in the history of the Republic" was convened at Saratoga in August by leaders in public life both for and against expansion. The favored theme of the expansionists which called forth their most energetic arguments was a vision of the vast untapped markets of the Orient with their limitless opportunities for American enterprise. Speaking for the Anti-Imperialists, Henry Wade Rogers, President of Northwestern University and Chairman of the Conference on opening day, forcefully made the point that it was not necessary to annex territory in order to trade with it. But he could not summon passion equal to Judge Grosscup, notorious as the man who had issued the injunction in the Pullman strike, who delivered an exuberant paean to "the new career of commercial activity upon which I trust we are about to enter." The Philippines must be retained, in addition to Puerto Rico and Hawaii, so that the United States would have "clear across the Pacific a line of naval stations and home ports in every sense our own," leading to Asia, a whole continent with "doors swinging inward that will lead us to one half the desirable territory and one third the population of the earth." Samuel Gompers spoke against conquest of foreign lands not only as a betrayal of American principles but as a danger to the standards of American wage-earners. Strange combinations were wrought in the cause of Anti-Imperialism. When at a later meeting in Chicago Gompers declared that retention of the Philippines would show that "our war was without just cause," Andrew Carnegie sent him a telegram of congratulations saying, "Let us stand together to save the Republic."

THE ANNEXATIONIST tide was too strong. At Paris the United States demanded "cession of the whole Archipelago," coupled with offer of a token payment to Spain of $20,000,000 to grease the acceptance of the inevitable. On December 10 the Treaty of Paris was signed transferring sovereignty of the Philippines to the United States with the $20,000,000 to follow upon ratification. "We have bought ten million Malays at $2.00 a head unpicked," remarked Reed acidly, and in the most prescient comment made by anyone at the time, he added, "and nobody knows what it will cost to pick them."

That winter in the Senate's battle over ratification of the Treaty of Paris, the Republicans needed every vote they could collect to muster the necessary two-thirds majority. In the delicate balance that prevailed, the most important issue since Secession depended on the votes of one or two vacillating Senators. Suddenly Bryan arrived in Washington and to the amazement of his followers urged them to vote *for* the treaty. Preparing to run again for President in 1900 he realized he could not win on a repetition of the silver issue and was perfectly prepared to give it up in favor of Imperialism, a new crown of thorns. To make acquisition of the Philippines a raging issue, it had to be consummated first. Consequently, he told his party, it would not do to defeat the treaty. Besides, he argued comfortingly, to ratify the treaty would end the war.

At this moment the Filipinos rose in their own war of independence. Their forces attacked the American lines outside Manila on the night of February 4. In Washington the news intensified the frenzied speculation over the vote on the treaty but no one could be certain what effect it would have. A last-minute petition signed by ex-President Cleveland, President Eliot of Harvard and twenty-two other men of national prominence was addressed to the Senate, protesting the treaty unless it included a provision against annexing the Philippines and Puerto Rico. "In accordance with the principles upon which our Republic was founded we are in duty bound to recognize the rights of the inhabitants . . . to independence and self-government," it said, and pointed out that if, as McKinley had once declared, the forcible annexation of Cuba would be "criminal aggression by our code of morals, annexation of the Philippines would be no less so."

When the Senate voted on February 6 Bryan's work told: the treaty won by a one-vote margin. "The way the country puked up its ancient principles at the first touch of temptation was sickening," wrote William James in a private letter. The saddest thing for such men was the parting with the American dream. "We are false to all we have believed in," wrote Moorfield Storey. "This great free land which for more than a century has been a refuge to the oppressed of every land, has now turned to oppression."

Hearing the sound of "ignoble battle" coming "sullenly over the Pacific seas," William Vaughn Moody wrote his "Ode in a Time of Hesitation" which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in May, 1900. Are we still the "eagle nation" he asked, or

> Shall some less lordly bird be set apart?
> Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
> Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

This was the conscience of the few, felt too by Godkin who in his disillusion said a strange and clairvoyant thing at this time. "The military spirit," he wrote to Moorfield Storey in January, 1900, "has taken possession of the masses to whom power has passed."

In the election of 1900 the Anti-Imperialists were caught in an agonizing dilemma. McKinley represented the party of imperialism; Bryan, in Carl Schurz's words, was "the evil genius of the anti-imperialist cause." Nevertheless his reasoning had succeeded and as he was necessarily the champion of the Philippine cause, the Anti-Imperialists had nowhere else to go. They were called the "Hold-your-nose-and-vote" group but even by this technique Bryan could not be made acceptable to THE NATION. Opposed to McKinley because of imperialism and to Bryan as irresponsible, it scolded both and supported neither.

The campaign represented the zenith of the Anti-Imperialists' effort but they were hampered by a tarnished candidate and a cause out of joint with the time. What a people thinks at any given time can best be measured by what they do. McKinley and Roosevelt were elected by 53 per cent of the votes cast and with a greater margin over Bryan than in 1896. Expansion and conquest were accepted and the break with the American past confirmed. Still at war in the Philippines, America moved into the 20th century.

Professor Norton voiced the elegy of the Anti-Imperialists. "I reach one conclusion," he wrote to a friend, "that I have been too much of an idealist about America, had set my hopes too high, had formed too fair an image of what she might become. Never had a nation such an opportunity; she was the hope of the world. Never again will any nation have her chance to raise the standard of civilization."

IN QUEST OF SANDINO
Imperialism Still Rides

CARLETON BEALS

Stalwart anti-imperialist and adventurous journalist, the author made and found news for THE NATION *and other publications in Spain, Italy and Latin America. His fortieth book,* War Within a War, *will be published shortly.*

I

THROUGHOUT the vast Latin-American world, this century's outstanding popular hero is Augusto C. Sandino who for six years (1927-33) fought for the independence of Nicaragua against foreign invasion by the most powerful military nation in history—the United States. His David-Goliath exploits are the theme of song and ballads. He is celebrated in articles, biographies and novels. His ghost has haunted every Pan American reunion and every good-will emissary from Hoover to Nixon.

His fame reaches far beyond Latin America. Humble folk from Capetown to Jakarta know his name and its meaning, though few know the name of the American President or the carpet-bag generals who carried on undeclared war against him and were ultimately responsible for the massacres perpetrated by American aviators which made the names of Chinandega and Ocotal bywords of infamy all over the world—except in the United States.

Indeed, at the time, the people of the United States were less informed about what was really going on in Nicaragua than were Chinese coolies. Not till much later did the U.S. Senate investigate the cesspool of dishonesty, bribery, State Department collusion, and wholesale murder which lay at the bottom of our intervention.

The American press, echoing the official Washington propaganda line, was unaware that our bayonet-and-dollar diplomacy was facing up to its first real challenge. How could events in a despicable little banana republic affect our national destinies? The press branded Sandino as "a bandit" and "an outlaw," and made no attempt to get his side of the story.

The dilemma of the American press was stated bluntly by the *Review of Reviews* in April, 1928: "The American public had no information about the Nicaraguan chief [Sandino] except what came from government sources. The State Department and Marine officials call him a bandit and outlaw, and many newspapers have accepted those terms . . . What sort of a man is he? What actually is he trying to do? The first effort to answer this question has been made by the *Nation* [which] . . . commissioned Carleton Beals to interview him."

On January 5, 1928 (Thursday) eight months after Sandino began his heroic struggle, on entering the cable office on San Juan de Letran Street in Mexico City at 4:40 P.M. I was handed a wire from Oswald Garrison Villard, editor of THE NATION:

CAN YOU PROCEED IMMEDIATELY NICARAGUA FOR NATION SENDING EXCLUSIVE STORIES AMERICAN POLICY MARINE RULE POPULAR FEELING ETCETERA, REACHING SANDINO IF POSSIBLE. TRIP POSSIBLY OCCUPY A MONTH. CAN OFFER A HUNDRED A WEEK AND EXPENSES. WIRE COLLECT.

II

It was high time that somebody obtained Sandino's side of the story. Either his accusations should be disproved, or American policy should be rectified. In any case, the traditional American respect for free access to news and its free dissemination needed to be restored. Official news handouts, even if well-intentioned, are never the whole truth, regardless of what government puts them forth.

My one question on receiving Villard's cable was whether I had any chance of carrying out the assignment successfully. I sat down at one of the cable office desks and did some hard thinking. Then I stuffed the message into my pocket and walked around the block.

Two years before this I had been through part of Central America and knew my way around, though I had seen only one corner of that wondrously beautiful land known as Nicaragua (after its early Indian inhabitants), considerably larger than England, yet with only 700,000 people. Even before getting Villard's wire, I had put out feelers about going there and had all but been told to keep out. Would I be permitted to land? If I were, could I get my information out? Also I knew something about the obstacles in adjacent countries. The dangers of travel in difficult country and in a war zone where American planes were bombing indiscriminately did not particularly preoccupy me. The one big question was whether Sandino would receive me. He had little reason to love Americans, and if half the stories about him were true, he would shoot me.

I returned to the cable office. By five o'clock my reply to Villard was winging north: WILL GLADLY GO LEAVING HERE SATURDAY VIA GUATEMALA. GATES TO SANDINO OPEN BUT UNADVISABLE ANNOUNCE THIS PARTICULAR FACT BEFOREHAND FOR IT WOULD INCREASE RISK SPOIL CHANCES. EYE ESTIMATE FIVE WEEKS NECESSARY. ADVISABLE WIRE ME FIVE HUNDRED TOMORROW.

I realized that charges of disloyalty would be leveled against me. Later a few brickbats did come, but mostly from the Mississippi mud bottoms and the slums of white Texas women's clubs. My firm belief was that the disloyal people were those who prevented the public from learning the facts and had caused the good name of the country to be damaged by using their powerful official positions to promote improper ideals and collect unsavory loans. I believed that the real enemies of the United States were those endangering our friendship with the whole vast region of Latin America.

And so, rightly or wrongly, far from considering myself disloyal, I looked upon myself as a true patriot. Furthermore it was not a crime—as it is now—for a citizen or newspaper man to visit a country considered out of bounds by the State Department and try to provide the public with reliable non-official information.

After getting Villard's wire, I had dinner at Prendes with my friend Howard Phillips, editor of *Mexican Life*, then saw Dr. León. About sixty, with spiky close-cropped hair and a boyish freckled face, he had been a Venezuelan diplomat and educator. Years ago, he had been asked by Dictator Vicente Gómez to be Minister of Education. He declined and the next day a policeman took him off to the dreadful Rotunda torture chamber, where he had been held at hard labor for nine years with a seventy-pound ball and chain. In spite of this ordeal, he looked and acted like a man in his early thirties.

Enthusiastic over my mission, at once he prepared letters for Sandino and others and gave me credentials.

He warned me of the difficulties I might have even before I reached Nicaragua. It filled me with some incredulity that all the obstacles should come from the American side, not that of the enemy. The occupation forces should be the first to wish the truth to get out if our cause were so holy. Why the frantic effort to clamp down on all information?

The best route I believed—and León agreed—was to go through the lines from the Honduras side. I might be unable to get through the American lines, an effort would be made to stop me, and Sandino would be suspicious of anybody arriving directly from the American camp. I would then return to Honduras, file my stories, and go to Nicaragua, not by the regular ports, but across the Gulf of Fonseca and through Chinandega, one of the bombed cities. I had seen the photographs of mangled bodies in the debris of that town, and wished to check on things.

III

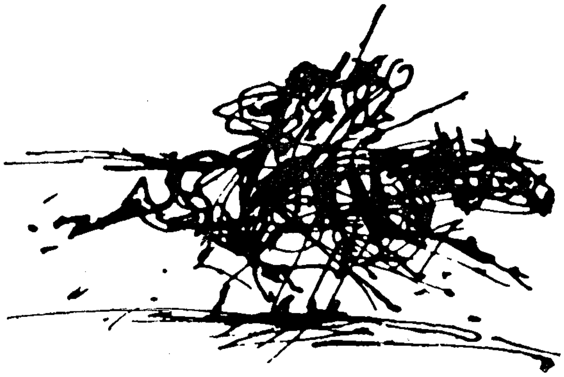
Augusto C. Sandino was born in May, 1893, in Niquinohomo, son of Gregorio Sandino, a well-to-do coffee-grower, and Margarita Calderón, a girl of the people. He was raised by a girl of his own social status, America Tifer—whom his father subsequently married—along with his half-brother Socrates. Between Augusto and Socrates there was always an imperishable bond of deep love.

Augusto was put through what went for high school in Nicaragua, then took up farming. He organized the local farmers into a cooperative to make them independent of commission merchants and loan sharks and thereby came into conflict with the dominant and ruthless loan agent of the region—José María Moncado.

Augusto was forced out and went north to New Segovia where he worked in British and American mines. Saving his money, he went to Mexico in 1923, where he worked for three years in the Tampico oil fields and apparently for a short time in the United States. He attracted some attention because he was a vegetarian, and did not smoke or drink. It was untrue, as Stimson had given out, that he had been a member of Pancho Villa's band and had participated in the attack on Columbus, New Mexico. By 1923 Villa had long since laid down his arms.

Sandino returned to Nicaragua in July, 1926, and joined the revolt against the illegal Chamorro-Díaz dictatorship. The U.S. Marines landed and stalemated every success. When Sacasa, the ousted Vice-President, who now had the only legal claim to the presidency of the country, landed in Puerto Cabezas early in December, with several boatloads of military supplies secretly supplied by the Mexican government, and set up constitutional government, Sandino asked him for guns and ammunition, claiming he could rally the farmers and miners of New Segovia to the Sacasa cause. Moncado opposed this, but Sacasa gave Sandino what he wanted and appointed him northern army chief, though Sandino was then only thirty-one.

On December 23, Admiral J. H. Latimer, in charge of the U.S. battleships on the Atlantic side, landed Marines and bluejackets in Puerto Cabezas and began disarming Sacasa's men and the police. Sacasa was ordered to get out of the port, which was declared a "neutral zone." He refused to budge, and he and his cabinet were held virtually incommunicado until the Tipitapa betrayal.



Sandino, however, slipped out with his men and arms into the swamps and made his way, suffering great ordeals and several disastrous attacks, up the great Coca River (Segovia River) to the northern mountains. Gradually he cleared the Conservative forces out of the area and took over Jinotega, the coffee center, about the time Moncada appeared to the south close to Managua.

Sacasa was allowed to send delegates to the Tipitapa conferences. They refused to sign the agreement drawn up by Stimson, which was accepted May 4 by Moncado and his "generals," all except Sandino who slipped back to Jinotega. On May 7, Sacasa deplored "the fact that the government of the United States, departing from the principles of justice and forgetting the true interests of a weak country in order . . . to sustain a regime born of a coup d'état, has not only violated and broken into pieces the constitution of the Republic but also the Central American Treaty signed in Washington, D.C."

The manner of disarming the Liberal army was agreed upon May 11. Sacasa, from his capital and Marine prison, still refused to accept the surrender; he never did, but on May 23 rather ignominiously folded up his tents after being secretly promised $30,000 and the ambassadorship in Washington. This would probably never have been known had he not later complained bitterly that he got only $6000 of the money.

In any event, as early as May 15, Stimson cabled the State Department that the objections of the constitutional government didn't matter, since its members had done no actual fighting, and would not fight. By then figurehead president Adolfo Díaz had dutifully turned the Nicaraguan constabulary over to a Marine official. The entire country was, apparently, now in the hands of the United States, and Stimson began his wire to Secretary of State Kellogg, "The Civil War in Nicaragua is now definitely ended."

Moncado had not told Stimson that he expected Sandino to deliver his weapons separately in Jinotega. Stimson would have had to have seen inside Sandino's head to have known that though the civil war was ended, the war of national independence had just begun. Indeed the following day, May 16, 800 Liberals under Juan Cabulla attacked the Marines, not the Conservative forces, near Chinandega, causing deaths and casualties. Cabulla soon offered to surrender and was killed by a Marine officer when he did. Within two months (July 16) Sandino answered an insulting ultimatum from Captain G. D. Hatfield, Marine commandant of strongly fortified Ocotal, by attacking and occupying the entire town except the barracks after fifteen hours of continuous fighting. Five U.S. planes came over and pretty well smashed up the place. The killing of between two hundred and three hundred was claimed. Ocotal became a byword of infamy throughout the continent, and from then on the name of Sandino fired the imagination of the world. His mountain fortress of El Chipote, which he managed to hold for eight months, became as much a symbol of bravery and human liberty as Bunker Hill and Chapultepec.

IT WAS TOWARD that stronghold I was headed when I set out from Mexico City that Saturday night of January 7, 1928.

The manager of the cable office had kindly promised to see that I got my money from THE NATION that afternoon. He counted out five hundred dollars in $20 American gold pieces, which I stowed away in the leather belt against my skin which I had bought to hold my money and documents, for it was then too late to get the gold pieces changed. But I had enough to pay my fare to Cordoba, the junction point of a branch rail line connecting up at Tierra Blanca with the Vera Cruz-Central American line.

I was routed out of the Pullman at Cordova at an ungodly hour. A tousle-headed Indian boy seized my bags. I gave him a $20 gold piece, told him to get it changed at the best rate when the offices opened, buy me a ticket to Suchiate on the Guatemala frontier, and have my bags on board the train before it left. I went to the hotel and had a leisurely breakfast, then wandered around the city for several hours.

There was another long wait for connections in Tierra Blanca in the jungles, a hot Mexican meal in a little oilcloth restaurant. Our train crawled down the east coast, we crossed the Isthmus, then down the semi-arid Pacific coast. Two days later, the emerald-green wall of jungle and the steep roofs of Ayutla loomed on the far side of the Suchiate River —so sharp is the division between the rain-forest magnificence of Guatemala and the almost rainless flat-roofed dreariness of the Mexican Chiapas littoral.

IV

The courier taking me to Sandino's camp, General Rivas, was a roughneck who inspired me with scant confidence. On our train trip to La Union in eastern Salvador, we were shadowed by a Nicaraguan police spy, and at the port we were seized and searched. I saved my credentials by a ruse and my money-belt was not found, but I lost Zamora's letters, my notes and loose money. We expected more trouble in Honduras.

The Gulf of Fonseca, which we crossed by launch, is one of the world's finest harbors, a true prize of empire, dotted with fair islands and fringed by lofty densely wooded mountains. By numerous treaties, rights in the gulf are held by three countries, Salvador, Honduras and Nicaragua. But by armed invasion of Nicaragua and an imposed government, the United States now held a dubious ninety-nine year military lease. But the long ride for hours across that purple-green sea, after the mauling in La Union, was a gorgeous inspiration. Then in Amapala, the Honduran port of entry, General Rivas was arrested.

I was in no position to help him, and he was deported to Nicaragua where, to avoid being shot, he divulged all he knew about the Sandino underground and my plans. But by the time the Chief of Police of Tegucigalpa, the highland capital, came to arrest me, I was well on my way to the frontier.

My new guide, provided by Froylán Turcios, was another general, Santos Siqueiros, a marked man later executed. Years before he had been put on an American battleship and dumped in Guatemala. Arrogant and fiery, he was a difficult traveling companion, but resourceful and energetic. We holed up in the servants' quarters of a friendly third-class hotel, sewed our credentials in our saddle-blankets, and slipped out of the capital on Sunday, January 21, two weeks after I had left Mexico. We rode through rain and mud, snatching a few hours' sleep each night in half-open Indian huts. Sometimes our hosts had food. In the end, we had to abandon our horses and belongings and flounder ahead on foot. From the coffee town of Danlí, avoiding frontier patrols, we moved on toward the Depilto Cordillera.

We went on south, presently were escorted by forces rejoining Sandino. Though sometimes the Marines were on the opposite ridge, the Sandinistas camped unconcernedly. Guitars thrummed. In one settlement we danced. It would require a day or more to hack through the intervening valley jungle. Riding within a few miles of the Marine stronghold of Jinotega, I reached San Rafael on a warm star-studded night. Sandino agreed to see me at 4 A.M.

Most of the night I spent with Sandino's staff. Several officers were rude, tough *guerrilleros* who had fought all their lives, but most were cultivated men, several with extensive European military training, who had held responsible positions. One was a prominent writer. Our talk was about the occupation, international affairs, Paris, literature, poetry, art. A surprising entourage for a "bandit."

I talked with Sandino most of the morning and left at noon, escorted toward the American lines by a young colonel, a member of the chamber of deputies not allowed to take his seat. The following day we rode through Darío, birthplace of the great poet, along the main highway to Sebaco, a few hours by car from the capital. I was unable to get transportation until the following noon, for every car was jammed with people fleeing from Matagalpa and Jinotega, fearing a Sandino attack. Most were well-dressed upper-class people.

In Managua, which I entered unchallenged, I bought clean clothes and put up at the Hotel Lupone. That was February 5. I cabled Freda Kirchwey, borrowed the hotel-keeper's typewriter and set to work pounding out my stories. Two days later an army intelligence officer tried to browbeat me. How had I gotten into Nicaragua? He warned me not to try to see Sandino. I got rid of him with a cock-and-bull story and worked all night.

In the morning I mailed my articles to THE NATION, duplicates to my parents in California to be forwarded, and deposited a third set and the record of my talk with the highhanded Army Intelligence with a small storekeeper whose name had been given me as a Sandino sympathizer.

My wire to Freda gave a few words about my trip. FIRST AND ONLY AMERICAN ONLY FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT EVER SECURING INTERVIEW. GREAT STORY. ANNOUNCEMENT IN ORDER. In the morning, Freda cabled back: STAFF DELIGHTED SUCCESS YOUR GRAND ADVENTURE EAGERLY AWAITING STORIES. CABLE PROBABLE TITLES NUMBER MAILING DATE OF FIRST.

Through THE NATION, Sandino sent a reply to an ultimatum from Admiral Sellers (never made known to the public) that Sandino surrender or be destroyed. Sandino addressed him: "Mr. D. F. Sellers, Representative of American Imperialism in Nicaragua. . . . The only way this struggle can be ended is by the immediate withdrawal of the invading forces from our territory." He demanded a non-political provisional president and supervision of elections not by Marines but by Latin American representatives. He was already pledged to lay down his arms the day the Marines withdrew, never to participate in any civil war, and never to accept any public office. To the United States Senate, he protested against "continued barbarism . . . such as the recent total destruction of Quilali," one of the ninety towns, villages and settlements reportedly destroyed, chiefly by air bombardment. I found Sandino intimately conversant with the financial deals of the invaders, and he advocated a transoceanic canal built on a just basis safeguarding the rights of the Nicaraguan people and the other defrauded Central American countries.

My first article appeared February 22. The series was reprinted by the *Herald Tribune* of New York and other large papers elsewhere; by leading journals all over Europe, including *El Sol* in Madrid; by nearly every newspaper throughout the continent, even small country journals and in most weekly and monthly magazines, also in most countries in the Orient. It was translated into Japanese, Chinese, Arabic, Russian, Polish, Italian, nearly all languages. The only country where it was not allowed to appear was Nicaragua.

The dreary struggle went on for years longer. In Managua, the hand-picked congress gagged at adopting the McCoy election law which set aside the Nicaraguan constitution, so Adolfo Díaz put it into effect by decree, giving McCoy full military powers. Under such illegal conditions, Moncado was duly inducted into office. Four years later, after similar elections, Sacasa, who since being kicked out of Puerto Cabezas had been a good boy, was put into the presidency. That was January 1, 1933. The next day the last Marine embarked.

At once Sandino laid down his arms. He was allowed to retain a guard of 100 men and his followers were granted virgin lands on the Coco River. There they cleared the jungle, built houses, planted crops and started industries. Though provocative raids, killing peaceful citizens, were made by the National Guard, headed by General Anastasio Somoza (a ruffian groomed by Marine officials to uphold the constitution and democracy) Sandino refused to retaliate, telling his followers he preferred to leave the country rather than engage in civil strife.

A year later he was invited to the capital by President Sacasa. After dining at the National Palace, he and two aides were taken out of the car of the Minister of Agriculture by national guard members, rushed to the airfield and shot, along with a small boy who had the bad luck to witness the murders. Another group machine-gunned the minister's home, murdering Socrates Sandino. The five bodies were dumped in an unknown grave.

The orders for the seizure of Sandino had been given at a meeting of Somoza and his staff a few hours earlier. Though the names of the actual assassins were well-known, and they gleefully displayed their trophies, the gold teeth, hair and trinkets of the victim, around Managua, no effort was made to punish them.

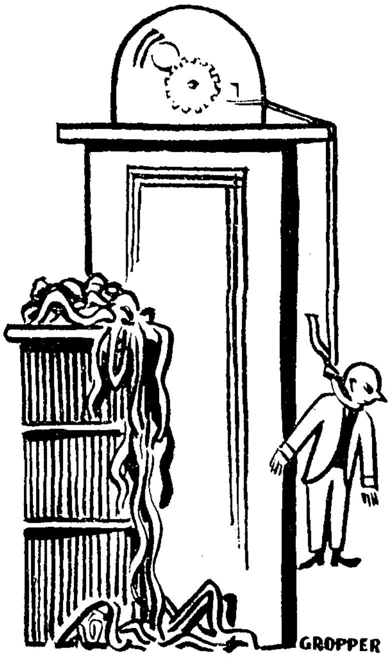
Three years later, Somoza turned his guns on the National Palace, drove Sacasa out, installed a provisional president just long enough to receive the Cross of Valor, the Medal of Distinction, and the Presidential Medal of Merit, then took over the country for twenty-five years of brutal dictatorship during which time he gathered in a large share of the country's wealth. So ended the quarter century of Marine training in democracy—destroyed by the chief pupil.

But if Sandino failed to bring the freedom to his people which he hoped would result from independence, the world-wide condemnation of American military invasion influenced the withdrawal of Marines and customs collectors from Nicaragua, Haiti and the Dominican Republic, a change of policy that paved the way for the Good Neighbor era and the cooperation of Latin America during World War II. In that struggle Latin America made tremendous sacrifices, sending us raw materials at pre-war prices, holding the wage line in spite of fantastic inflation that brought misery to millions. Without those materials sent north in friendly cooperation, the war would have been prolonged for years, the final issue in doubt. And had it not been for the new policy in the Western Hemisphere that grew out of Sandino's resistance, we could not have embarked on that war against Nazism with clean hands.

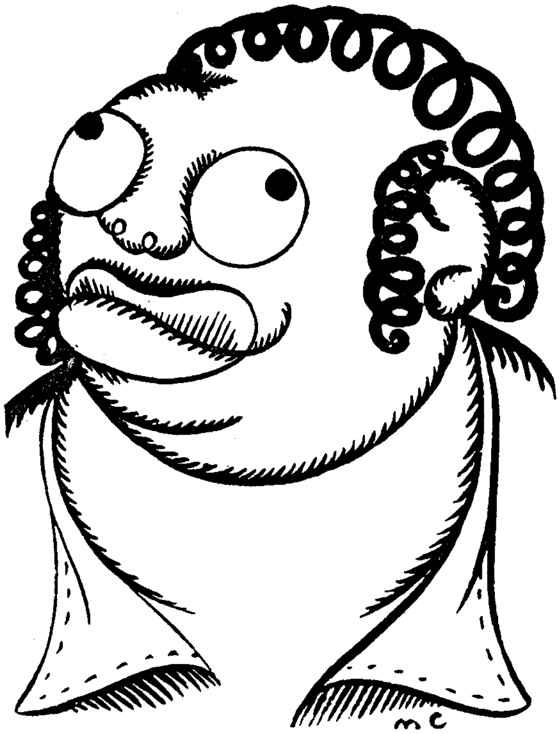
For Sandino's resistance was instrumental in bringing about an outlawing of unilateral armed intervention in the Western Hemisphere, more liberal treaties with Panama and other countries, and the creation of one of the most enlightened international systems in the history of man. If that system has been violated in spirit many times both by the United States and some other countries of the hemisphere, it set a pattern of international conduct superior to that which prevailed in much of the world. Thus his resistance led to a new awareness of the rights of colonial peoples everywhere. The aspiration for national freedom is still the most powerful force of our day. We learned all about freedom fighters in Nicaragua long before Hungary. Sandino was one of the architects of the free world, and a genuine hero of the Americas.

A NATION GALLERY

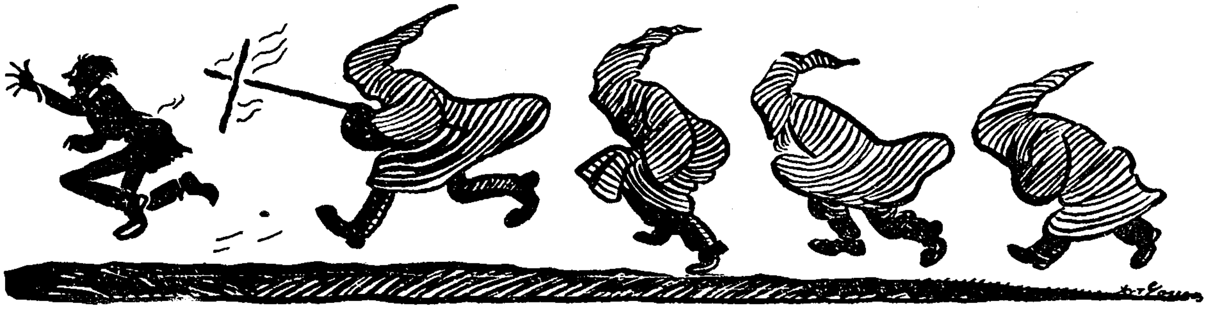
On this and the following pages are shown a representative selection of cartoons and caricatures that have appeared in THE NATION during the last thirty-odd years (prior to 1920, the magazine used almost no art).



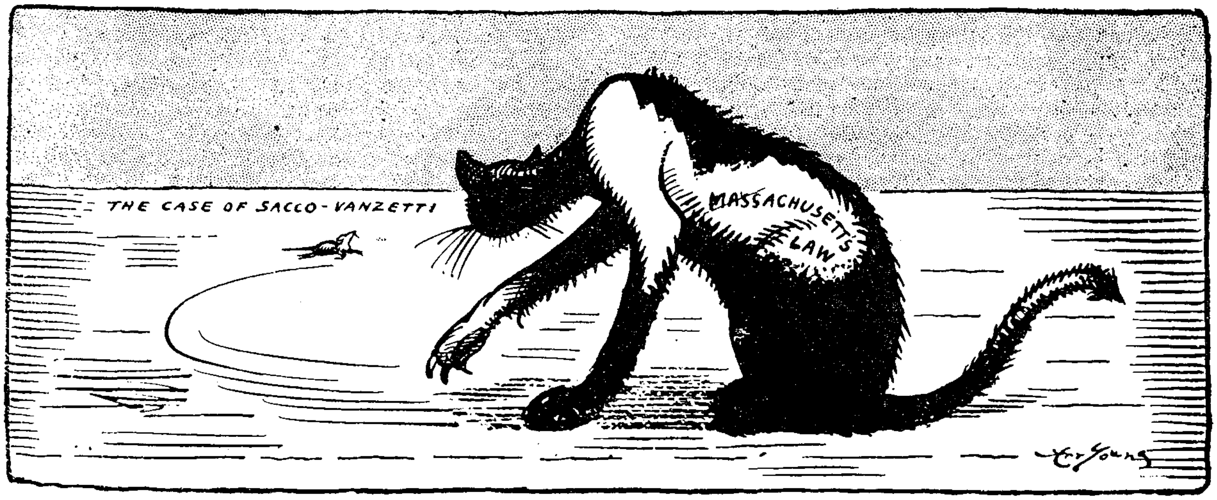
Gropper: 1929



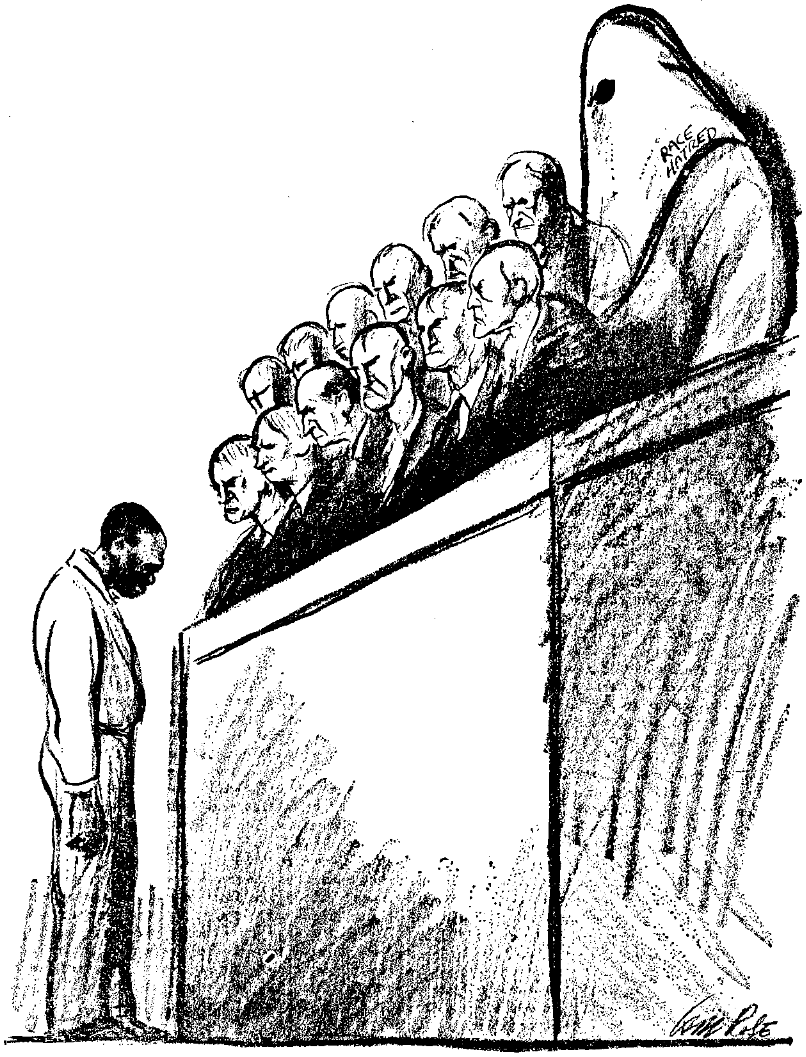
Diego Rivera Covarrubias: 1924



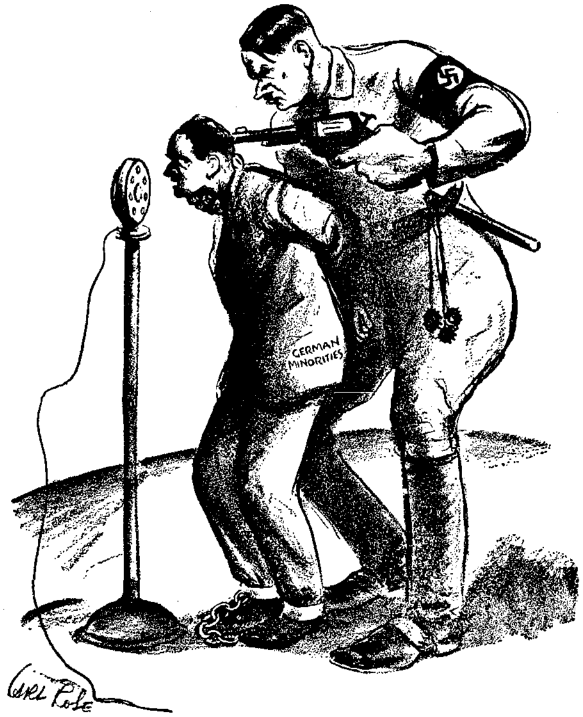
Art Young: 1925


THE CASE OF SACCO-VANZETTI
MASSACHUSETTS LAW

Art Young: 1927


RACE HATRED

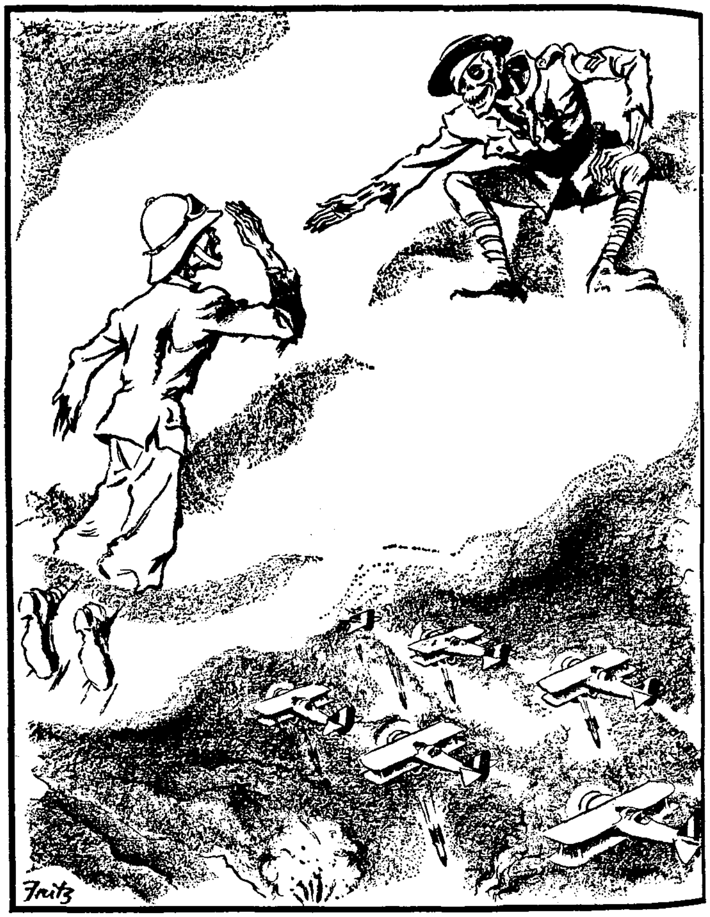
The Thirteenth Juror **Carl Rose: 1933**


GERMAN MINORITIES
Carl Rose

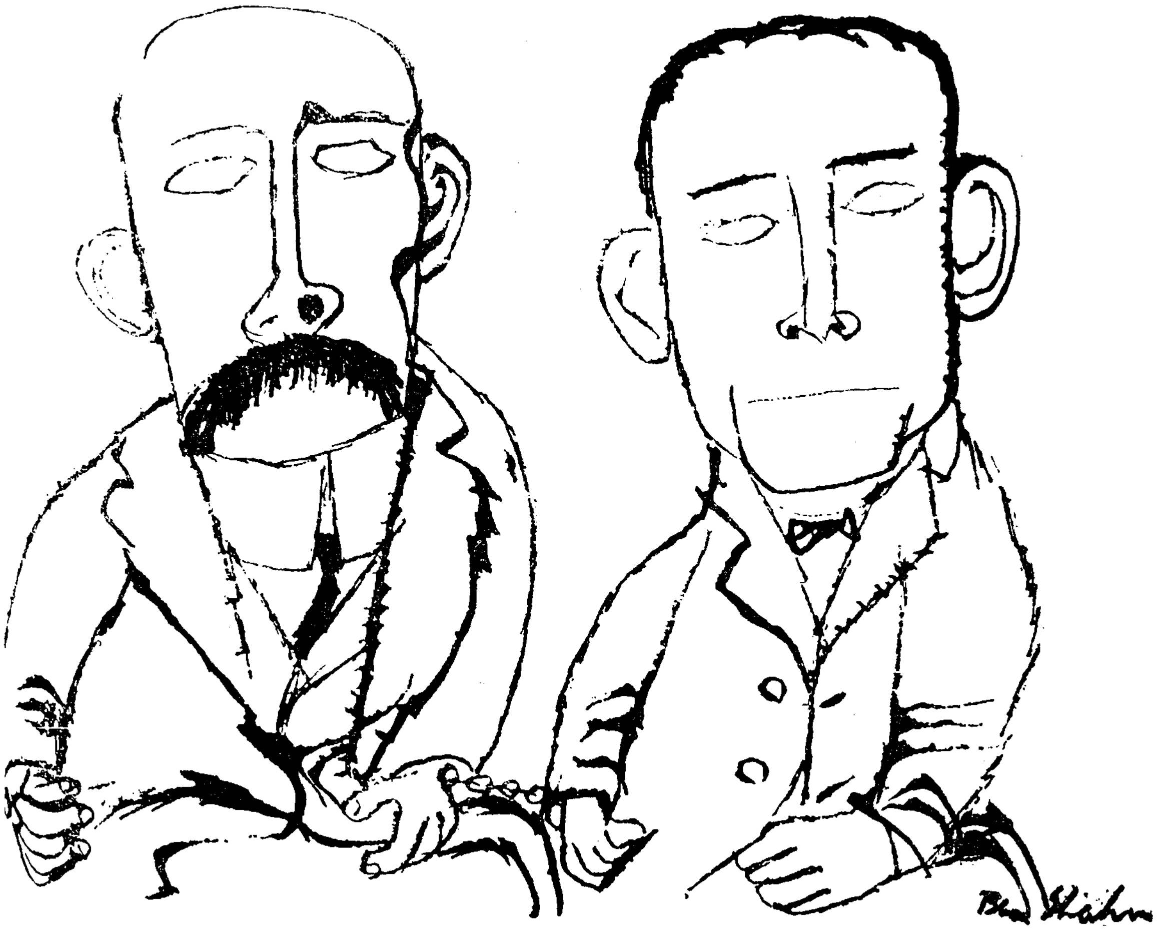
"Tell the world how well
← *you are being treated!"*

Carl Rose: 1933

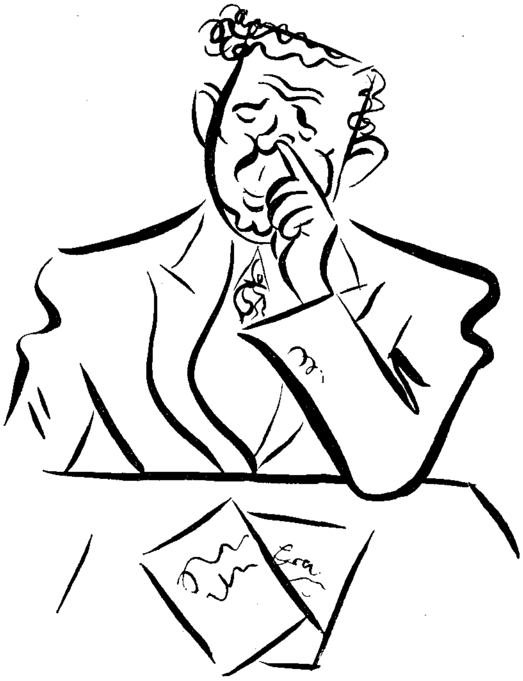
Ethiopian soldier: "I just died for civilization!"
Doughboy: "Fine, buddy, I made the world safe for democracy!" →



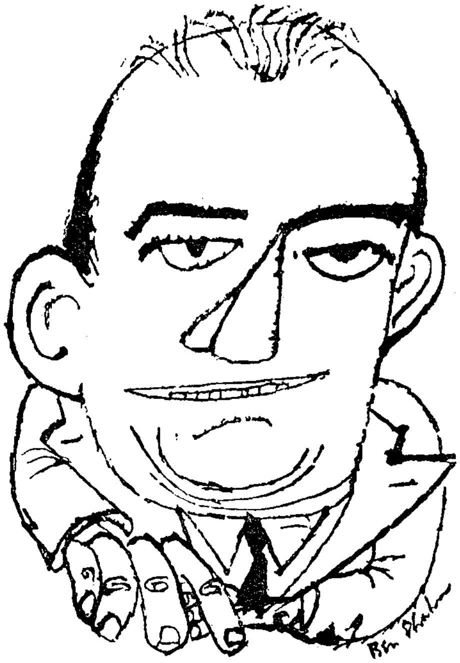
Fritz: 1935



Sacco and Vanzetti **Ben Shahn: 1952**



Huey Long **Eva Hermann: 1935**



Senator McCarthy **Ben Shahn: 1952**

WAITING FOR REALTY

Death of a Small Town

DAN WAKEFIELD

Mr. Wakefield is the author of Island in the City, Revolt in the South, *and a forthcoming book,* Between the Lines. *He has been contributing to* THE NATION *since 1955, and has also written for other publications.*

> "Down the east coast from Bangor to Miami, down the west coast from Santa Rosa to San Diego, and outward from every metropolitan industrial center, both the small towns and the countryside have been overrun. We no longer need the words 'town' and 'country;' we can call ourselves conurbia, suburbia, or exurbia. In what a few years ago were orchards and cabbage fields and crossroads settlements, citizens resistant to Progress pack the meetings of their supervisors and selectmen. . . . Or they hunt for places to live that are less exposed to the forces creating Megalopolis, and in hunting them expand the forces that they hope to escape. Hence the nostalgia of those who knew the towns before they ceased to be places, and hence the yearning of many who did not."
>
> Wallace Stegner, from his introduction to
> *A Vanishing America:*
> *The Life and Times of the Small Town*

THE TOWN OF HUNTINGTON is actually a valley with three small villages and isolated farms scattered up in the hills along dirt roads. It is roughly twenty-five miles southeast of Burlington, in northern Vermont, and the drab grey mountain landscape of winter and early spring is very much like the Appalachian region in eastern Kentucky. So is the man-made landscape, for here, as in the mountains of Appalachia, are tar-paper shacks surrounded by gardens growing junk; dark, weather-beaten barns with caving roofs and leaning silos; graveyards of mutilated automobiles—all signs of a used-up land. Driving along the road that connects the town's three villages—Huntington, Huntington Center and Hanksville—one also sees neat and fresh-painted white houses, but they are the exception to the rule of tumbled shacks, trailers moored in seas of mud, and overturned, rusting automobiles. In the villages only two stores are still operating—both groceries, in the village of Huntington—and on the main street of each village are dead, abandoned stores with broken, soaped windows and stray cats prowling in the refuse inside. There is the sense, driving through, that the area has been the scene of some battle and was looted in a random, haphazard way by a passing army. This is one small town in America in 1965. Its condition and its future seem common to many such places throughout the country.

The decline of Huntington roughly parallels the decline of the small-town life of rural America, which has dwindled steadily throughout the last century. Our urban (defined as any community of more than 2,500 people) population rose from 15.3 per cent of the total in 1850 to nearly half the population in 1910, and around the time of that turning point to a mainly urban society we began to be concerned about what we were leaving behind, and encouraged a return to rural life in the "Back to the Farm" movement. In 1913 THE NATION remarked, with irony, on our anti-city bias, and noted that most

Americans still held fast to "the hereditary faith that man was made for the land and lives in cities for his sins." Yet our "sins," in the form of city life, continue to grow in spite of our sentiments, and the urban population is still moving upward from the 69.9 per cent of the population it comprised in 1960.

But as the small town passes into history and myth, we celebrate its virtues and entertain ourselves with its vices all the more. *Peyton Place* has become our national soap opera, and last year a less dramatic view of small-town life was presented in an hour-long television documentary whose only conclusion seemed to be that the small town was passing, and that it was sad. In the recently-published anthology, *A Vanishing America*, twelve authors wrote about small-town life in America with an attitude that is typical of our response to the subject. In his introduction Wallace Stegner frankly admitted that the book was "an unabashed invitation to nostalgia," a "hymn to lost simplicity," and that running through each of the essays was "a distaste for the present that amounts to a confession of national cultural failure."

I DID NOT go to Huntington, Vermont, in search of an answer to the problems of American culture, but simply to get a view of the passing phenomenon of small-town life by looking at one particular town that had not yet been swallowed up in the spread of suburbia. When I first saw Huntington, in November of 1963, it struck me as one of the more isolated spots I had seen in this country, and at least superficially it seemed unmarked by the insignia of modern life; in all the town there is not one trace of neon. I had gone there to visit Richard Moore, a poet who teaches English at a Catholic girls' college in Burlington and lives with his wife and two daughters in a remodeled farmhouse in Huntington. I went to visit the Moores several times in the past year, and got to know a little more about the town, met some of the people and heard some of the gossip—a small-town commodity that not even television has replaced. But it seemed the best way to get a broader view of the town would be to go up for what amounts to the most important community occasion, the annual town meeting. These meetings are held by every town in Vermont, and are perhaps the last vestige of the kind of small-town tradition that is brought to mind by the tall New England church spires and the postcard memories of Pilgrim Fathers.

I arrived in Huntington the day before the town meeting, and Moore suggested that evening after dinner that we call on Sandy Paton, a man active in local affairs who would be up for re-election as one of three school directors in the next day's voting. Paton's election to the post two years ago had come as a great surprise, because at the time he had only lived two years in this town where nothing less than native birth can insure a man against the stigma of being considered an "outsider."

Paton lives with his wife and two young sons in Hanksville, the southernmost of the town's three villages, in an old farm house that he had rebuilt from its ramshackle state (dutifully recorded in the "before" photograph that is part of the ritual of renovation) to a freshly white-painted country house with modern kitchen, for efficiency, and a spinning wheel in the living room, for nostalgia. Paton is a folksinger by profession, and a partner in Folk Legacy Records, Inc., which records the work of obscure or "noncommercial" musicians discovered in byways and backwaters, who perform with instruments such as the homemade fret-less banjo and the autoharp. The office of Folk Legacy Records is a large room on the second floor of Paton's house, and it constitutes the only remaining "industry" in Huntington.

When Moore and I arrived at the Patons, Sandy had just come in from collecting donations for the town's Volunteer Fire Department, of which he is an active member. He was accompanied by his friend and partner in Folk Legacy, a tall, bearded man named Lee Haggerty, who moved to Huntington when the Patons did and lives down the road. Haggerty later mentioned that he had once been a follower of Zen Buddhism, a way of life that he had seemingly replaced with that of the Small Town, which for newcomers from the city is itself a kind of philosophy as well as a place of residence.

PATON, a personable man in his early thirties, wore a checked flannel shirt and faded levis. He told me that before coming to Huntington he and his family had been living in his wife's home town of Whiting, Indiana, in the heart of the steel district south of Chicago, an area he described as "the armpit of America." Like many city-defectors, he had moved to a rural small town in search of fresh air and the benefits of the outdoors. In the past few years a small but growing number of city people have happened onto Huntington and purchased "remodelable" houses, either for year-round residence or for use as a ski lodge. (The town is within easy driving range of two popular ski areas.) The first commercial ski-vacation lodge is now being built in Huntington, and Paton, as well as other residents, believes the town will be developed as a ski-lodge headquarters as well as a residential area for commuters to Burlington and other near-by small cities.

"A lot of the old townspeople who have seen Huntington's population decrease for fifty years can't believe that the trend will be reversed," Paton said, "but I'm sure the town will grow now, both as a resi-

dential and a vacation area."

Dick Moore turned toward me and said, "In other words, *this* is a dying town about to be turned into Real Estate."

Paton more loyally insisted "No! This is a dying town about to *revive*."

Paton's own efforts to help the revival have been met with a mixture of appreciation, skepticism, and outright hostility by the townspeople.

"I have been called," he told me, "a 'newcomer-radical-Socialist-troublemaker.' In the past few years I've been blamed for everything possible in the town, and in this election there have been a lot of vicious rumors in the campaign to defeat me. And I expect to lose tomorrow." (His expectation was fulfilled, 109-70.)

Such words as "radical" and "Socialist" are indeed bad names to be called in this town which is the very definition of rock-ribbed Republican, as are most of the towns in this GOP-stronghold state. Though Huntington (narrowly), as well as Vermont, upset tradition by going Democratic in the last presidential election, a veteran local politico told me that in ordinary times, out of the town's two-hundred-and-some voters, "if more than fifty vote Democratic we know there's been some switching over."

Paton said that the charges about his "radicalism" included his being a "spendthrift" (he had succeeded in raising the salary of two local teachers $200 above the state minimum) and his unsuccessful campaign for "zoning laws," which he said most people regarded as something that would "change the town," in spite of all his efforts to convince them that it would help keep the town as it is.

Despite the attacks on him, and the fact that he would probably lose his school-director post the next day, Paton assured me when we left that he would still go on participating in the life of the town.

"It gives me a sense of belonging," he said. "You get that here—even though you're rejected."

The next morning, before going off to the meeting, I looked through some of the recent "Annual Reports" of the town—records of the past year's getting (taxes) and spending (roads, schools, the poor). They are surprisingly personal, rather like a statistical *Peyton Place*. (I learned, for instance, from reading the report of the "Overseer of the Poor" that in 1963 the town had paid $540 to Flora Tomlinson for the care of Myrtie Johns, and $166 for the delivery of Audrey Haskins' baby.)

I was especially interested to read that in 1963 the town of Huntington had celebrated its bicentennial with a parade of floats, a beer and beef barbecue, and a dance in the Town Hall. President Kennedy had sent a message of congratulations to the "People of Huntington, Vermont," which said, "As you commemorate this historic event, you may recall with pride your long record of progress and achievement. May your future success reflect your past accomplishment."

This message was no doubt the standard Presidential blessing for bicentennials, and yet I imagine it was as ironic for that occasion in many small towns as it was in Huntington, whose "progress and achievement" seem to have reached their peak about a century ago. From the time that Jehiel Johns, the hardy first settler, "proceeded, with axe on shoulder" to clear a space in the wilderness of Huntington, the place grew in population and in the economic development afforded by farming, timber, and the trades attendant to those activities. The *Vermont Historical Gazetteer* of 1867 records that in 1860 the town of Huntington could boast seven sawmills, a grist-mill, a shingle factory, a manufactory of cheese boxes, four blacksmith shops, and two carriage-makers.

NONE OF THAT remains today, except in the form of a few relics, like the tumble-down blacksmith shop by the road going into the village of Huntington. As the principal natural resource of timber was exploited, the sawmills went out one by one, and the last one, employing thirty-five men, folded up about eight years ago. A few farmers still cut timber from their land, like Burt White, who hauls his logs to near-by Jonesville to sell. But that will soon be gone, and White and others like him will be left to spend more time tinkering with the dead automobiles in the mechanical graveyard by the side of his house, taking usable parts into Burlington to sell for a few dollars. Old-timers estimate that there were over 100 operating farms in the town at the turn of the century, but today there are only fifteen. As more expensive and elaborate machinery was required to operate profitable dairy farms, many small farmers were eliminated; some have kept a few cows and chickens for their own families' use, but found jobs in Burlington or near-by towns.

These former loggers and farmers are now unskilled workers, many of whom commute to work in garages, department stores and restaurants in Burlington. Some have found employment at a new IBM manufacturing center at Essex Junction, about twenty-five miles away. Others take high-paying construction jobs in the summer and then lay off in the winter, sustained by unemployment compensation. Almost everyone is able to find work in the summer, but one town official estimated that about thirty-five to forty families receive unemployment benefits during the winter months. Some people simply move on to other towns or the city. The population of Huntington was 882 in 1860, and the current Town Representative to the State Legislature, Fay Shattuck, said it reached about a thousand in the early years of this century. But it began to go down after the First World War, and slowly dropped to 601 in 1957 and to a present total of 504. As in the dying towns of Appalachia, many of those who stay are older people (there are only twenty students of high school age in the town) and are thought to be the less enterprising residents. As they say of the small town exodus in eastern Kentucky, "Those with get up and go, got up and went." Or, as Sandy Paton more delicately observed of the situation in Huntington, "Those who stayed were not the optimum citizenry."

NEARLY 200 OF Huntington's remaining "citizenry" turned up for the 1965 town meeting. From small children to housewives to white-maned men who resembled craggy variations of Robert Frost, they packed the hall, sitting on folding chairs, leaning against the walls, and perching on the edge of the stage at the back. The hall itself is a relic of Huntington's past, for it was built by the Modern Woodmen of America, a lumbermen's lodge that flourished here when the sawmills were in full swing. After the last mill closed down the Woodmen membership had dwindled to a handful, and those remaining voted to give the hall to the town about six or seven years ago. It still bears the Woodmen insignia ("Camp No. 9967"), and on one wall a faded Woodmen pennant bears the inscription "Love Hope Charity."

The moderator of this year's meeting was Carlyle Taft, an old-timer who is one of the school directors, and an opponent of the "radical" Paton. A thin, neat man in a zip-up sweater, Taft quietly led the deliberations, holding a cigarette in one hand and the head of a broken gavel in the other. He occasionally rapped the gavel head for order on a two-by-four which lay across two sawhorses as a kind of railing between the audience and the officials. The day was warm and the big, crowded room rather stuffy. A man standing at the side of the hall pushed up one of the windows, and a pane shattered. I had the feeling that the whole brittle hall, with its potbellied stove and rickety, stray furniture would break at any point if pressed very hard.

Throughout the discussions, on taxes, schools, roads, there ran the highly personal strain that makes such "issues" identifiable with faces, a phenomenon that is always impressive to the city-bred outsider who is accustomed to the anonymity of political decisions. There was also the strain of the kind of small-town conservatism that sniffs suspiciously at any sort of change, and which perhaps is understandable in a town whose better days can be seen by looking backward.

Some of the citizens had even been suspicious of using the gift of Grace Pierce, who ran a grocery store in Huntington Center and left $70,000 to be used for the building of a new central school for the town to replace the old one-room schools in each of the villages. The estate was left in the late fifties, but it was not until last year that the town got around to building the new school, which is not only a boon to local education but the only modern building in the whole town. But in discussing how transportation would be worked out for the new central school, some of the citizens at the meeting seemed to feel that adjusting to the new system was more trouble than it was worth. One father stood up and said, "I don't know why we needed a new school anyway. My daughter went to the old one-room school in the Village and she's going to high school over at Richmond now and making her grades just fine. The old school was good enough for *her*."

THERE IS PLENTY of personal antagonism in democracy at work, and there is nothing inhibited about the town meeting. When discussion came up about taxes for roads, a woman in the back of the room raised her voice with righteous wrath, saying:

"I move that we make the road commissioner hire local help. At least make him see if local help is available before hiring 'outsiders.' Why, last year they had a man working on our roads who lives over in South Starksboro!"

Fay Shattuck, who is Road Commissioner as well as Town Representative to the State Legislature and also a Justice of the Peace (in the small town, the man who holds any office usually holds, at one time or other, a whole handful of offices), moved to the front of the room to answer the charge. Shattuck is a husky, grey-haired man who has lived in Huntington all his sixty-five years, and probably knows it and its people as well as anyone. He spoke with quiet authority, and a noticeable edge of impatience:

"Now Rita," he said to the woman who had made the charge, "You just don't understand what's involved. You have to get help wherever you can, and when you order in equipment you have to take the men who go with it."

"That's not what I mean, and you know it!" said Rita.

"Well, you don't know what you're talking about. I suggest you be made Road Commissioner, Rita. You've failed at everything else in this town, you might as well try that."

There was a wave of talk and laughter, and a woman toward the front said, "Now Fay, don't get excited."

"I'll tell you what I'm talking about," said Rita, undaunted. "Many's the time my husband's been available for work on the roads—you don't have to go to South Starksboro to hire!"

Carlyle Taft pounded his broken gavel for order, and the town passed on to other business, leaving poor Rita with her failures.

AFTER THE meeting, Moore introduced me to Phillip Brace, an English major at the Johnson State College who is coming back next year to teach at the new Huntington elementary school. Phillip was a crew-cut young man, immaculately dressed in a dark-blue blazer, blue button-down shirt and thin black tie. He was standing with his father, Millard Brace, one of the few farmers who are still holding on in Huntington. Millard Brace, whom I had noticed in the meeting because of his bright red-and-black plaid flannel trousers, clapped a hand on Phillip's shoulder, smiled a proud if largely toothless grin, and said, "He's my oldest of ten." I had heard about Phillip's plans to return to teach in his home town, and wanted to ask him about it.

We went down to the basement of the hall, where local ladies were still serving the home-made sandwiches, cake, potato salad and coffee that had been on sale for lunch before the meeting. The meeting is a social as well as a political event in a town where such occasions are scarce. Phillip Brace told me that the only regular social function is the Friday Night Barn Dance held every week from the first of May through the first of November, attended by local people beginning at age eight and going on up to the sixties and anyone beyond that who can still do the dances. The town has no drugstore any more, much less a drive-in, and the local teen-agers' social life is mainly confined to hanging around the IGA grocery store at Huntington Village and drinking Cokes. Phillip estimated that more than half the young people leave town by the time they reach twenty-one. He was the only one of his class of twenty in the one-room village school to go on to college. The town hardly sounded like the most attractive place for a young college graduate to return to, and I asked him why he was coming back.

"Devotion," he answered at once. "The town doesn't have a high school of its own and they pay tuition for us to go to one of the high schools in the area. The town paid for my education, and I'd like to pay them back. I'll devote two or three years to teaching here, and then go on. I'd eventually like to get my Ph.D. in English literature and teach in college."

Brace is returning to teach in his home town in the spirit that other young men go into the Peace Corps. In many ways his own small town will be a more difficult place to serve than a strange foreign country, and Brace is well aware of the pressures involved.

"I realize I'll be criticized here," he said. "You know, it's sort of like *Peyton Place*, when someone who's been away comes back to town and everyone's watching him."

Like many others, Brace sees the town's future as "more of a playground than a farming area. The Governor has been down to look over my grandfather's farm and is interested in buying it as a place to come for skiing."

JUST AS IN THE dying towns of Appalachia, many of the residents of Huntington look to tourism as the salvation of the future, but at least in Vermont, with its skiing facilities, the prospect seems more likely than it does in Kentucky. I was assured a few years ago after visiting Hazard, Kentucky, by an official of the Area Redevelopment Administration in Washington that "In five years, tourism will be a bigger industry than agriculture in this country." That curious transformation from farm-land to play-land is taking place in Huntington.

The hope of recreational development seemed to be the main interest of one of the town's oldest and most important citizens, P. C. Jacques, whom Moore and I visited the evening after the meeting. Jacques is the biggest property owner in town, and owns the IGA store in the village of Huntington. At the meeting he was re-elected without opposition as one of the town's three selectmen, but last year he had been unexpectedly defeated as town clerk by a younger and newer citizen, an accountant who was backed by Paton and many of the younger people who felt Jacques had "been in too long." Jacques's daughter-in-law Nellie ran for the post at this year's meeting but lost that as well as the post she had held as treasurer of the town, in what many people interpreted as an "anti-Jacques" vote. Others attributed the winning of both these posts by the young accountant, Sheridan Coveau, more as a sign of the popularity Coveau gained by starting a weekly bingo night at the Town Hall to raise money for equipment for the new school. The bingo night was the first new social event in town since the barn dance, and as one resident said, "It's about the only thing that gets people away from TV."

But none of these local political matters seemed of much concern to Jacques. He winters in Florida now, returning in time for the town meeting in the spring, and lives in a small modern one-story house with adjoining garage, probably the prototype of the houses that will sprout here when the town "develops." We sat around a formica table in the dining alcove of the house just off the standard modern kitchen, and while Jacques looked with nostalgia on the past—"Everything's a rat race today"—he seemed more interested in the future of recreation and realty.

"I'm trying to get the IBM people over at Essex interested in buying my farm for a recreation area," he said. "They'll be wanting a golf course, I imagine, and room for a lot of facilities. Most of the farmers who're still holding on are just waiting for the value of the land to go up in the next few years. Even right now, offers are twice what the land is worth for farming."

The town itself is looking to this sort of development, and hopes to sell its old one-room schools for ski-lodges. There will no doubt soon be motels and drive-ins and all the other neon clutter of suburban sprawl. Vacationers will come to ski, and commuters will come to find a home away from the daily grind of the city. The town, in other words, like so many others, will be, as Wallace Stegner put it, eventually "over-run" by the spreading Megalopolis. Now it simply waits for the neon future, while its farms turn into real estate and its residents turn into commuters. The present state of the town, and so many others like it, could be no better described than by its own accidentally-resident poet, Richard Moore, who captured its spirit in this Huntington-inspired sonnet:

It took TV to civilize our village
and bring our stubbled codgers up to date.
Up skyscrapers new notions percolate;
into our channelled valley drips the spillage
where junkyards cover fields once used for tillage.
Our means are modest, but the needs are great
which softly sung commercials can create.
Some call it enterprise; I call it pillage.

When every crank and far-flung solipsist
knows about Prell and Dristan Nasal Mist,
who doubts the unity of Western Culture?
Tuned to elections, watching babies kissed,
viewing with awe the murdered anarchist,
what lone Promethean liver needs a vulture?

All hail to THE NATION *as it begins its second century. If you care to measure what* THE NATION *has meant to our country, imagine American life without it. After a generation magazines usually suffer a kind of arterio-sclerosis. Not* THE NATION. *It has continued to expose and expound, infallibly finding its substance with such successors of its first leaders as Freda Kirchwey and Carey McWilliams.*

God save THE NATION.—**Waldo Frank**

WAITING FOR REALITY
Birth of the Megalopolis

SCOTT GREER

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THE AMERICAN CITY has always been a problem of some sort to somebody. From Jefferson's worries about the corruption of the urban masses to Johnson's concern with "renewing" our cities, there has been a presumption of failure in our urban communities. This kind of belief, however stated, has really rested upon the classical problem of social change—the dramatic disjunction between what we think we wanted, on one hand, and what we have cooperatively produced on the other.

What we have made is a society which became increasingly urban in each decade (but one) since the Revolution. We know the story but the statistics bear repeating: from less than 5 per cent urban during Washington's presidency to over 70 per cent during Johnson's. But all the time we were building an urban nation, we continued to measure it against images derived from an earlier age. The discrepancy led to moral and political efforts to reshape what was emerging in the image of that golden time.

It is conventional to attribute much of the increase in urban growth to the Civil War and its stimulation of manufacturing. However, it is important to remember that the single greatest proportionate increase of the urban population was between 1840 and 1850, when the proportion living in cities increased by nearly half. A consistent increase continued to the present, with the urban proportion rising around five per cent each decade.

The underlying cause was the increasing scale of the society. By this I mean two things: first, the increasing application of non-human energy and machines to every aspect of human work, beginning with agriculture (today our most mechanized industry); second, the increasing organization of work in large, formal structures which demand and allow spatial concentration of the factors of production and places of exchange. Increasing material wealth and increasing control over space, both resulting from the revolution in energy resources, allowed for the development of regional and national producers and markets. Around the sites of these enterprises grew the cities.

The increase of energy resources included both the development of techniques for using petrochemicals and the increase in productive lands. These latter in turn fed both national and international trade, and tended to dominate certain world markets with their produce. One result was the competitive decline in European agriculture and the movement of peasants to the cities and, in many cases, to the cities of the United States. This massive in-migration shaped the basic character of American cities—differentiating them from both the cities of other nations and the remainder of American society. All cities are polyglot and heterogeneous, but American cities had more people from further and more various origins than any in history save possibly Rome.

The cities of the latter 19th century were preeminently cities of the railroad. This major breakthrough in the use of new energies, allowing the cheap movement of heavy materials across the continental nation, increased the span of productive enterprise and of the markets. However, it did little to alleviate the problem of movement *within* the city, where animal muscles (human and equine) completed the journey of goods from distant places. Movement within the city was expensive and slow; the solution was a sharp increase in density of the increasing population. This meant crowded tenements for the poor, town houses for the rich, high-rise offices, factories, and loft buildings for work. Near the terminal stood the plants and warehouses handling the heavy goods and, near them, the dwellings of the workers.

The workers were, predominantly, poor. Over the last half of the 19th century their wages rose very slowly, while they bore the brunt of "the business cycle" in unemployment without benefit of unions. Poorly educated if at all, chained to the job, polyglot and in many cases strangers from a simpler world, they constituted a majority of the people in the rapidly growing cities. Their jerry-built neighborhoods were poorly maintained (it was a sellers' market in cheap housing, as always), and they quickly deteriorated into the generic "slums." The concentration of the poorest coincided with the concentration of the criminal, the dependent, the diseased and, as a partial consequence, the revolutionary.

THE AMERICAN IMAGE of these cities was ambivalent. On the one hand, those who were in revolt from the village and the isolated farms looked to the city as liberator. But many others viewed it as a pit of iniquity. Anselm Strauss (in his study, *Images of the American City*) documents the intense revulsion felt for the city among those whose basic ideal was the small town life described by Riley. The Jeffersonian myth "that the country was the source of moral integrity and vigor" survived, even as millions of country boys went to the cities to gamble their futures.

These counter-images of the city are most harshly presented in the novels of Dreiser. In his series based on the career of Yerkes, the brilliant opportunities and the terrible risks of urban existence are evoked as interwoven aspects of the same whole. More important, his naturalism illuminates the weakness of public order and the free rein of chicanery and violence. Underlying this at a deeper level is a commitment on Dreiser's part to the dominant myth of American business enterprise—that social Darwinism which saw conflict, competition and survival as the "real" facts and the moral order as a mere epiphenomenon. It was "natural" that the City Council of Chicago could be controlled through bribe, as it was natural that economic aggrandizement in the person of Yerkes should integrate the transit system and thus improve the purchasing power of the worker's nickel. It amounts to saying that whatever has resulted justifies the process from which it came.

This point of view is equally evident in the first school of American urban studies, that of the "human ecologists." Having separated the moral order from the spatially-evident community, these scholars then ignored the former to concentrate upon a description of the latter. Implicit was a social determinism which derived the existing city from the struggle for *Lebensraum* among contending interest groups of every sort. Neither moral norms nor the structure of government exerted any real influence upon the course of life in the city.

AND INDEED, THERE was much truth in such an assumption. Lincoln Steffens and his fellow muckrakers had dug up shattering evidence of corruption and compliance in City Halls throughout the nation. Politicians were handmaidens of the highest bidders among the businessmen. Plunkitt of Tammany Hall seemed a better guide to practical politics than were professors of government; his fine distinctions between honest and dishonest graft seemed at least congruent with the real rules of the game, unlike the charters, statutes and homilies of the textbooks. Nor was there anything "unnatural" about it. The irrelevant images of a small-town and rural America were held in common by those who had drafted the democratic charters. These architects assumed the farmer, the independent producer, had both the ability and the interest to govern himself through the ballot or through taking office. The reality was the mass of new urbanites, employees, entrepreneurs, hucksters from every part of the earth, often illiterate but anxious to make their way in a frightening and promising environment.

The result was the invention of the city "machines" —networks of party clubs which sold favors wholesale at the top and distributed the rewards downward at retail. When such machines coincided with ethnic groups or coalitions (and this was almost always the case), the basis was laid for a politics which succeeded in relating numbers to wealth, after a fashion. It was, however, a fashion calculated to minimize the independent effect of "the public purpose" upon the business of running the city. The public treasury, the transportation system, the use of urban lands, the administration of justice—all levers capable of controlling the development of the city—were co-opted by private enterprise. The public purpose had markedly little to do with the developing layout of American cities.

Under such circumstances the energies of reformers were focused upon the creation of integrity in government. Drawn overwhelmingly from the middle-class old Americans, civic reformers were concerned with separating public purpose and private enterprise at the level of the boss, who lined his pockets, and of the voters, who bought ethnic identity and trivial privileges. The "Good Government League" fought for the short ballot, non-partisan elections, proportional representation, initiative, referendum, recall, the city manager system, and so on through a laundry list of nostrums. Their aims were "to take government out of politics."

And there were other urban reform movements. Those who could not accept with equanimity the Spencerian dictum that the weak and ignorant should perish developed the settlement-house movement, cultural missions to the poor. Those whose eyes were shocked at the urban scene resulting from the free play of the market—the maximization of profit for those with capital to invest—began to urge the creation of the "city beautiful." So pervasive, however, was the ideological climate that reformers and unregenerate exploiters alike shared a core of basic values. For those who would take government out of politics dreamed mostly of an honest administrative government, forgetting that politics is the collective determination of the future, *demanding* the representation of divergent interests. Those who were on missions to the poor forgot that under the national credo, unemployment is part of the divine scheme of free enterprise and mass poverty certain for any city. Those who planned the city beautiful ignored the dictum that nothing capable of earning a dollar should be left to government—a rule whose practical consequence was the domination of urban patterns by the money and real estate markets.

Within such limits the achievements of reformers were limited indeed. To be sure, localized planning occurred in the centers of some cities; parks were bequeathed by the wealthy; some control over new building was instituted (becoming a new source of income for the "machines"). Meanwhile, the older urban centers were flooded with new buildings throughout the latter half of the century, with huge new systems of streets and sewers accompanying them and leading to the growth of huge new fortunes. The rapid building of the urban plant used the political machine—and fed it at the same time. Yet Seth Low, Mayor of Brooklyn, in rebuttal to Lord Bryce's condemnation of our municipal government, underscored a major point: when was so much built so rapidly for so many? The antique machinery of local government provided many opportunities to stall and stalemate; it was oiled by the flow of transactions between builders, machines and officials. The society rewarded those who "got things done"—with few questions about ultimate costs.

And indeed, as the nation moved deeper into the 20th century, a determined attack on civic government as a problem began to have some successes. As the worst abuses became rare, as voting machines began to replace political machines, the image of the local official as a trained professional became increasingly applicable. Many interlinked trends underlay the change. With cessation of immigration in the early 1920s, the population became increasingly native and acclimated to American norms and beliefs; it also became better educated, more prosperous and more highly skilled as the society increased in scale. The petty rewards of the machines shrank in value along with toleration of fraud. At the same time, the sheer growth of the cities resulted in the building of huge bureaucracies having a momentum, an order, and complex problems of their own—problems requiring a level of technical competence not to be found at random among "friends of the party." With the depression and the increasing scope of the national government these bureaucracies became intricately interdependent with the larger system: the terms of federal grants gave added leverage to the emerging cadres of professional civic bureaucrats.

IRONICALLY, THE VERY trends which aided in the solution of older problems produced a new and equally difficult set. The increase in scale which resulted in a wealthier and better educated citizenry on one hand, and large bureaucracies producing public goods and services on the other, also increased the average citizen's control over space. Automobiles and electronic communications decreased the dependence of the population upon the small area and dense structures of the central city.

The automobile allowed residence and workplace to be separated further in space and yet remain as close in time as before. The truck allowed enterprises to locate far from the old terminals. Increasing income decreased the marginal cost of private transportation to the citizens, while vast new areas available for development on the peripheries lowered the cost of land. Spatial freedom, along with the development of lifetime mortgages, permitted the vast bulk of the population a free choice between the old high-rise city and the horizontal neighborhoods of suburbia. Their option has been overwhelmingly for the latter.

The decentralization of urban sites was not accompanied by an expansion in the jurisdiction of the older city. For one reason or another (lack of services from the city, unwillingness to be governed and identified with it), the new settlements tended to incorporate as separate municipalities. Thus the typical American metropolis became a large central city surrounded by dozens or hundreds of small suburban towns. Today over half the total population of our metropolitan area lives outside the central city.

This situation has been defined by many as a major problem—"the metropolitan problem." There is no longer any general government for the urban area as a whole. Though it produces problems due to its interdependence—problems of transportation, housing, race relations, drainage and sewerage, land use and so on (almost) indefinitely—there is no capability to act for the public welfare of the region. (Here the title of Robert Woods's book on metropolitan New York, *1400 Governments,* is a dramatic summary.) There is no decision-making body which has the fiscal and the police power to maintain an order referring to the interdependent population. There is no way the resident, as citizen of a *metropolis,* can have a say in the collective fate of the vast urban fabric.

The voices which have dramatized the problem have been, predominantly, those who speak for the older central city. They are the ones who tell us that our cities are increasingly "blighted," increasingly inhabited by the segregated, the unemployed, the poor. They emphasize the increased public services necessary for such populations while the prosperous are leaving the city and industry and commerce locating in the industrial parks and shopping centers of the suburbs. The tax base is declining, while the demands for service increase.

And the older urban center deteriorates. The proud neighborhoods of the rich become converted into tenements for the poor and the segregated, great buildings and public monuments deteriorate and no new ones spring up to replace them, civic leaders and patrons of the arts move to the suburbs, leaching purpose and will from the city. The very cradle and core of civilization, the city, is deteriorating even as we become an urbanized society. This is another aspect of the metropolitan problem.

MAJOR CAMPAIGNS have been mounted for the purpose of re-establishing the cohesion of the city. Many efforts have been made to devise and put into being a new metropolitan government which could include the entire interdependent population of the great complexes. With only minor exceptions they have failed, sunk on the rock of the referendum. For, in our political culture inherited from an earlier era, the municipal corporation is virtually sacrosanct and can be changed only at the will of the citizens. And they, by and large, are not interested in one big government for the metropolis. The opposition, organized and led by the incumbent officials of the various sub-jurisdictions (including those of the central city) almost always has its way.

A second major effort addressed to the plight of the city is the national program of urban renewal. Growing out of the slum clearance and public housing programs of the depression, it has been expanded to a program to renew the cities—to do away with slums and replace them with new growth into the indefinite future. It is, then, a radical program—one aimed at controlling the growth and form of American cities in a way they have never been controlled before.

Unfortunately, the program is severely limited by the political culture and the legal structure. It is forced to share power with many agencies not necessarily committed to its goals. Thus, programs are initiated and guaranteed, indeed executed, by local government; the federal agency must deal with whatever interests the local political process has hoisted into office. The programs are also rigorously limited in what they can do; they can buy land and clear it, but aside from public buildings they cannot redevelop. All that must be undertaken by the private real estate industry. This means that the urban renewal effort can be applied only where local officials want it and where the local real estate market decrees that profits can be made. These sites may or may not be the ones most in need of redevelopment and the resulting structures may contribute as much to aesthetic blight as the ones they replaced.

AN EQUALLY IMPORTANT limit on the program is the result of governmental fragmentation. Because the program must be a municipal effort, it cannot plan and act for the metropolitan area as a whole. Yet in respect to housing markets, industrial location, transportation and retail markets, the majority of the population outside the central city is critically important to central city developments. What happens, however, is the development of a myopic, city-focused program which ignores the major wave of metropolitan growth and development, the burgeoning suburbs, in order to fixate upon the old, second-hand acres of the central city. Here the chief effects thus far have been the destruction of low-cost housing and replacement with business and public office buildings or luxury apartments. (It is not at all certain that such buildings would not have been built anyway, without public subsidy.)

Both urban renewal and metropolitan government are programs derived from another lag between what we think we want and what we have created. Now the nostalgia is not for the small town and country, but for the imagined central city of another era. People dream of the older part of the city as "hub and symbolic center" for the metropolitan area. They decry the homogeneity of the suburbs, speak of the richness of life in the urban milieu, the heterogeneity of people and cultural experiences easily available. They point then to the "decay" at the urban core. The metropolitan problem is a problem, then, of heart's desire.

But whose heart, and whose problem? Those who set up housekeeping in the suburbs were not usually refugees from the city; they were newly formed families who chose the broad, horizontal acres as most appropriate for the style of life they wanted. It is a life centered in family, home, neighborhood, local community. They do not miss the cultural opportunities of center city, for when they and their kind lived in the center they did not take advantage of them. And besides, with television and stereo they have more access to high culture than any lot of average citizens ever had before. As for tolerance of ethnic differences —segregation of the unlike even in proximity is as possible in a central city as in the South, and has long been practiced in both milieus. In truth, tolerance is most powerfully a function of formal education and it is in the middle-class suburbs that we find the most tolerant populations—not in the polyethnic slums.

As for the "decay" of the city, it is largely an optical illusion. If we insist on seeing only the older half of the metropolis, the proportion of substandard housing, poverty, dependency, *et al,* has certainly increased in recent decades. But the reason is simply the concentration of certain types of population in certain residential areas in a city whose government, not having expanded its jurisdiction, now applies only to a minority of the total population. If we take the metropolitan population as a whole, substandard housing has decreased enormously since the 1950s. The reason is precisely the rapid building of enormous stocks of new housing in the suburbs. The increase in the Negro population is similarly explained: the concentration of the oldest (therefore cheapest) housing in the center, and the proximity of lower status and unskilled jobs, makes center-city housing inevitable for most Negroes. To be sure, formal and informal segregation forces a senseless and uneconomical concentration and density; for this, however, the major remedy is likely to come through the continual increase in vacancies among the older, but still decent, housing of the middle wards—brought about in turn by the movement of white households to the suburbs.

Our slums are products of income shortage, not housing shortage. The cure lies in education, jobs and the resulting increase in the power to control one's destiny. In the same way, participation in high culture and ethnic tolerance are products of a specific kind of experience—education—and we all do not need to move into Manhattan or the Loop in order to have such experience. (In both respects, recent national policy changes seem to result in more realistic programs.) Indeed, the spatial metaphor which leads us to focus upon the hallowed ground of "the city" probably produces more confusion than anything else.

For the city as we reconstruct it from the past no longer exists. Small towns, yes; isolation from the national network and the sharp bounds of farm land leave a tangible reality in the smaller settlements. But when we reach populations large enough to support what we think of as metropolitan functions (the arts and sciences, the specialized markets) we typically find, not an urban form, but an urban texture. Megalopolis, the strip of urban development down the Middle Atlantic seaboard, is in part an artifact of spot maps. It has little unity except contiguity. Yet that is the probable pattern of our emerging regional conurbations.

Most basic to this development is the radical change in the meaning of space. Our technologies have so developed that the entire nation can participate in moments of high solemnity more easily than could the residents of a fairly small town in the recent past; television is the new public forum. At the same time, for some actors in some organizations, the entire nation is one city—Megalopolis is Main Street, the airport the major crossroads. As for the average citizen, it is likely that high significance resides, for the most part, either in a realm below that of the public (i.e., the household) or above that of the city (i.e., the national Big Screen).

If we are to exert control over the shape of our cities we must begin with a candid examination of the real nature of urban civilization today. We must take into account what John Friedman has called "interactional space," rendering the metaphors derived from maps into a useful form for this United States today. We must accept the basis in value and choice of widespread decentralization, developing an aesthetic appropriate to it—a view of "the city of a thousand places, the city on wheels," as David Crane has phrased it. Most of the difficulties of our past civic policies derived from their inappropriateness to the total round and rhythm of life in a radically changing and expanding society. With a more accurate map of what is, a more adequate explanation of why it is, we may begin to approach the major question: What do we want with enough consistency and vigor to pay the price?

Or: Do we really care about our cities?

THE FAT CATS of LABOR

A. H. RASKIN

Twenty-seven years of labor reporting for The New York Times *won Mr. Raskin many prizes and a national reputation in his field. He has been on the* Times *Editorial Board since 1961 and assistant editor of the editorial page since last fall.*

JUST AFTER WORLD WAR II, when labor in the mass-production industries was battling for employer-financed health and pension benefits as the foundation of a broad new system of social security under the union label, Walter P. Reuther used to delight union audiences by describing the reluctant employers as men driving down the highway to abundance with a giant rear-view mirror where their windshield should be. Today the same image would be dismayingly apt for most top union leaders; they are piloting their organizations through a period of revolutionary technological and social change with concepts fashioned in the depression years of the nineteen thirties.

Born of discontent, the American labor movement has overcome many of its traditional enemies in the century since the founding of THE NATION. The blacklist and the yellow-dog contract have been banished, along with the scab-herder and the old coal-and-iron police; the great citadels of the open shop in steel, auto and other basic industries have come under union agreement; the average factory wage is over $100 a week; union financial statements read, in George Meany's words, like the report of the Federal Reserve Bank and their glass-and-marble headquarters rival the embassies of great powers in opulence. The question now is how well labor can cope with the newest and most insidious of its foes—complacency. The restlessness has gone out of the movement; it is facing dynamic new challenges with old leaders and old ideas.

But if too many leaders are smug about the state of the unions there are increasing signs that many workers are not. No tidal wave of rank-and-file rebellion is sweeping out labor's men of power; yet, for the first time, unrest is sufficiently widespread to make job security a worry for the union president in the same direct sense that it always has been for the dues-payers. The "no vacancy" sign is coming off the door of union executive suites, and officials who thought that only the undertaker could cancel their lease are moving into well-upholstered retirement.

David J. McDonald, who always seemed more at home at "21" than he did in a union hall, was voted out of the presidency of the million-member United Steelworkers of America last February after almost 35 years of sitting on or next to the throne. A similar fate—under even more galling circumstances—befell James B. Carey, whose palace retainers in the International Union of Electrical Workers tried unsuccessfuly to count him in for another term as president by stealing 25,000 of his opponent's votes. A third member of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. high command—O. A. Knight of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union—decided he would not stand for re-election at its 1965 convention after preliminary soundings made it plain he had no chance to win.

In general, the upheavals that forced these changes were primarily a product of alliances among satraps to force out the emperor, a revolution of the professionals; but they owed much of their force to a latent discontent among the membership over the emptiness of most union programs for coping with the problems of automation and corporate gigantism. This discontent reflected itself even more explosively in other unions, in which no move was made—or seems anywhere in prospect—to dislodge the international leadership.

A notable example is Reuther's United Automobile Workers, a union that has worked harder than most at building rapport with its rank and file. Its serenity was rocked in 1961 by a runaway strike over local grievances that shut down General Motors after all details of a company-wide agreement had been worked out to the parent union's satisfaction. The same thing happened all over again last year, except that this time the union avoided discomfiture by meekly following in the train of the embattled locals. What was, in effect, a wildcat strike on a national basis kept the world's largest corporation shut for a month with full union sanction.

The most basic—and most sedulously disregarded—fact about these mass strikes over grass-roots issues at G.M., Ford and other mammoth corporations is that they reflect a back-to-the-womb phase in unionism. They stem from tens of thousands of unresolved day-to-day irritants at the plant level, and they cover the gamut from the right of workers to smoke in the toilets to why the blue-collar parking lot is unpaved when the white-collar parking lot is paved. These are all reflections of the workers' sense of being robbed of dignity by submersion in the mass mold of factory life; it was precisely this feeling that prompted millions of workers to pour into industrial unions in the early years of the New Deal.

IN THAT SENSE, UNIONISM has come full circle. Its members are better paid and better protected than any workers in history. A thick cushion of supplementary benefits surrounds their paychecks; an elaborate grievance machinery, with arbitration as its final step, puts a curb on industrial autocracy; the catalogue of what workers can do and what the boss can't do runs to hundreds of pages in every big company. Yet, the persistence of broad-scale insurgence within the framework of industry-wide bargaining provides notice that the man with a union button still feels himself the expendable element in a society of bigness. The strikes are an attempt to remind union leaders as well as company executives that the worker is a man, not an increasingly irrelevant appendage to an automated assembly line.

Equally arresting as a sign of the sterility of the current union approaches, even in a period when labor enjoys maximum political favor, is the standstill character of total union enrollment. Since V-J Day the number of people with nonfarm jobs has grown from 44 million to 66 million. But the labor movement has remained frozen at something under 17 million. That means a present ratio of three workers outside union ranks for every one inside.

Automation is drying up the historic sources of union strength. The roster of blue-collar workers in manufacturing, mining and transportation is shrinking and unions have found no persuasive appeal to the white-collar workers and technicians who are the wave of the future in all branches of industry. The one exception is in civil-service agencies, where labor has been able to capitalize on its increased political influence to win bargaining codes and pick up substantial numbers of new recruits. The total among teachers and other public employees remains small in relative terms, but the headway is important because nearly 10 million workers now have jobs in federal, state and municipal government.

Elsewhere new organizing campaigns have been sporadic and generally ineffective; the concentration is often on having the employer do the organizing through the automatic extension of union recognition in new plants and processes. A kind of pushbutton unionism has developed in many industries out of the union shop, employers' dues checkoffs and other devices for insulating unions against either competition or any necessity for direct contact with their members.

THE MERGER OF THE A.F.L. and C.I.O. ten years ago was itself in important measure an expression of tired blood, rather than of crusading determination to build a more vigorous labor movement. The talk at the merger convention was all of organizing the unorganized—some even dreamed of doubling total union membership by 1965—but a much more specific impetus to ending the twenty years of civil war was the desire of most union chiefs on both sides to be immune from raids by rival organizations in either camp.

The no-raiding pact that had previously been signed by many A.F.L. and C.I.O. unions was the foundation stone of the combined organization. Its constitution solemnly proclaimed that no union should have the right to take members away from any other, but even after the merger it took a long time to make the principle really work. In fact, until the constitution was revised at the end of 1961 to vest more authority in the central federation, the probability seemed strong that interunion piracy would wreck the marriage.

From the standpoint of stability in labor-management relations, the no-raiding principle is a highly salutary one. So is the idea that unions should not expend their energies on disorganizing the organized when they could be applying them much more usefully in the neglected task of organizing the unorganized. Unfortunately, however, the practical effect of the ban on interunion competition has been to accentuate the vested-interest concept that, once a group of workers is organized, they become the property of the union that has organized them. This concept hardly operates as a spur to union zeal or enterprise, or even to minimal concern with developing new avenues of service.

Few union leaders are reaching out for new worlds to conquer; they are content with the world they have and they rely on the no-raid pact, plus their very substantial accomplishments at the bargaining table, to keep that world secure. The difficulty is that automation is undermining their world in ways for which collective bargaining provides no adequate answers.

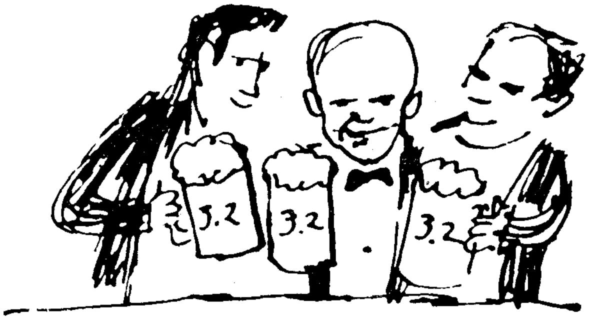
The most visible of these ways, of course, is the erosion of membership through the over-all decline of blue-collar forces and the increasing ascendancy of hard-to-organize clerical and professional groups. The potentialities of technology for erasing production jobs remain largely untapped. Within a generation robots almost certainly will have replaced three-quarters of the workers in what are now labor's strongholds, and even this may prove an underestimate.

ALONG WITH THIS decline goes an atrophy in labor's ability to paralyze the productive process or to hold large sections of the economy in thrall through strikes. Automation already has made several key industries invulnerable to strike stoppage, and the list will grow as manless processes become more universal. Twenty years ago the threat of a national telephone strike caused widespread apprehension. Even then dial service and automatic interconnections were sufficiently widespread to make the actuality of a strike only a minor inconvenience. Today nothing short of mass sabotage could make a phone strike effective in cutting off communications.

Electric utilities and oil refineries enjoy the same imperviousness to strike harassment. In other industries, where unions still have the capacity to halt operations, public policy has made the strike an all but unusable weapon. Thus, in the railroads, Congress passed a compulsory arbitration law rather than expose the country to the hardships of a national transportation tie-up. In the construction of missile sites and the operation of atomic-energy installations, the unions involved voluntarily accepted permanent no-strike plans out of recognition that Congress would pass a law outlawing walkouts if they did not agree, under intense government urging, not to have any.

Public policy also is putting a lid on the horizons of union expectation in collective bargaining. The leapfrogging of wages and prices in the immediate postwar period, with steel as the most persistent offender, brought what amounted to a national decision that the wage-price spiral had to end. This was articulated in the 1959 steel negotiations by that otherwise resolute practitioner of noninterventionism, President Eisenhower, and it represented almost his only contribution in eight years to national economic education.

He got his message across so well that Presidents Kennedy and Johnson institutionalized it, to the vast dismay of their partisans in organized labor. The Gospel According to St. Ike is that the total rise in labor costs each year should not exceed the long-term rise in industrial productivity of roughly 3.2 per cent. Thus far, the formula has not been applied with slide-rule precision, but it has driven bargaining into a more mechanistic mold. The end result will be an assumption on the part of most unionists that they are automatically entitled to 3.2 per cent more each year; the union leader will earn few kudos for bringing back the expected and none at all for bringing back less. "We could do just as well if we sent a computer to the negotiating table," is already the complaint in many unions.



That adds up to three strikes against the man running a union—a diminished membership potential; a diminished capacity to call effective strikes and a diminished prospect for bringing back big slabs of bacon to a rank and file schooled in the notion of "more" as a union's chief reason for being.

Critical as all these adverse factors may prove, they are less worrisome than one which union leaders are even more helpless to reverse through any channel of labor-management relations. This is the fact that the best answers unions can give to automation are those that have the unintended but nevertheless unavoidable effect of erecting walls of exclusion around the work place. In a period when youngsters are cascading into the job market in unprecedented numbers, the protective arrangements unions are making for their own members may become objects of hatred for those outside the job wall clamoring to get in.

The paradox for unions is that the more effectively they do the task they were set up to perform, the greater their danger of community alienation. The contracts that stem from automation provide a growing range of benefits for a shrinking number of workers; inevitably, as the jobs get more attractive, less onerous and fewer in number, the irritation of the have-nots increases. That is exactly what is happening under the most advanced and most universally applauded of the agreements, through which unions and employers have tried to adjust to the problems of changing technology.

The central element in all these pacts is the concept of attrition—no regular employee is to be jolted out of his job by a machine; he stays on the payroll until he retires, dies or quits of his own accord. Along with that guarantee of job security goes some attempt to give the worker a share of the tangible benefits automation brings.

At the big Kaiser Steel mill in Fontana, Calif., one-third of every dollar the company saves through increased efficiency goes into a fund to be divided among the workers every month. Longshoremen on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts have a guaranteed annual wage as part of their automation plan. On the railroads the attrition principle has been extended to rule out layoffs because of a slump in traffic as well as because of new equipment or operating techniques. In many other industries, joint labor-management committees are at work on a year-round basis to try to evolve programs for safeguarding jobs and giving workers a cash stake in scientific progress.

THE HEARTBREAK THAT ATTENDED the shakeout of manpower in coal is ample indication of the value of such endeavors in every field in which automation makes it possible to produce much more with many fewer workers. But attrition arrangements, consoling as they are for those already on the job, are no help at all to those looking for jobs. On the contrary, they mean that the man inside will move from one vacancy to another as the total number of jobs in the enterprise contracts. The youth without a job and the millions of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and others who for a century have found the gates of opportunity padlocked against them discover that the "Keep Out" sign is just as firmly in place as ever.

The young are coming out of school to seek work at a rate that necessitates the creation of 1,350,000 new jobs every year for the next decade, without any allowance for the jobs being wiped out by automation or for those needed to sop up the nearly 4 million workers already idle. The newcomers have no memories of the Depression or the sit-down strikes; they take the standards unions have fought to build as matters of course, or worse, as the fruits of a narrow interest group preying on the total society. Their image of unions was formed largely by three years of televised testimony before the McClellan Committee on the seamy side of unionism. To this image is now being added a conviction that union seniority systems and attrition programs are conspiratorial devices foisted on industry by labor organizations, whose sole concern is to guard their own dwindling empires.

The civil-rights movement is now the repository of the enthusiasm many youthful idealists once invested in organized labor. And here again the prospect is for a widening breach, even though labor worked unremittingly for passage of a strong Civil Rights Act and insisted on broadening it, over President Kennedy's original objections, to include a comprehensive fair employment practices section.

ONCE AGAIN THE explanation for the prospect of trouble lies in the inadequacy of attrition as a social response to the challenges presented by the technological revolution, especially for the unskilled and under-educated.

The man most completely shut out will be the man who never could get in, the Negro. It will not be enough to tell him, in the traditionally lily-white building and printing trades, that he must take his place at the end of the line for admission to apprenticeship training. Or that there can be no new journeymen because there is not enough work for those already in the union. And, by the same token, it will not be adequate to say in a steel mill or machine shop that he must wait forever for a chance to get in because attrition gives priority to those who were there before him.

The solution does not lie in having the black worker get a job by ousting the white worker, or by the son pushing aside his father. It lies in a workable program for full employment, and that means a much more thoroughgoing involvement in politics than labor ever has had before. George Meany, the president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., delights in proclaiming that the Federation is the spokesman for all the country's "little men and women." But, in truth, it is ill-equipped to be the voice of America's disinherited.

Its members and its officers have too substantial a stake to protect. They will not—and they cannot be expected to—move out of their own security to provide security for those who have none. They will adopt all the right resolutions about civil rights, abolishing poverty, protecting migratory farm workers and expanding public services. But they initiate almost nothing. Their political role consists of almost ritualistic support for Administration proposals in both foreign and domestic affairs.

But it will take much more than labor's brand of "me tooism" to translate into actuality the promise of full employment that has theoretically been a fundamental part of federal law and federal economic obligation since the passage of the Full Employment Act of 1946. It will entail a particularly difficult readjustment for a movement that has always prided itself on its abhorrence of ideology. Even in Great Britain, with the Labor party in power and a heritage of Socialist orientation in many unions, the shaping of policy is almost totally outside labor's hands.

For American unions the task is made more difficult still by the static leadership. Meany is himself past 70; the average age of the Federation's Executive Council is close to 65. And the new men coming to power are as pallid as those they are replacing. A college man is still under a handicap in rising to union eminence; the best training ground, in the estimation of labor's chieftains, remains the shop and the picket line. When Cornell University opened its School of Industrial and Labor Relations just after World War II, some of its conservative trustees objected on the ground that it would merely be a training institute for union agitators. They need not have worried. Unions have taken only 1.4 per cent of the graduates. Seventy per cent went into personnel and labor relations jobs in industry, and most of the rest into government.

There are still no counterparts in labor of the executive training programs, on which corporations spend many millions of dollars each year. The U.A.W. is almost alone in maintaining a school to provide refresher training for its organizers; most other unions are content with summer institutes or no training at all. The election campaign in steel focused largely on charges that McDonald had turned over too much authority to technicians—this in a union that must deal with multibillion-dollar corporations in a period when everything about the steelmaking process is as fluid as molten steel.

Labor has no more urgent assignment in the last third of this century than the focusing of its political energies on the realization of the limitless promise of this scientific Golden Age. Without a new consciousness of mission, it will drift into a steadily reducing role as either a ward of government or of industry, stripped of any real influence as a force for democratic vitality or economic balance. Thus far, it has only one answer for joblessness, a shorter work week—and this at a time when 30 million members are classed as living below minimum standards of decency, and want is epidemic in most parts of the world.

This is a policy of despair. Until we at least make a stab at abundance, we should not settle for a policy of sharing the misery. What is needed from labor is a degree of independent leadership that will give substance to the concept of direct political action for jobs and an expanding economy.

I hail and salute THE NATION *on its one hundredth anniversary of life and labor in a world of challenge and change of the human condition. It has consistently borne aloft the torch of ever dangerous dissent and courageous criticism as a condition of a free, just and creative society.*

Born during the rising and bitter winds of the Confederate Counter-revolution, THE NATION *never faltered in its fight for the freedom of the freedmen.*

Now THE NATION *is in the midst of another revolution—the Human Rights Revolution of America, Africa and Asia—the most important event of the twentieth century.*

Forward, with your glorious heritage! **—A. Philip Randolph**

WHAT'S LEFT OF THE LEFT?

HARVEY SWADOS

Mr. Swados' novels and short stories have won him many awards and fellowships. He has two books slated for publication this year: A Story for Teddy—and Others (*short stories*) and The American Writer and The Great Depression (*an anthology*). *Mr. Swados teaches literature at Sarah Lawrence College.*

If you want to learn about the Left in the United States today, you must climb stairways in old buildings—and talk to young people. To be sure, a number of men past forty still run the affairs of the "official" political organizations of one or another variety of Socialist persuasion, and some of them are accessible by elevator; but by and large, he who seeks out the official Trotskyists in their crumbling Greenwich Village quarters, the pro-Mao Harlem Defense Council upstairs in Harlem, the Wobbly "hiring hall" in a San Francisco alley loft, or the Free University (formerly Free Speech Movement) students in their Berkeley attic quarters, leaves behind the world of receptionists, switchboards, buzzers, and men worried about their waistlines.

Any assessment of the situation of socialism in the United States today must start from the simple fact that its record has been one of failure. The *Weekly People*, organ of the Socialist Labor Party (Organized 1890), is well into Volume LXXIV, with no indication that DeLeonism finds any more support among laboring people now than it did half a century ago. The same might be said of the Socialist Party; while the Communists—still relative newcomers after more than 40 years—can hardly have 10 per cent of the effective members and supporters that they did two decades ago, during the Soviet-American alliance. This is not the place to enter into a discussion of the reasons for Socialist failure in the world's most "successful" capitalist country, particularly since we are here concerned with an opposite phenomenon, the persistence of Socialist ideas and ideals among American youth. Suffice it to say that the Socialist Party never did recover from the shock of World War I and its consequent split, from the hysterical oppression visited upon it and the IWW, from the emergence of the Communist Party as a more militant alternative. Later, the Communist Party itself never did recover, not only from police penetration, but from the gradual realization on the part of its ranks that its leaders were a cynical and corrupted lot.

Nonetheless, there is today more excitement about socialism in this country than there has been for perhaps as long as thirty years. No one can estimate closely the numerical increase in committed Socialists of one kind or another; but it is perfectly obvious that those who consider themselves Socialists are not only out in the open, but aggressively confident in promoting their beliefs as they were not during the McCarthy era, the war, or even in the thirties. Socialists are active in the AFL-CIO and as consultants to the social welfare programs of the Johnson Administration; Communist "spokesmen" tour the campuses; Trotskyists defend their right to employment at public jobs. Particularly among young people, the fear of being labeled radical, leftist, or subversive seems to have all but disappeared.

If we say that the Communist Party remains, as it has been for many years, the largest political organization dedicated to socialism, it should not be deduced therefrom that leftism in the United States is moribund, or as meaningless as it was, say, in the fifties. The fact is that the radical ferment in this country is not contained by the existing leftist groupings (much to their discomfiture), but spills over into other circles—student organizations, ad hoc committees for or against this or that, unaffiliated but influential individuals, and non-party but left-oriented periodicals, a number of which sponsor forums, symposiums, and on occasion limited political actions. Still, it is only logical to begin with the parties themselves.

ONE BITTER COLD night last winter, I entered the Statler-Hilton to join the 80th Birthday Party for Alexander Trachtenberg, founder and retired head of International Publishers, which was also celebrating its 40th Anniversary. A wretched handful of freezing American Nationalists, outnumbered by the police, picketed at the corner of 34th Street and 7th Avenue. COMMUNISTS DINE WHILE OUR BOYS DIE, announced one of their signs somewhat inaccurately, since this was an after-dinner rally; but it was true that in the warm and comfortable twenty-eighth floor salon, the six or seven hundred Communists and friends of Alexander Trachtenberg and his publishing house looked better nourished than those picketing them.

During the reception I was introduced to the Communist brass, or at least to those of the older generation whose names I still recalled. When the formalities began, the audience, flattered by the presence of Socialist Norman Thomas, who had come to salute an old friend but not his politics, laughed dutifully, even at his barbed comments on the way *The Worker* had reported his addresses on previous occasions. "He's old and feeble," a matron behind me remarked to her companion, "but he talks with real power. A wonderful man." To which the other lady replied, "And we've got a wonderful attendance too. It's just too bad we don't draw a young crowd any more."

She had a point. The well-dressed, well-mannered men and women enthusiastically greeting Gus Hall as he strode to the podium and launched into his prepared address, were well into middle age. Hall paid tribute to the great octogenarians—linking Trachtenberg with Norman Thomas, Clarence Pickett, Roger Baldwin, and A. J. Muste—as well as to such recently deceased elder statesmen as William Z. Foster and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. At which a man seated to my left muttered in a stage whisper, "Yeah, and J. V. Stalin."

The spokesman for the youth on the dais was not Paul Robeson, either, despite the fact that the singer, looking robust once again, was greeted with a standing ovation—to which he responded, *à la Russe,* by clapping back at his listeners. The new generation was represented by Jarvis Tyner, Eastern Regional Coordinator, no less, of the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs, a diffident and rather Ivy League young Negro roundly cheered by the handful of his coevals in the back of the house who were serving as ushers. As I tiptoed past them to the exit while Rev. William Howard Melish was exhorting the assemblage for contributions (the collection is a sacred rite at left-wing rallies just as it is in churches of a Sunday), it struck me that they were as innocently middle-class as their elders—whose children they may very well have been. I felt, as I left the Statler-Hilton, that I might have been departing from a rather tiresome Zionist conclave attended by comfortable greying folk more nostalgic than militant. ("Great Neck Communists," they were savagely characterized for me by a writer who had been very deep in the party for many years, leaving only after Budapest. These suburbanites, including the "Croton Communist" wing, are mainly business and professional men who still reach for their checkbooks, if not their picket signs, in order to prove that they have not betrayed the allegiances of their youth; indeed, many of them, according to my writer friend, had been urged to go into business or accountancy in the first instance by party officials who recognized that their capabilities for making money were greater than their potential as revolutionaries.)

SOME TIME LATER I had the opportunity to discuss these and other matters with such Communists as Dr. Herbert Aptheker, the historian and editor of the party's theoretical journal, *Political Affairs,* and Gus Hall. In the pleasant office where he functions as National Director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies (a newish scholarly body with oldish names, some "non-Marxist" but none of the DeLeonist, Trotskyist, or Maoist persuasions), Dr. Aptheker speaks in a voice free of cant phrases. He has obviously suffered deeply in the last few years—far more, one may be permitted to infer, from the corruption of his own comrades than from police harassment or political persecution.

Indeed, he was frank to admit that the Communist Party has been badly hurt among the youth of America "because it was compromised where it hurts most—ethically and morally." If a radical does not have this, he asked rhetorically, what does he have left? And if the party has gotten over it—to a degree—it has been only because "there are no alternatives."

Dr. Aptheker was speaking to me as the American Communist more in touch with young people than any other: he has been engaged in "serious conversations" with college students on about 60 campuses in the last two years alone, and he agrees that the activists have been shopping around among the Maoists, the Trotskyists, the Communists; what is more, he sees this competitive marketplace as all to the good. One of Aptheker's odder reasons for pride in the brand name of his particular product is an inversion of one of the charges commonly made against it—that in the last 40 years perhaps two million Americans have passed through the revolving doors of the C. P. "That's not bad," he remarks reflectively, "to have introduced Marxism-Leninism into the lives of that many people."

Between my discussions with Aptheker and with Gus Hall I read some of their literature and talked with young people here and there. It would seem that, contrary to the impression I gained at the birthday party, the Communists are beginning once again to make some small headway among college students, for the first time in many years; at least, the DuBois Clubs seem firmly established on a number of campuses. The reasons for this development are interesting. First is the easier rein held on the youth by their Marxist elders. It seems commonly agreed that discipline is loose, with considerable deviation not merely allowed, but necessary if the clubs are to continue to function and grow. Second, the ethical collapse of American communism is all but a dead issue to young people today, as dead an issue as the crimes of Joseph Stalin and his kept men. (Indeed, it is precisely this debonair indifference to recent history which frustrates and infuriates anti-totalitarian Socialists—and which can be regarded as perhaps giving the Communists yet another chance.)

GUS HALL, too, is pleased with his reception among young people. This bulky, affable Minnesota Finn, whom I found at ease in his open plaid shirt, seated at the head of the conference room table on the top floor of the Communist Party's national offices (the building is one of their older parcels of real estate and was formerly used for other purposes), claims that about 85 per cent of his party's recent growth—whatever that may be—has been among young people. They are more interested in his notions of how socialism would work here, he says, than they are in what has been going on in the Soviet Union—about which, he agrees, they couldn't care less. If he is not grateful for this, he might well be, although Mr. Hall is one of those who has found it relatively easy to adjust to changes in the line. "When I got out of Leavenworth Penitentiary after the 'Stalin revelation,'" he said to me, "and people asked me, 'What next?' I said, 'Stalin didn't recruit me. I joined because of my convictions about socialism.'"

Those convictions aside, Gus Hall is in most ways a very average American, and he prefers talking with average American students to arguing Russia or Marxism with the *avant-garde* among them. "I'd rather start two or three hundred kids thinking in the right direction than influence a handful of radicals. In a crowd, invariably a student will complain that I wasn't radical enough or specific enough, but I wouldn't say that such a kid was *typical.*"

When Hall, in response to my question as to whether he still subscribed to such Leninist concepts as the vanguard party or democratic centralism, said yes, but went on to speak of a "greater latitude of experimentation with practical problems," I was reminded of a comment made recently in another context by J. W. Fulbright. "Men do not repudiate the doctrines and dogmas to which they have sworn their loyalty," observed the Senator, but they do "rationalize, revise and reinterpret them to meet new needs and new circumstances, all the while protesting that their heresy is purest orthodoxy."

IN THE COURSE of a long chat with Farrell Dobbs, Presidential candidate of the Socialist Workers' Party (Trotskyists) in the 1948, 1952, 1956 and 1960 campaigns, I had the almost uncanny feeling that I was listening to someone very like his political enemy, Gus Hall. Both are middle-aged middle-westerners, genial by disposition, and given to slipping comfortably into the well-worn Leninist ruts of "tactics *flowing into* struggles," and convinced—each in his musty, seedy office—of the other's corruption and sectarianism and of his own organization's attractiveness to American youth as the vanguard party of revolutionary socialism.

The Trotskyists, claiming a readership for their press in the neighborhood of 10,000, are encouraged by what Dobbs calls the biggest and best response ever to their 1964 Presidential campaign—mass meetings on more campuses than ever before, larger meetings, deeper discussions, and more direct inquiries from students across the country than ever before. Those who do not belong, however, including those who have dropped out or been expelled (the Trotskyists are continually plagued by the proliferation of splinter groups, such as those with a different position on Castro—some of the Cuban Trotskyists are now political prisoners, and are not supported by the SWP), have no such sanguine vision, and on balance incline to view the party as stagnant, faction-ridden, and intellectually mediocre. In an effort to break out of its isolation, the SWP had devoted considerable effort to effecting a *rapprochement* with the late Malcolm X, whom Dobbs characterized for me as "one of those in the vanguard of the Negro struggle in this country against colonial movements throughout the world." Be that as it may, I am convinced, although my personal contact with him had been limited to a telephone conversation, that Malcolm did have a remarkable capacity for political growth (which many white liberals refused to recognize, perhaps because it is a capacity that is foreign to them); and it is fruitless to speculate, now that he has been struck down, what the impact of association with the Trotskyists might have done for that courageous and charismatic man or for his followers.

Nevertheless, there are indications that, as with the DuBois Clubs, Trotskyist Young Socialist Alliance chapters are growing on the college campuses (even though a soapbox meeting of the Columbia University chapter that I dropped in on attracted only a handful of passersby). It seems doubtful, however, that this growth can be attributed so much to the "correctness" of their line—a combination of traditional Trotskyism, Fidelismo, and an effort to latch on to the civil rights issue—as to the increasing receptivity of college students to radical groups with an activist rather than a theoretical orientation.

THE COMMUNISTS' rivals on the Left to whom Gus Hall had returned more than once (almost compulsively, it seemed to me), were not so much the Trotskyists as those Communists cast out or who voluntarily departed as pro-Chinese some four years ago. These sectarians, he had insisted, attract the irresponsible, fly-by-night rebels, and the youth among them are, he hinted, a shiftless and immoral lot. The ones with whom I spoke, in their Harlem office and downtown at their national headquarters, did not impress me exactly that way.

The average age of the members of the Progressive Labor Movement, as the pro-Peking Communists have been calling themselves, is in the twenties, in New York City as low as 25, and hardly any of them are over 40. So I was informed by Fred Jerome (son of V. J. Jerome, for many years cultural commissar of the Communist Party), editor of their weekly paper, and a very likeable young man, who indicated that his group of some hundreds—this year organizing itself into a political party—is growing because it is out propagandizing among previously non-political Americans instead of concentrating on the recruitment of disillusioned Communists.

Jerome hooted at Gus Hall's willingness to have me accept the FBI estimate of CP membership as somewhere around 10,000—a figure which the PLM as well as other ex-Communists with whom I spoke regarded as preposterously inflated by both the FBI and the CP. And PLM has devoted lengthy articles, not in the bilingual weekly *Challenge-Desafio,* but in its monthly magazine, *Progressive Labor,* and its *MLQ* (*Marxist Leninist Quarterly*), to attacking Moscow (for revisionism) and the American CP (for being a do-nothing adjunct to the Democratic Party). The free and easy atmosphere around the PL downtown offices contrasts strikingly with the beleaguered quality of CP headquarters, where switchboard ladies will press buzzers to open doors only after you have been identified. But it must be remembered that, if some Maoists have been indicted for criminal anarchy and some Trotskyist youth for "advocating force and violence," the Communists have borne the brunt of police harassment. Gus Hall, followed whereever he goes by a covey of FBI agents, vowed to me that if the restrictions of the McCarran Act were lifted, "I could go to Minnesota and recruit a thousand people into the Communist Party in two weeks."

Others have already pointed out, however, that throughout the entire McCarthy era a grand total of less than 300 Americans actually went to prison for political reasons. There seems little question but that the waiting thousands, if they are such, in Hall's native Minnesota, are most likely old Communists who would like to renew their associations if it could be done without legal risk—just as it seems obvious that the new recruits to Progressive Labor are young people (many of them Negro) who have never before been involved with the Left. The reasons for this have to do, it seems to me, with the qualities that we customarily attribute to youth—impetuousness, fearlessness, willingness to enter previously uncharted areas.

"The CP and the Trotskyists could be doing what we're trying to do, organize in the neighborhoods and among the Negroes," says Jerome, "but they're just not there—the only place we bump into them is on the campuses."

NOT ONLY are the PL people out talking socialism—and ultimate revolution—to Puerto Rican housewives, Negro dockworkers, unemployed coal miners, and declassed youths on the bum, but they are reaching the farther-out elements of the college crowd and the post-college Villagers in Manhattan. They are aided by: money from wealthy young angels for regular publications; an absence of left-wing stuffiness (*Progressive Labor* is, in layout and art work, the first funny radical periodical since the *Masses*); and an eagerness for high visibility—"Yes of course we are Communists, yes of course we are revolutionists"—that is foreign to the traditions of Stalinists and Trotskyists alike, and is no doubt confusing to police infiltrators on the prowl for undercover names and secret meetings where none exist. And instead of wailing about the State Department's ban on American travel to Cuba, they simply pack up and go there anyway, openly, defiantly, and in high spirits.

Something similar can be said of the uptown branch of PL, described by its leader, Bill Epton, as "the only functioning organization of the Left in Harlem." My first date with Epton, a poised, handsome, and articulate Negro in his thirties who came up through the Labor Youth League and the Communist Party, was postponed because of a tragic occurrence: A depressed young man, a drifter off

Lenox Avenue, and an occasional visitor to PL meetings, had suddenly whipped out a knife for no reason and stabbed to death a young white member of the organization who, with his bride of a few months, was running off a leaflet aimed at arousing black militancy. The hall of the Harlem Defense Council (next door to Sister Conchita, Reader & Adviser) was turned into a bloody shambles. Epton, who had been home at the time, was questioned all night by the police, and I arrived, unaware, shortly after the blood had been mopped up, but before the story had broken in the papers. When I remarked, after being told the reason for Epton's absence, that the mentally disturbed killer (who was then being sought, but was later taken into custody) sounded oddly like Lee Harvey Oswald, the young man who was holding down the fort replied solemnly that for those who were socially aware, there were explanations other than the official ones for both seemingly unmotivated crimes.

BUT WHEN I DID get together with Epton, I found him not at all ponderous, quite unruffled, and as relaxed with me as his comrades had been downtown. Epton regards his native Harlem as an all-but-autonomous community, almost separated from New York and the rest of the country, but well placed to digest information not only from Negro America, but from the United Nations as well. The mood of its people is militant, anti-imperialist, and nationalistic, and partly in consequence it is a leader in political thought: "The Harlem uprising gave the green light to other ghettoes across the country." It was at the tail end of that uprising that Epton defied a police ban as well as the pleas of other Negro leaders, and attempted to organize a march through Harlem, which had no sooner gotten started than he and his attorney, Conrad Lynn, were picked up by the police and separated from his handful of followers.

It is not only Lynn—whose testimony might be regarded as suspect since he is not only an old-time revolutionist himself, but something of a sympathizer with black nationalism—but such Negro leaders of opposing philosophies as the pacifist Bayard Rustin, who express an unstinted respect for Epton's personal courage and his burning desire to improve the lot of his people through political organization.

What is peculiar about Epton and his Maoist comrades—and the same might be said of other Socialists whom we shall consider in a moment—is not how they feel, but how they think. And for this I suspect that the Communist movement, which systematically miseducated them and their parents, must take a heavy share of the responsibility. Thus, Epton believes that there is today no possibility of an alliance between American Negroes and the liberal-labor movement, primarily because of the "fantastic" mistrust of blacks for whites. What he does foresee is a coast-to-coast black revolutionary front that will put forth class as well as nationalist demands and that will then be able to negotiate on a basis of equality for an alliance with liberal and labor white America. Why at that point blacks should stop mistrusting whites, or why at that point the 90 per cent majority of white America should be willing for the first time to negotiate on the basis of "equality" with a 10 per cent minority black revolutionary front, even if it should come miraculously to speak for all twenty million American blacks—these are questions that Epton does not seem to have confronted.

The full flavor of this kind of thinking can best be experienced in the *Discussion Bulletins* of the PLM, taken from tapes. Those of an older generation may remember the hideously wearisome and seemingly endless theses, counter-theses, polemics and counter-polemics that used to (and apparently still do) characterize the internal bulletins and so enrich the leisure hours of Stalinists, Trotskyists, and their respective splinters. Only thanks to the tape recorder, however, can we appreciate in all of its murky splendor, unadulterated by reflection or editing, the word-for-word intellectual confusion of these engagingly modest but nonetheless appallingly ignorant young men who garble the little they have read and reveal the lot that they have not.

It is difficult to comment seriously on these discussions, which border, when they do not actually trespass, on the ridiculous. More important, however, is how intellectual inadequacy can lead to ethical chaos and worse: These young men, whose knowledge of the Russian Revolution, for example, is obviously limited to what they learned in the Communist Party, are capable of quoting with all solemnity, in support of their present positions, the so-called Marxist utterances of Joseph Stalin composed during the late dictator's final years of senile dementia; small wonder that they can characterize as "errors,"

no more, the savage anti-Semitism, the turning over to the Gestapo of anti-Nazi refugees, the butchery of entire populations, the starvation of the peasantry and exploitation of the proletariat, the terrorizing of the intelligentsia and the exile to slave camps of uncounted millions.

SMALL WONDER, too, that they can make common cause—in their press and in such one-purpose outfits as the student anti-war "May 2nd Movement"—with Jews turned Moslem to repudiate their parents and anti-Semitic to repudiate themselves, with Negroes turned racist to outflank James Baldwin and also to evade the responsibility for hard and frustrating day-to-day work in the Negro revolution, with Americans turned professionally anti-American and irrationally pro-Nkrumah, -Nasser, or -Babu because they really do not believe (despite their protestations) in the possibility of progresss toward socialism in America. (LeRoi Jones, uncontradicted in *Progressive Labor,* Nov.-Dec. 1964: "If America is not stopped in its tracks it will destroy the world . . . The majority of American white men are evil . . . there is no sense in your pleading with American society. There is no sense in your praying-in, or laying-in or standing-in or sitting-in . . . America has to be stopped I mean stopped now like a big machine . . .")

One example of the rich, succulent, Socialist prose devoted to the hero-worshipping of anti-colonialist leaders should suffice. The following tone poem on Major Ernesto Che Guevara appeared on the front page of *The Worker* on December 20, 1964 in the guise of an interview:

> Guevara is of the proportion of a football quarterback: under six feet and less than 200 pounds. His bearing is athletically erect but lithe and relaxed. He has a handsome face with each of its parts well defined and classically proportioned.
>
> At rest, his brown eyes are set in wide open lids shaded by heavy lashes, but when his features shift in a shy smile—which is often, in conversation—they become narrow slits, each one holding a tiny sparkling diamond of light.
>
> His speech is full-throated but gently-modulated as the soft musical sounds of the Spanish tongue slightly glide up and down on the crest of the emotional variables in his speech.
>
> When concentrating upon a point his brows become corrugated with ranks of gentle furrows. At a moment of angry emphasis one could see the glow of pink flushing and darkening the skin of his cheeks beneath the thinly distributed growth of sideburns and chin whiskers. . . .

That passage, which reads like nothing so much as a portrait of one of the studs in *Fanny Hill,* really should be interpreted for us by its subject, for Dr. Guevara was trained in psychoanalysis before he turned to politics. But while we await such a happy day, we had better turn to a brief consideration of the democratic Socialists as distinguished from those Communists of one variety or another about whom we have been speaking.

The Socialist Party itself is in its usual state of decrepitude, and its Young Peoples Socialist League dissolved not long ago, the members turning to one variety or another of the campus groups already mentioned above. What makes it more worthy of discussion than, say, the SLP is the genuine intellectual and moral distinction, and the social importance, of the men who have chosen to affiliate themselves with it, men in their seventies and eighties (Norman Thomas and A. Philip Randolph), in their forties and fifties (Bayard Rustin and Erich Fromm), in their thirties (Michael Harrington), and their twenties (Tom Kahn). The line separating these Socialists from those discussed earlier is no longer simply programmatic: it is in fact difficult to detect major political differences between the CP's *Worker* and the SP's *New America.* Nor could it be said simply that these are "reformist" as opposed to "revolutionary" Socialists—many of them are far more radical in approach and activity than the Marxist-Leninists of one kind or another. The basic distinction seems rather to stem from their rejection not only of the Leninist concept of the vanguard party (for even some Communists are edging away from this), but also of the Marxist concept of the increasing immiseration of a growing working class; they see the American future rather as one marked by political multiplicity, and by automation, rationalization, and a shrinking working class.

PARTLY AS A consequence of their genuine radicalism, however, and partly because young Americans today, while increasingly radical and political, are wary of the old parties, the fastest-growing left-oriented youth organization in the country, with over 40 groups in some 30 states, is Students for a Democratic Society. SDS, junior offshoot of the elderly Fabian Socialist League for Industrial Democracy, is somewhat influenced by Socialist intellectuals like Harrington and Kahn of LID; but as an activist and anti-ideological organization, it also serves as a kind of umbrella for impatient young people eager for involvement in SDS slum neighborhood projects and at the same time attracted to the more far-out enthusiasms of one or another of the Marxist groups.

What one detects in conversation with people like Rustin, Harrington, and Kahn, is a kind of ruefulness. Their very success in arousing various publics, and thereby gaining the attention of the powerful, has been rendering them suspect *even in their own ranks* to those more anxious for activity than analysis, and vulnerable to those apocalyptic agitators who cry up extreme nationalism and decry the Socialist commitment to the building of an alliance among Negroes, liberals, and a resurgent trade union movement. What is more, they are under attack from a Left section of their own Socialist movement for not repudiating Johnson, Reuther, Wilkins, and such, and for allowing themselves as a result to be outflanked by the nationalists and the totalitarian radicals. Such seems to be the thrust not only of the attack on Rustin in *New Politics* (a Socialist quarterly of which Rustin used to be a contributing editor), but also of the American Socialist Organizing Committee in Chicago, and the Independent Socialist Club at Berkeley, dominated by Hal Draper (who played a leading advisory role in the Berkeley student revolt late in 1964): these people would seem to be the core of those "Third Camp" Socialists who are "opposed to both of the reactionary systems of exploitation of man by man which now divide the world: capitalism and communism," and would, we may assume, solidarize with, for example, the Vietnamese Buddhists, whose manifesto of March, 1965, stated: "The Vietnamese people do not wish their nation to become one of the Sino-Russian satellites or a colony of the Western imperialists."

The new ferment cannot be contained, as I have indicated, within the old leftist parties or circumscribed within traditional orbits of leftist thought. Much of what Bayard Rustin has called "The Spontaneous Left" tends to identify not with an organization but with a publication or an individual: M. S. Arnoni and his *Minority of One,* Irving Howe and his *Dissent,* Julius Jacobson and his *New Politics,* James Aronson and his *National Guardian,* I. F. Stone and his *I. F. Stone's Weekly,* Paul Sweezy and Leo Huberman and their *Monthly Review,* or even with the *Village Voice* or *The Realist.* For this reason as well as others (the resistance of young radicals to serious reading or sustained thought, the pique of their elders at not being listened to, and their suspicion of the blind activism of the young), the rebirth of leftism, particularly among college students, has been described by Professor Lewis Feuer, himself a former Marxist, as "prolonged adolescence and repetitive re-enactment from year to year of a rebellion against their father." In an analysis of the Berkeley student revolt for the *New Leader* of December 21, 1964, he speaks of "generational animus," "generational revolt," "generational solidarity" (twice) and "generational uprising" (three times).

THERE MAY very well be an element of truth in this, but it must also be borne in mind that the Berkeley collegians were not in revolt against such of their elders as Hal Draper, Paul Goodman, or Paul Jacobs—none of whom will ever see forty-five again. It seems to me that it would be equally useful—and equally limiting—to think of the new leftism as a conflict not between old and young but between urban and suburban. If it is conceivable that suburban young people would dig the incantation, BIRD LIVES! chalked on a Manhattan billboard, and even that they might inscribe such a statement of faith on their high school walls, it is much less likely that they would scratch on the sides of their public telephones what the New Yorker etches on his : KILL COPS!

But this, while it does imply something about the conversion of our cities into smoldering jungles of laborers, servants, and lumpen surrounding the policed compounds of their leisured oppressors, and the conversion of much of our countryside into WASPs' nests, is also inadequate in that it does not account, for example, for the immersion of thousands of young white suburbanites in the civil rights movement and the peace protests: in short, in the new radicalism.

What has happened in the sixties is that a door has opened. What lies beyond that door will be profoundly affected by what goes on in Africa and Asia, to be sure; but we can hope that it will also be affected by what we have learned and absorbed here at home of our native traditions of skepticism, rebelliousness, and affirmation.

THE NATION *has consistently followed the most relevant method for preserving freedom of speech; it has spoken freely, reasonably, and courageously about matters pertaining to justice and the common good.* **—Stringfellow Barr**

DEVIANCE AND DEVIATES

HOWARD S. BECKER

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WHAT IS INTERESTING about deviance is not what it is, but what people think it is. To be sure, there are such things as drug addiction and homosexuality, and they pose interesting problems for the physiologist, the biochemist and the psychologist. But interesting scientific problems do not create public concern. The still unexplained physiological mechanisms that produce heroin addiction do not generate newspaper headlines. What arouses the government, the press and the public is the crime attributed to addicts, the fear of attack by a drug-crazed kid on a lonely street, even though addicts engage mainly in shoplifting and other kinds of petty theft; the stories of high school students using marijuana, though there is no evidence that marijuana will harm them as much as the alcohol their parents allow them to drink; the fear even, for some, that the Chinese Communists are using narcotics to weaken the will of the American people.

Deviance, in general, as opposed to concrete forms of behavior like drug use or homosexuality, is a creation of the public imagination. The act of injecting heroin into a vein is not inherently deviant. If a nurse gives a patient drugs under a doctor's orders, it is perfectly proper. It is when it is done in a way that is not publicly defined as proper that it becomes deviant. The act's deviant character lies in the way it is defined in the public mind.

The public definition of an act as deviant has, of course, drastic consequences for the person who commits it. Under one definition, he may continue to live as an ordinary citizen. Under another definition, he may become a hounded criminal. A consideration of deviance in America over the last one hundred years must inevitably focus on what people have thought of deviance and how public thinking about it has changed, and must interpret what deviants do as a reaction to the way society reacts to them.

We have had drug addicts for a long time. Before the turn of the century, as a number of early studies show, many older people were addicted to patent medicines that were liberally laced with opium. Women helped themselves through menopause with the aid of opiates, and men and women alike alleviated their minor ills with such remedies. They came to depend on their "medicine" and were addicts without knowing it. We also had more self-conscious addicts: jockeys, gamblers, pimps, whores and others in the "sporting life," who smoked opium and became addicted.

Prostitution is, of course, the oldest profession. But prostitutes in earlier times were fallen women, fenced off (in red-light districts) from more respectable people.

Homosexuality is one of the oldest vices. Homosexual literature delights in naming the famous homosexuals of early times, from Nero to the present. But it seems likely that homosexual activity in an earlier day was usually practiced as a secret vice by those who lived in the conventional world.

The examples indicate the range of possibilities, in an earlier period, in the relations between respectable people and those they considered deviant. People who engaged in practices thought to be morally repellent either did not know that they were "doing wrong," like the patent medicine addicts; knew what they were doing, but did it secretly and despised themselves for it, as they would have been despised by others if their sin were known; or lived in a separate part of society, like the sporting world, segregated and isolated from the conventional society.

Have things changed? Yes and no. The same relationships can be observed today between some kinds of deviants and the rest of society. Large numbers of people are addicted to sleeping pills and tranquilizers; since the public has not yet been persuaded that these are dangerous drugs, they do not think of themselves, and are not thought of, as deviant. Yet the observation I heard attributed to a Kansas City tavern owner—"Everybody who doesn't drink takes pills"—becomes more true every day.

The practitioners of secret vices are still around, though the catalogue of vices involved has been enlarged. There are still secret addicts and "closet queens" who hide their homosexuality. There are, in addition, secret transvestites, secret devotees of sadomasochistic thrills, secret fetishists, and others whose kicks are mailed to them in plain brown envelopes with no return address.

But the analogue of the old red-light district, in which the deviant lived walled off from a society that might otherwise be contaminated by contact with him, is harder to find. Prostitutes inhabit most of the public places people go to for entertainment—bars, night clubs and hotels—at every level of society. Their way of life is not so different from that of other people as to mark them off as a special breed. It is difficult to think of any class of deviants so segregated and marked today.

THOUGH SOME of the relations between deviants and respectable society characteristic of an earlier era can still be found, much has changed. Not only are deviants less segregated, but they have come, in increasing measure, to take a different view of themselves and of how they ought to be treated by others.

One component of the change is an increasing tolerance of deviance by respectable society. The deviant is no longer branded as a sinner whose consignment to hell is a foregone conclusion. Instead, ordinary people are willing to see extenuating circumstances that might account for the deviance, are willing to believe that deviants can be reformed, and are increasingly unwilling to take harsh punitive action toward deviants. Public beliefs have changed in this way, in part, because high court decisions have made it more difficult for the police to "roust" deviants in what used to be their customary fashion. Police habitually control deviance not by actually convicting people of crimes on the basis of evidence, but rather by harassing them with illegal and quasi-legal arrests that deviants are not disposed to fight because they cannot come into court with clean hands. But increasingly strict judicial interpretations of the search and seizure rule, and other decisions affecting civil rights in the area of vice and obscenity, have handcuffed the police so that these means are less available to them. (They have not, of course, given up completely; the nationwide harassment of Lenny Bruce, in clear contravention of Supreme Court decisions on obscenity, is a case in point.)

With the gradual lessening of police harassment, other influences have been at work. The rise of dime-store psychoanalysis—the easy explanation of deviant or odd behavior as the product of childhood traumas that might have happened to anyone—has helped the public to absolve deviants of responsibility for what they do. And, perhaps more important, it has helped deviants themselves to decide that what they do, right or wrong, is not their fault and, indeed, that it might not even be wrong. It is unlikely that any deviant believes this so completely that he never has a qualm about his deviant acts, but it provides the moral basis on which he can demand to be let alone.

Finally, various kinds of popular philosophical positions—the Eastern philosophies, psychological doctrines of self-development, and so on—have brought some people to see the means of salvation in what were formerly thought to be deviant practices. In particular, the use of drugs—both old-fashioned marijuana and heroin and such newer discoveries as peyote and LSD—has been seen as a way of expanding the consciousness and achieving higher levels of human experience. From this point of view, what ordinary people think deviant is not deviant at all; it is all a mistake and they need to be enlightened if they are capable of it and fought against if they attempt to interfere with one's own enlightenment.

In any case, for any or all of these reasons, deviants have become more self-conscious, more organized, more willing to fight with conventional society than ever before. They are more open in their deviance, prouder of what they are and less willing to be treated as others want to treat them without having some voice in the matter.

HOMOSEXUALS have organized what can only be called "defense groups," very much on the model of such ethnic defense organizations as the Anti-Defamation League or the NAACP. The Mattachine Society (for male homosexuals) and the Daughters of Bilitis (for Lesbians) have branches in several large cities and publish magazines (*The Mattachine Review* and *The Ladder*); they hold annual conventions at which panels of experts and members discuss the biological, psychological, sociological and legal problems of homosexuality. Their magazines are filled with discussions of famous homosexuals in history, of civil rights cases and decisions involving them or applicable to their problem, and other matters justifying their right to be homosexual.

When I addressed a Lesbian group not long ago, I was surprised (a sign of how much I accepted conventional stereotypes) at how much the group looked like a middle-class women's club having a meeting to decide how to run the next charity bazaar. Since they were conventionally dressed, not in the least "butchy," I found myself amused by the disparity between my conception of them and the reality. But I stopped smiling when I realized the aggressiveness and courage it took to identify oneself publicly as the officer of a Lesbian organization and the risk these women were taking in doing so.

Homosexual organizations have won support from "straight" scientists, psychologists, lawyers and, most recently, the clergy. A group of San Francisco clergymen sponsored a homosexual New Year's Eve dance, a gesture deliberately designed to make the affair publicly respectable. Though the police had not bothered a Halloween dance at the Hilton (to which the guests came "in drag," to the great delight of news photographers), they saw a threat in this legitimately sponsored affair and moved in, taking pictures of everyone there. Lawyers, on hand to protest such maneuvers, were the only ones arrested. But the police, undoubtedly motivated by a wish to "keep them in their place," will not prevent homosexual defense groups from winning further allies in the respectable world and pressing their fight for equal rights. The militancy of the homosexual organizations has provoked a frightened warning from a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine.

ANOTHER VERSION of the new self-conscious deviant organization is found in Synanon, a self-help organization of heroin addicts now more or less permanently settled in several places around the country, from Santa Monica and Marin County in the West to Westport in the East. The characteristic feature of Synanon is not that it thinks addicts ought to be allowed to take drugs in peace, even though many experts feel this is the most efficient and humane solution to the drug problem, but that it thinks addicts ought to break the habit with the help of ex-addicts rather than being cured forcibly by police or psychiatrists. With merciless discipline, Synanon forces the addicts who join to toe the line or get out. Since no professional group has very much success curing addicts, Synanon (whose successes are not yet reliably measured, if indeed there is any reliable measure) stands on solid ground when it demands that its members be given the right to help themselves. It has, of course, provoked strong reactions from many professionals in the drug-cure field, who cannot believe that any good can come of ex-addicts associating with one another. On the other hand, it has won strong support from many legislators and a few of the professionals who have had an opportunity to inspect its establishments.

LSD ALL THE WAY

SYNANON IS A GRIM operation. Not so the short-lived International Foundation for Internal Freedom (IFIF), headed by Timothy Leary and Richard Alpert, the psychologists who left Harvard after an extended battle over whether their experimental use of LSD and other psychedelic (mind-expanding) drugs with students was a proper professional activity. IFIF, in contrast to Synanon and the homosexual groups, is a frankly utopian organization. It looks forward to a radically changed society, in which people will see through the games of life they now play in deadly earnest—the family game, the work game, etc.—and, freed by the use of LSD, live in happier forms of human association, realizing at last the as yet untapped resources of the human mind and spirit.

Leary and Alpert attempted to found a colony embodying these ideas in Zihuatanejo, but the Mexican government drove them out. They are now giving seminars and lectures designed to let others in on the good news, and Leary has just published a book, based on the *Tibetan Book of the Dead,* of ritual and instruction to be used to enhance the LSD experience. They have had a fair amount of success, most of it with well-educated people, including many engineers and "hard" scientists, who seem especially drawn by the appeal of new kinds of mystical experience. Their success has been clouded, however, by the hostility with which officialdom greets them everywhere from Massachusetts to Mexico.

The LSD movement (if it is really big enough to merit being called a movement) differs from the organizations of drug addicts and homosexuals in being composed of people who were not, prior to their involvement with LSD, deviant in any sense. But all three groups exemplify the increasing militancy, organization and self-consciousness of deviant worlds and their growing unwillingness to let respectable society have its own way with them unchallenged.

A sense of what this might lead to (if every group engaged in deviant practices became self-consciously aggressive) comes from the recent lighthearted attempt in San Francisco to have marijuana legalized. One man staged a "puff-in" at the Hall of Justice, lighting up a marijuana cigarette in front of police officers so that he could become a test case. A local attorney has become interested in testing the legality of the law. A group of forty or fifty paraded around Union Square every Sunday for a month (some of the paraders were mothers pushing baby carriages) carrying signs advocating legalization. And when President Johnson spoke, during the campaign, in front of St. Peter and Paul's Church in North Beach, scattered among the "LBJ All the Way" signs that greeted him were a few that said, "Make Marijuana Legal."

Perhaps more interesting than the organization of deviant groups, though much harder to document, is the possibility that practices and beliefs formerly labeled deviant have spread to broad segments of the "normal" population. This possibility first became known to the public, I think, with the publication of the Kinsey Report, which reported surprisingly high percentages of men who had engaged in various abnormal forms of sex behavior. Although substantial questions have been raised about Kinsey's sampling and techniques, the figures were so much higher than anyone had suspected that it is a worthwhile hypothesis that there is a lot more deviance around than meets the eye and that Americans, while not advertising the fact, are by no means as straitlaced as we had thought.

WITH THE Kinsey findings to point the way, a good deal more evidence, most of it quite impressionistic, can be cited in favor of such conclusions. As a simple example, note the mammoth sales of works like *Candy, Fanny Hill* and the *Tropics,* which had been smuggled in from France as pornography only a few years ago. Once the legal restraints were removed, there turned out to be a good many pornography fans around.

Other evidence is not hard to come by. Not long ago, police discovered that some sixty high school students in Woodside, an affluent suburb of San Francisco, were smoking marijuana supplied by a recent graduate. Similar stories could no doubt be told about hundreds of other communities. Marijuana use is not confined to Negroes, Puerto Ricans, musicians and show people. I know of no profession which does not have at least a few members who are at least occasional marijuana users. As an example, far out enough to make the point, one user I know was first offered marijuana by a clergyman, who himself saw nothing wrong with it, though he made sure that his congregation did not find out his views. (Perhaps because I have studied marijuana use and published on the subject, similar cases are constantly brought to my attention.)

Somewhat less direct evidence comes from a survey recently conducted by Paul Verden and Harold Hodges in Santa Clara County. They asked people a number of questions designed to measure "cultural orthodoxy," the tendency to be conservative in areas ranging from political and economic attitudes to attitudes toward sex. The results are somewhat surprising. There are a great many more people who are culturally unorthodox than one might have expected. In addition, the unorthodox are scattered uniformly through all the social classes of the community. In other words, this kind of deviance—and let us grant that asking people whether or not they agree with a number of unorthodox statements is at best a weak measure of actual deviant practice—is not the monopoly of any group in the community. People of all kinds, rich and poor, feel restive under the constraints of our Victorian public morality.

GIVEN THE growing underground of practicing deviants and adherents to the culturally unorthodox, what can we make of our official morality? Why does it receive overwhelming public support, even though many, probably a growing number, no longer believe in it or allow it to restrain their activity? The most likely answer is, of course, that official morality—preached by leading public figures, embodied in laws and enforced sporadically by police—is a political product. Politicians make laws embodying its precepts, or refuse to repeal laws which embody them, because organized pressure groups make that a wise course. Those in favor of a more relaxed official morality seldom organize in a way that makes them politically effective, although ministers, physicians or lawyers may occasionally act on their behalf, as when a New York county medical society issued a report advocating less punitive narcotics laws.

Public morality must, of course, keep itself in some sort of relation to "the times," to the slow drift of opinion and practice in the country. If it gets too far out of step, it creates the kind of situation we had during Prohibition; and public leaders do not care for the widespread disrespect for law such a situation engenders and soon put an end to it. But as long as some sizable and politically influential group demands a particular official morality, state legislatures and others are likely to bow to the demand, even if the consequence is simply a public affirmation of a way of life many no longer follow. If the laws embodying the morality are not enforced too strictly and if deviants do not mind being somewhat secretive in their activities, an accommodation can be worked out more or less to everyone's satisfaction.

But our public morality may have gotten too far out of step. Recent reports on college students indicate that a vast number of college girls, whatever their private beliefs and whatever their practice, simply no longer believe in chastity, virginity and the sexual double standard that once was the American way. Whether they "do" or "don't" they do not feel that they can successfully argue—either with the boys who pursue them or with other girls—that premarital intercourse is wrong in and of itself. In the same way, it seems likely that the general public is now prepared to accept revisions of our extremely punitive laws on homosexuality and addiction.

IT IS HARD TO SAY what things will be like if the trend toward relaxation of older standards of morality continues. We can get a clue, perhaps, from a look at the "swingers" of Los Angeles. Los Angeles is probably the most unorganized city in the country. It has a vast number of new migrants every year, no well-organized elites to absorb and tame the newcomers (as does the San Francisco Bay Area, which also has a large in-migration), and nearly perpetual summer. With none of the constraints that might be imposed by tightly organized neighborhoods, the presence of extended families close by, or even by a seasonal change that would get people off the beach, new kinds of manners and morals seem to have grown up.

A long-time resident of the Los Angeles beach communities told me the following tale. When he moved into a house already inhabited by three other bachelors, one of them handed him a pack of calling cards that had just a phone number, the number of the house phone, printed on them. He was told to hand the cards out to likely girls wherever he met them—on the beach, in bars, in department stores, wherever—and wait for the response. And, just as he had been told, within a week the phone started ringing and never stopped. Girls who couldn't even remember who had given them the card, girls he had thought attractive but unlikely to be intrigued, old ones, young ones—they all called and they all wanted to go to bed. Neither he nor his housemates have ever wanted for companionship.

While few Angelenos are so enterprising as to have cards printed up, and while such a story is a slim basis for generalization, a community where such a gimmick will work must surely be something new in American life. Though no one has really done a thorough investigation of the matter, the casualness about sex indicated by the story is said to permeate large segments of Los Angeles society. (This in a town whose police harass Lenny Bruce as efficiently and conscientiously as those of more puritanical eastern cities!)

David Boroff has suggested that sex is the politics of the sixties, and I think he is right, though perhaps not in the sense he meant. Sex of the Los Angeles variety, drugs (both the hipster's marijuana and the more intellectual drugs like LSD), and other varieties of exotic behavior may well come to be thought of as inalienable rights, not to be interfered with by either the police or self-appointed censors of family, neighborhood or community. Whether proponents take the low road of quiet evasion of existing moralities (like the quiet coteries of marijuana users found everywhere) or the high road of principled defiance (best exemplified by Leary and Alpert's open conflict with their Harvard colleagues), they will contribute to a growing tension between themselves and those who are not ready to countenance the new ways.

THE NEWLY organized deviant groups are making use of the potential for revolutionary change contained in our cultural emphasis on egalitarianism and our legal emphasis on due process. Our institutions can, when they are spurred into action by determined men, protect minorities of whatever kind from the restraints of cultural tradition and local prejudice. The civil rights movement has shown that. The techniques, legal and extra-legal, used by opponents of racial segregation, will probably be used more and more frequently by deviant groups in the years ahead. Recent events in Berkeley have shown that political freedoms and less conventional freedoms go hand in hand; the same powers use the same means to stifle both. As the indivisible nature of freedom becomes clear, even those who do not engage in forbidden activities will be drawn into the battle, just as physicians, lawyers and ministers have already been drawn into the fight for more humane and rational treatment of addicts and homosexuals. The seeds of independence planted in 1776 will yet bear some strange fruit.

THE NEW IMPROVED DRUG SCENE

JEREMY LARNER

Mr. Larner's first novel, Drive, He Said, *won the Delta Prize last year. He has done stories, essays and political reporting for many magazines and this year co-authored, with Ralph Tefferteller,* The Addict in the Street, *a book of interviews with heroin addicts (Grove Press).*

Back!
Back!
Retreat, you fool.
Bar the doors, you are not meant for this world.
Now quietly, crawl into a small crevice in the corner
of your innermost mind.
Here I sit alone, seeking sanctuary in opaque blackness.
Though it is dark and dreary,
I am not afraid, for only mortals are afraid.
And I, I am no longer of that world.
The sounds are loud and slow, the colors have all been
muted,
But my thoughts are clear.
And I finally realize,
I have finally found peace of mind and rid myself of
all internal tortures.

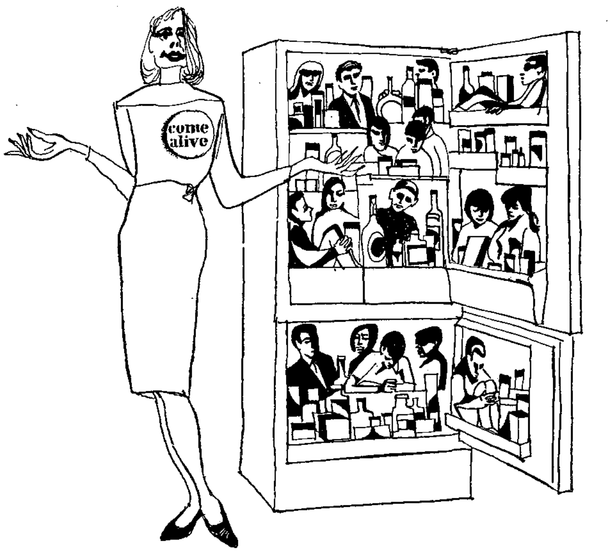
THE ABOVE POEM was written by a fifteen-year-old boy under the influence of a heavy dose of barbiturates. Bobby, as we shall call him, was in school at the time, "and afterwards it frightened me. Because I saw I wasn't paying any attention . . . to anything."

Bobby lives in a small city less than an hour from New York. His high school has a good reputation and a high percentage of college placements. Its student body includes youngsters both from traditional high-income Westchester County families and from families whose fathers supply the labor for an increasing number of decentralized industries. Recently some law enforcement officers came to school with a film about "the dangers of drugs." Bobby reports that "the entire school laughed at them. The whole auditorium never stopped laughing." The kids laughed because they knew more about drugs than the cops did. They laughed because the film was typically melodramatic and full of flagrant errors—calling marijuana smokers "addicts," for instance. They paused, however, on their way out, for a careful study of the police display of implements for drug-taking.

Westchester's teen-age drug problem began at about the same time that youngsters in New York were first exposed to drugs on a large scale—in the early 1950s. Back then, the use of narcotics seemed confined to the most delinquent youngsters. Later, an alarming number of slum-area teen-agers were caught up in heroin addiction. But it now appears that the use of drugs is not purely an economic matter; for the latest customers in the American drug market are legions of urban and suburban middle-class kids, girls included, many of them good students, college-bound, who regard drugs as the *sine qua non* of modern experience.

In August, 1964, the Yonkers police announced that they had cracked a heroin ring which supplied 140 addicts, one-third of whom were girls and many of whom lived in $100,000 homes lining the Hudson River. The police estimated that 800 more Yonkers teen-agers used "lighter" narcotics. It's common knowledge among Westchester youngsters that White Plains is a center for the distribution of all kinds of narcotics. Many of them can rattle off the names of drugstores in White Plains which sell opiate-based cough syrup without registering the buyer—for twice the standard retail price. Talking to a young man at an Ivy League college who has been arrested several times for selling narcotics, I was assured that at his high school—one of the most highly regarded private prep schools in New York—almost everyone had a chance to "fool around" with various drugs and at least two girls had become addicted to heroin.

Bobby's city is smaller than Yonkers or White Plains, and heroin is not very popular there. Bobby estimates that a majority of the kids at his school occasionally smoke marijuana. This is not as bad as the press would have it; for marijuana is a non-addicting stimulant, and its effects are usually (though not always) pleasant and sociable. Marijuana in itself creates no appetite for heroin. Illegality aside, teen-age pot-smoking is no more (or less) serious than the inevitable teen-age drinking. Since marijuana is illegal, however, its continued use will probably bring a teen-ager into contact with users of other illegal drugs. In Bobby's town, this contact occurs at the sandwich shops and pizza parlors where the kids hang out after school. There the high school kids get



together with dropouts and with hangers-on in their twenties who still need the company of younger people. Some of the hangers-on have drugs to sell. Before long the teen-age user learns the stores where he may buy cough syrup or pills; with his friends he begins to seek out connections in Harlem, the Village, or "a place on Long Island."

Bobby says that about 150 of the 800 kids in his school smoke marijuana regularly. About 75 of these also use cough syrup, amphetamine ("pep pills"), barbiturates ("goof balls"), and an occasional sniff or shot of heroin. Cocaine and strong hallucinogens—peyote, mescaline, LSD—are highly valued but hard to come by. Only a handful of kids in Bobby's school have ever gotten hooked on heroin. It is marijuana, alcohol, cough syrup, pep pills, goof balls, and random exotics that form the staple of the high school drug diet. Young users, however, are always on the alert for something new. Recently Bobby's friends discovered that a brand of nasal inhaler contained wyamine; when taken orally, the cotton inside a 59-cent inhaler is enough, they say, to keep three or four people high for 36 hours. The wyamine high especially appealed to them because "it helps you to go to school and work efficiently. Also we like to use benzedrine to take Regents exams."

"The idea is not to get hooked. Your friends stand by you and tell you when to cool it. And it works, with a group. The kids here who use drugs don't use it as an escape—they use it for pleasure and enjoyment, working, listening to music, etc. They realize that if they use it for escape that's bad, and that's gonna be their downfall. When you use drugs you feel you're all to yourself—you're in your own little world. But kids are afraid of this, too—that's why they try to stay together, listen to music and so forth. Except with the depressants—that's why I was scared when I wrote that poem."

Bobby had reason to be frightened. The day he talked to me, a sixteen-year-old friend of his had been hospitalized for an overdose of barbiturates. Barbiturates have been found to be addicting, with severe and even fatal withdrawal symptoms. No one knows, furthermore, the long-term effects of taking heavy doses of amphetamines. In the short run, a heavy dose can cause cerebral hemorrhage, berserk acts, unpredictable violence and hallucinations. A mild dose of dexedrine or benzedrine would stimulate alertness and probably pass undetected in school. But the amphetamines can be at least psychologically habituating, and some teen-agers are taking them in doses far larger than medical science has tested. Almost any drug has its side-effects, and these effects are magnified when drugs are taken at boosted dosages and in random, untested combinations. Tranquilizers, for instance, constantly embarrass their manufacturers by displaying results which have eluded the testers, including, in some cases, habit-forming properties. And the hallucinogens can touch off psychotic episodes from which some people never regain mental balance.

ACCORDING TO BOBBY, drugs are no longer a specialty of the anti-social loner—they've been absorbed into the social scene. "Three years ago, guys would pull away from society. There were no girls involved. Now there are more and more girls every day. It's not a sexual thing—there's not much desire for sex. Girls take depressants and just sit around."

Bobby described a Christmas Eve party held in a cellar apartment. In the middle of the room stood a refrigerator filled with pills, cough syrup, rum and wine. There had to be a lot of codeine syrup, because the opium content is so low that a user will on occasion drink eight to twelve bottles. The pills were a barbiturate sedative called "Tuinal," an overdose of which, according to one textbook, "results in stupor, lowered body temperature, feeble heart action, depression or paralysis of respiratory centers." The host at the party had evidently had a good number of pills, because every time he let somebody in the door he fell down the cellar steps and crashed into the jukebox. "At 4 A.M.," says Bobby, "the boiler exploded. And no one moved. They were floating around in the water. A guy who knew karate went around knocking bricks from the wall. I left and went to church. When I came back they were still there."

What do the parents think of this? As little as possible, apparently. Suburban doctors tell me parents are angry when told their children use drugs—angry at the doctor. They will believe the youngster's denial as long as circumstances permit. Their general attitude is that they've got troubles enough of their own. They're willing to abide by what sociologist Kenneth Keniston calls a "gentlemen's agreement": they won't bother their children if their children don't bother them.

There is a trend among contemporary social scientists to speak of the lack of ego-conflict in the modern middle-class family. Ego strength arises when you pit yourself against others, the theory has it; when there is no conflict the ego will be untested, undeveloped. A weak ego "can't take it"— it tends to withdraw from stress rather than to fight things out, to choose disaffection rather than revolt. The young drug users I've talked to are indeed withdrawn and disaffected. It's interesting that the kids active in athletics or politics usually don't take drugs—and are regarded as "squares." The drug users as a rule were raised by evasive or absent parents who gave their kids equipment instead of values. Values, of course, can be rejected—but the young drug users feel no passion one way or another about their parents. For the drug user, sex is not in fashion—both depressants and the amphetamines impede sexuality. Far from competing with their parents or defying them, the kids seem to want to avoid that uninspiring scene altogether.

IT IS RATHER startling to ask these kids whom they respect and find them hard put to come up with a single name. Contrary to the stereotype of teen-agers as idol-worshippers, the cool ones simply do not look to the adult world for models. That world is seen as a hostile and artificial place, full of squares who make pointless distinctions of class and race, who work at useless jobs, who give themselves pompous airs, and who try to make you as unhappy as they are themselves. Says Bobby, "It's the *parents* who have the problems, not the kids. With things changing so fast, it's the people between 35 and 45 who are confused. The kids can figure it out."

What the kids "figure out" is that it's easier to go along with the game, to perform as one is expected to perform. It's not hip to take the grown-up world seriously. It's hip to put up with it passively, and to use one's private time in search of experience which will make one inwardly superior. And putting up with it passively is easier with the judicious use of drugs. "About two years ago," says Bobby, "I'd say police and adults were wrong all the time. *Now* kids do try and contend—with drugs. But there's no respect."

Whom do you respect then? The question drew a blank. Finally Bobby said, "Someone who's been put down all his life and can still get hold of something and say 'fuck you' and make it." His example of "making it" was listening with heightened enjoyment to music. Most of the young drug users are inclined to art, music, or literature—but in a passive way. "On drugs you see something and you study it and you try to *comprehend* it." It is in a similar spirit that the devotees of hallucinogens insist that their visions are "creative experiences."

This attitude is utterly consistent with the inner values of our consumer society. We live in a country that is devoted to the concept of health and happiness through consumption. The dominating idea in middle-class child-rearing has been to *give* your child the right properties and experiences—toys, medicines, lessons, neighborhood, education, social contacts, etc.—so that the child grows up anxious to resolve all anxieties by adding something magic from outside himself. Drug manufacturers and indeed all advertisers foster this attitude of yearning dependence. The prime object of American business is to create false needs, since our economic system, like the heroin system, is based on the consumer craving more and more products indefinitely. In a nation of suckers, it's only logical that a man who "needs," say, a bulky, over-decorated, inefficient American car with built-in obsolescence, should have a son who "needs" drugs. James Mills, in a pious essay in *Life* magazine, claims that "Rarely is a heroin user found who did not come to the drug by way of marijuana." He might more accurately have said, "Rarely is a heroin user found who did not come to the addictive mentality by way of the advertisements in *Life*." In fact, Mills's article itself offered *Life* readers the vicarious consumption of heroin in much the same manner that *Life*'s recently added book, music and art reviews offer the passive consumption of culture.

THERE IS NO rigid dividing line between the mentality of the young drug user and the mentality of other American consumers. Consider the mountains of unnecessary vitamin pills which anxious mothers push into their children. Consider that alcohol addicts in this country number 5 million and that nicotine addicts consume over 500 billion cigarettes each year. Consider that Americans spend over $146 million a year for cathartics and laxatives, in the belief that even their bowels can't move without external stimulation. Consider that of the 7000 penicillin reactions in the U.S. every year, doctors estimate that only about 10 per cent occur in cases where application of the drug was necessary. Consider the TV ads for relaxants, bringing us the happy message that it is no longer necessary to feel "tension" or "conflict" or "worry"—just add a pill to your system. Consider the ads for sleeping pills which suggest that we can't go to sleep until a pill "turns off the wake center." Consider the 500 tons of barbiturates manufactured in the U.S. each year—enough to put to sleep 10 million people seven nights per week, fifty-two weeks per annum. Consider that children now walk the streets wearing buttons which say "Come Alive!"—a feat to be accomplished by drinking Pepsi Cola. Consider that a New York radio station advertises, "WMCA turns you on." It seems not a bit inconsistent that *The Psychedelic Review* should push "professional subscriptions" with the teaser that "LSD subjects" have found "that their religious experience is an ecstatic and *incontrovertibly certain* discovery penetrating a barrier heretofore closed to ordinary men."

Bobby tells a significant story. In an effort to get at the psychological roots of his need for drugs, he had been seeing someone who called himself a "psychiatrist." After about six months, the "psychiatrist" observed one day that Bobby was nervous and fidgety. He offered to prescribe a tranquilizer. Bobby laughed contemptuously. "I don't need *you* to get me drugs!" His comment: "That's how well he understood what I was talking about for six months!"

IT SHOULDN'T surprise us that Bobby and his friends suffer from a gnawing sense of incompleteness. "There's no one to fall back on but yourself. And this is a bad feeling. There has to be someone to go to." They resent the social forms of an increasingly atomized society in which adults don't bother each other or care about each other. They speak sometimes of "transcending" their surroundings; they are ripe for advertisements of self-proclaimed saintliness. Banding together, they form a fellowship of hip Holden Caulfields, in this world yet not of it. Their desire is to slide by in worldly terms; they have no impulse toward social, economic or political change. They take drugs to dig the music that is given them, or to learn the material their school offers—without complaint, denying frustration. The "transcendence" comes from being high—and knowing you have gone the squares one better. You may conform to whatever standards, whatever routines they lay down, because when you're high you're out of reach.

"The greatest thing in the world is to cool it, cool it, to get high and not have anyone know it. It's not hip to get hooked any more. The big thing is to cool it—to stay cool and just look out your window at the others."

To look out your window—feeling superior to what you see. What you see are human beings desiring, striving; but you have taken in something extra that puts you beyond desire or strife. You're cool.

Traditionally, coolness and superiority over "ordinary men" were signalled in America by the consumption of material products clearly graded to reveal the caste of the user. But now the ante has been raised. Due to time buying, the liberal extension of credit, a general increase in income-level, and mass production, it is no longer so easy to judge an individual by the car he drives, the clothes he wears, etc. Thus style and taste take on a new importance. To be "in" is more important than to be "up"; instead of wealth one displays elite knowledge: the latest way of dressing, the newest "in" slang, fashionable opinions about fashionable art. But mere fashion isn't enough, because with a little instruction, any square can masquerade. The new media are full of hipsters who will bring them up to date faster than ever. The would-be Holdens are panicky: some measure of commitment must be found, or else the whole concept of deep-souled superiority is threatened with collapse.

What must now be consumed is experience itself—experience measured by quantity. This is the ultimate in hip. And yet the ante raises itself even here: what can the hipster do that a modern insurance salesman might not do on his vacation, with the latest copy of *Playboy* in hand to guide him? As the hungry masses press nearer and nearer, the moment of truth is narrowed down to the instant when one takes drugs. And even here the masses follow. (Or have they been there already? In 1914, before the clamp-down on patent medicines containing opium, the national rate of addiction was ten times what it is today, involving one person in 400. And most of the addicts, galling to the hipster, were middle-aged housewives.) When the series on junkies appeared in *Life,* I heard a plaintive moan: "Is *nothing* sacred any more?"

For Bobby's friends, the use of drugs is their only real commitment. They can pride themselves that they've gone all the way. Any disapproval in their direction will be viewed as a joke on the disapprover. People who don't use drugs are squares; they're not hip—which is to say, they haven't kept up with the new Joneses. Therefore, the logic goes, everyone outside our fellowship is a hypocrite—by his own middle-class definition. Our parents are hypocrites, say Bobby and his friends in effect, because they teach us to seek happiness through consumption, and then warn us not to consume certain things because we'll get too happy.

THE DRUG-USING teen-ager is a perfect candidate for the coolest of compromises, an adult life of hip conformity. Lacking in self-determination, he is not likely to develop a personality oriented toward hard thought or hard work. He knows, however, that to "make it" in the modern adult world he may have to undergo considerable training and specialization. For the "taking-in" youngster, such training is identified with the constriction of his personal "freedom." Nevertheless, he may decide to endure training, so that he can use it as a front. Thus the "hip" use of stimulants in school to improve one's concentration. Transcendence is easier when one plays the game—and a truly disaffected hipster would like to think that everything is a game. He considers himself above involvement, above getting "hung-up," but the irony of his position is that he is above independence. His most limiting dependency is his need for someone to use, i.e., to "take in." To be hipper than thou is his version of conspicuous consumption. The epithet "middle class" serves him as an elite term to indicate contempt for the less edified consumer.

To the drug user, people who stick with things or take things seriously are a threat. They are squares, and he will use them, he thinks, just as he "used" his parents. He makes suckers of them by getting them to give him things without giving of himself. He thinks he will surpass them by adding whatever they have to offer to his own reserve of privileged pleasures.

If he is still unhappy, that is because the big people are persecuting him. He insists on the model of a world in which a saintly few battle for existence against the incursions of a brutish majority. His great fear is betrayal ("no one to fall back on"), and the more he tests the more he finds himself betrayed. Searching desperately for the authority he never had, he is an easy victim of mystic ideology, fake science and saintly rhetoric. "There has to be someone to go to"—and so he may become a cultist. But the cult itself is likely to betray him. For in addition to the shared cult mystique, the in-language, etc., each cultist cherishes a conception of his own destined role. When others cease to value his uniqueness, he may have to add one more betrayal to his collection. The letdown will intensify his lostness, his dependency, his need for submission. He rushes to new drugs, new cults, new authorities.

When life doesn't work out somehow, he again looks outside himself for the explanation. He finds magic against him: the curse of the squares, the grown-ups, the outsiders—all of whom are alike to him. He sees them in conscious or unconscious conspiracy. If one should question *his* magic, he fights back with the one challenge he can count on to set himself apart: "Have *you* ever tried Drug X, Drug Y, Drug Z?" He can't hear in his voice the pathetic parody of all the commercials that have swum into his soul and fastened there.

Although many high school kids try drugs only occasionally, others—though most are not addicts—are already victims of the tendency to center their lives around drug-taking. The worst thing that can happen to a drug user is to grow older without grabbing on to some honorable work, to slip instead into a jaded narcissism and grandeur ("only mortals are afraid"). His mood may deteriorate beyond human reach, into a bitterness and paranoia desperate for the manic lift of stimulants, or into a shell of tension softened only by the chemical twilight of depressants. The drug life is consecrated to The Vision—at the expense of the richness, complication, and ambiguity of "ordinary" human experience. Drugs nowadays are an ever-more-available retreat from uncertainty. If one needs magic badly, narcotics will make it all the easier to embark upon a sterile search for The Answer, a desperate flight from questions.

Young drug users, of course, are no less complicated than anyone else. Bobby, for one, is not without a streak of stubborn independence. If he could, he'd like to control his impulse toward drugs without giving them up. That's one more reason why he, and others, try to stay together when they take drugs, and to focus their attention on people, music, reading, schoolwork. Bobby is fighting against himself not to slip away, struggling not to give in to the demons who inspired the last poem he wrote while on barbiturates:

> The night is supposedly a dark and dreary mood, but this is a misconception, for the night is filled with nocturnal creatures, who travel incognito and upright on two legs. These things can corrupt and destroy all morale. They lurk everywhere, but nest and grow in poverty. They can seduce a being of strong will into a state of no reasoning.

How can we help Bobby know that the "nocturnal creatures" are summoned by his own desire? What can we offer him to help fend them away?

One hundred years of facing the difficult and frightening issues of the times! THE NATION *has pushed us to think and face realities and situations from which we might ordinarily run. I am grateful to have so often been challenged in my thinking by this publication.* **—The Rt. Rev. James A. Pike**

HILDA SIDNEY KRECH

THE IDENTITY of MODERN WOMAN

Author of two novels and co-author with her mother, Sidonie M. Gruenberg, of The Many Lives of Modern Woman *(non-fiction), Mrs. Krech is now at work on another book on women,* Beyond the Mulberry Bush, *to be published next spring by Doubleday.*

The modern American woman has received an enormous amount of publicity—most of it bad. Books, TV programs, learned and not-so-learned journals have addressed themselves to her problems. Criticism has usually been aimed at her efforts to expand her horizons, to get beyond the daily round described in the old nursery rhyme: *This is the way we wash our clothes/ This is the way we iron our clothes / This is the way we sweep the floor/ This is the way we bake our bread.*

It's surprising, really, that the subject and its debaters aren't exhausted, especially in view of the fact that, in many respects, modern woman is less modern than the "new woman" who was emerging a hundred years ago. The period 1865-1885 saw the opening of four of our finest women's colleges: Vassar, Smith, Wellesley and Bryn Mawr. Women were stirring, something was in the air. In those days, when education for women was new, when woman suffrage had not yet been achieved, modern woman wanted desperately to take her place as a human being in the world outside her home.

Today that desperation is gone, which is doubtless a good thing. But it is not good when, along with the desperation, women lose all sense of purpose and of personal identity, as though they had no meaning as individuals apart from husband and children. In that first generation of moderns, most women who were "privileged" felt an obligation to "use" constructively their leisure, their intelligence, their special capacities. Their counterparts today lack the same sense of obligation or purpose. Though they live in more convenient houses, many spend all their time homemaking; though they tend to have fewer children, they spend more time "mothering."

The real working woman, who works not for "self-fulfillment" but simply because her family needs the money, may be the most truly modern woman. Both on the job and at home, she is better off than her old-fashioned forebear, who kept house under primitive conditions and worked long hours at pitifully low wages. She is also spared the guilt, self-questioning and criticism that have pained many "lucky" women who seem to have a choice—yet feel that the choices before them aren't real.

George Gallup and Evan Hill made a survey of "the typical American woman" and wrote an article for *The Saturday Evening Post* "refuting the charges against her." She is not "lonely, bored, lazy, sexually inept, frigid, superficial, harried, militant, overworked," they tell us. "She is happy, she is content; she wants only the simple pleasures; her family is her whole life." Their typical wife sums up her situation by saying: "If I don't want to do the dishes or laundry right now, I can do them later. My only deadline is when my husband comes home. I'm much more free than when I was single and working. A married woman has it made."

Such a woman knows neither the nagging worry of poverty nor the nagging pull to be part of the activity and thought of a world that extends beyond her eventually made bed. She may be happy and content. She may even be typical. But she is *not* the modern American woman that commentators have in mind when they speak of "frustration" and of a Radcliffe diploma mildewing over the kitchen sink.

The *Saturday Evening Post* woman is often pictured as leading the modern equivalent of the traditional homemaker's life. Compared to the old-fashioned housewife, however—one who was part of a large, multi-generation household, who helped her husband on the farm or in a small shop, who played an active role in her community—she leads a barren, restricted, undisciplined and vicarious existence.

As for today's college-age generation, it is the least modern of all compared with the co-eds of the thirties or the bluestockings of two generations back. What is disturbing is *not* that these girls want marriage and motherhood above all else, but that they expect to live merely through their husbands and children; even those who have had college, travel and other advantages, have no goals or aspirations other than marriage.

Nobody seems happy about the present situation. At a Vassar symposium on "The College Woman in Today's World," the consensus was: "If the performance of college women from 1920 through World War II has been somewhat disappointing, the mental attitudes of young women since World War II are alarming." Not only do girls drop out or break down; those who stay in college often wonder why they are there. As one student put it, "We have been striving for excellence. But, without a commitment, a goal, excellence in a vacuum is meaningless. Excellence for what?"

THIS STRANGE, NEW old-fashioned attitude has been a long time coming. Perhaps it started as a reaction to the feminists, for with many of the original goals achieved, there was no motivation for young women to mount the ramparts and fight for more. By the time my own college generation came along in the 1930s, we took the hard-won gains of the past for granted; we were, in fact, embarrassed by feminists who seemed out to prove themselves a little more equal than men.

The college-age girls of the '30s must have been the most mixed-up of all, for few wanted to be career women (aggressive, masculine and, worst of all, old maids), yet many wanted to be "career girls" (lively, appealing, glamorous). Not only college girls, but all kinds were planning on careers in those days. When one found herself married, holding a baby in her arms for the first time—her own child—she threw over what she called her career, partly because it was hard both to work and to keep house, but also because, as a matter of brutal fact, there was not usually a great deal to throw over. She turned her full attention on her little family and shut the door on the world.

Many such young women, though happy with husbands and children, found housework and child care both too much and too little—too much in that, though no one task was very difficult, it all seemed so unending; too little in that they had been led to believe they would be spending their time, their energy and their talents quite differently. This was a time of sad little jokes about college being the place where girls who are above cleaning and cooking go to meet boys so that they can spend the rest of their lives cleaning and cooking.

It was also the time when advice and scoldings started coming at them at an ever increasing rate. *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex,* by Ferdinand Lundberg and Marynia Farnham, was published in 1947. In essence, it argued: "Close down the commercial bakeries and canning factories today, and women will start being happier tomorrow." Dorothy Thompson said in 1949 that instead of apologizing for being "just a housewife," each woman should boast that she is a "business manager, cook, nurse, chauffeur, dressmaker, interior decorator, accountant, caterer, teacher, private secretary" all rolled into one. The following year, Agnes E. Meyer elaborated further: "Women must boldly announce that no job is more exacting, more necessary, or more rewarding than that of housewife and mother. . . . There have never been so many women who . . . neglect their children because they find some trivial job more interesting." Even when writers did not scold, but spoke gently, like Dr. Spock, the theme was the same: If it's a career you want, make a career out of motherhood.

This was the beginning of what Betty Friedan calls "the feminine mystique." Psychologists and journalists found allies in advertisers who simply wanted to keep women home and buying. While bakeries and canning factories did not close down, women started baking their own bread, making their own clothes, putting up endless little jellies. Do-it-yourselfism reached a point where women found themselves upholstering their furniture, laying brick patios (at least in California) and papering walls. But instead of being content, as predicted, they felt—to use a word of Anne Lindbergh made popular in *Gift From The Sea*—"fragmented."

MORE RECENT WRITINGS give the impression that the mothers of America are now climbing their lovingly papered walls in frustration. Some, with nearly grown sons and daughters who no longer need them so much, now feel like has-beens who have never really quite *been.* Even the young matrons, who never wanted careers, who now have just what they always did want, find that for some reason, it is not enough. This makes them unhappy, and their husbands as well, for frequently the men feel a sense of guilt because their wives are shut out from the world in which they spend so much of their time.

Writers who describe the feminine condition also help to shape it. The noises some of them are making today are disturbingly reminiscent of the old-time feminists.

"Why are women always the lab technicians?" Eve Merriam asks in *After Nora Slammed the Door.* "Why is a woman never the director of the laboratory?" "Why must women always be content with second-level careers?" asks Betty Friedan. Alice Rossi, writing in *Daedalus,* puts it on the line with the title of her thoughtful article, "Equality Between The Sexes: An Immodest Proposal."

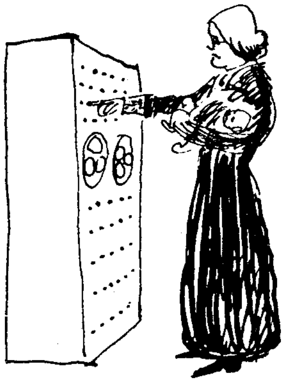
The pendulum has completed its arc. Where do we women go from here? We could, of course, continue foolishly to swing back and forth: "On to careers!" and "Back to the hearth!" But let women and their work become needed and we will see the problem in a different way. There is already something of this in the air. The New York *Times* runs articles called "A Huge Waste: Educated Womanpower" and "Tapping a U. S. National Resource." Max Lerner, recognizing that women are needed in hospitals, schools and other vital community services, pleads "Let's Draft Our Girls." People are gradually coming to see that each semi-wasted life is not simply a private sorrow, but something that concerns society.

BUT IF WOMEN are to spend their lives more wisely, they must first stop being so bewildered—and so bewildering.

Once women were told that being a wife and mother was a career. Women were not persuaded, yet they aren't sure why; indeed in many a woman there still remains an uneasy feeling that what was good enough for Grandma ought, at least, to be good enough for her. But it is *not* good enough—for the simple reason that life has changed drastically for all of us, whatever our economic position.

Isolation of the American woman within the bosom of her own small family nucleus is the most striking change. Starting with the Industrial Revolution, which first took men out of the home, her isolation has increased with the growing mobility of her husband (today the professional or organization man is nearly as migratory as the migratory worker). To this feeling of isolation has been added a sense of futility: the appliances, products and services which have taken away from her so many tasks and functions, took away also a feeling of accomplishment. And even if a woman wants, and is capable of, doing things the old-fashioned way, living a reasonable facsimile of Grandma's life, what would this do to her marriage? And to her relationship with her children? Does it make sense for her to live a horse-and-buggy life while her husband lives in a dacron-and-jet world, her children in an age of viscose-acrilan and rockets?

In any case, we have reached the point where motherhood as a career no longer lasts a lifetime. Girls are marrying younger, having their children sooner (and having fewer of them), so that they suddenly find themselves, at middle age, with their "career" at an end. What does a woman do who has half her life to live after her youngest child leaves home?



Interestingly, the Women's Bureau estimates that of the girls now in high school (most of whom see only motherhood ahead), eight out of ten will at some period find gainful employment. It is becoming fashionable to speak of a woman having "a second career" after her children are grown. According to this formula, she is generally unprepared for the second career; her skills have become rusty and so she must polish them off or take some refresher courses.

It seems to me that more than a course or two and a little rust-removing is required. If, since girlhood, she has not used her skills, organizational ability or other talents, she is in no condition to present herself to prospective employers at the age of forty or so. If only it were taken for granted that, once a woman's children no longer needed her full time, she would be expected to be useful, productive or needed in some other way, she would put to better use the little scraps of time available during her busiest years. As it is now, the scraps are frittered away—not only during the hectic nursery years, when she needs them for sheer relief, but all along the line. Just as expenses rise to meet rising income, so chores, errands, self-perpetuating puttering, and what Veblen called "ceremonial futility," increase as women's home duties grow lighter.

What should women do with their time? What should they take as their goals?

It used to amuse me, and lately it has distressed me, that most men make do with "jobs," but whenever women are discussed, the word is always "careers." If the notion is pushed that middle-aged women can embark on "instant" careers, with no more than a refresher course or a little brushing up, they will soon find this impossible and they'll go back to "nothing"—like the ex-career girls of the thirties. If, instead, we recognized that relatively few men have "careers," and that women, who have carried responsibilities as wives and mothers, are even less likely to have them, we would be nearer to a practical solution for the problem we are discussing.

For one thing, women must stop looking for one all-purpose formula, be it "Back to the Spinning

Wheel!" or "Back to Sarah Lawrence for Continuing Education!" Most women, actually, will find some place between these two points. Sarah Lawrence, Barnard, Radcliffe, the University of Minnesota and the University of Michigan are pioneering in this field in imaginative, intelligent ways. Some of their projects are designed for women who left college to get married and who now want to finish their interrupted educations. Some provide refresher courses and some are for women with B.A., M.A. or Ph.D. degrees who now want to go further in their own or different fields. But the academic approach does not answer the needs of all women; nor, in fact, does it answer all the needs of any one woman.

We must recognize how absurd it is to expect the same work, the same activity, the same goals of all women. Like men, they differ in temperament, intelligence, training and ability. Like men, they differ in their early opportunity for education and training; and, even more than men, in their later opportunity to *use* their abilities. For in a woman's case, opportunity depends not only on herself but on her family—on how many children she has, when they were born, whether one or more is handicapped in some way, and where her husband's work takes the family to live.

However equally we consider men and women, the work plans for husbands and wives cannot be given equal weight. A woman should not aim for "a second-level career" because she is a *woman;* from girlhood on she should recognize that, if she is also going to be a wife and mother, she will not be able to give as much to her work as she would if single. That is, she should not feel that she cannot aspire to directing the laboratory simply because she is a woman, but rather because she is also a wife and mother; as such, her work as lab technician (or the equivalent in another field) should bring both satisfaction and the knowledge that, through it, she is fulfilling an additional role, making an additional contribution.

When they become mothers, young women must be helped to keep and to use something of what they gained through their education or special training or early work experience. We must not leave each one to battle her way alone; if it is assumed that mothers, at some point, will become participating members of society, society should provide ways to help them. Diaper service is an undebatable example of a help that is new and that all mothers need. Nursery schools—now enjoyed by privileged children (and their mothers) and, more recently, by the so-called culturally deprived (and their mothers), will someday bring joy and benefit to all children (and their mothers).

But progress will be slow if services are added piecemeal, haphazardly, as businessmen or educators find partial answers to existing needs. Many families need more fundamental help in freeing women from their daily chores. Tract developers, for example, might take this into account and provide for *young* families the recreational facilities and some of the medical, educational and maintenance services now provided for *older* people in the retirement communities springing up across the country.

Then, as women become more free, they must become clearer about their goals and more purposeful in pursuing them. Different women, of course, have different goals; the goal of each must be flexible because, as a mother, a woman is more subject than her husband to change of plan without notice. But flexibility (currently regarded as the most desirable feminine trait among some educators of women) must not be confused with sheer aimlessness!

Finally, recognizing that automation will affect employment opportunities for women as well as for men, eventually giving everyone a shorter work week and perhaps an earlier retirement age, we must examine meaningful uses of time, talent and energy outside of jobs. Men, as well as women, will have to find truly satisfying uses of their leisure time—occupations that can be continued and developed into the retirement years (years which, incidentally, I hope will not be spent segregated from the rest of the human family). It could be that the woman who adapts well and functions effectively in the world of today (not, for her, a "full-time" work-world) will serve as a model for man in the automated tomorrow.

THE NATION *has survived a hundred years of critics and detractors on a diet of controversy and stimulating—but often exceedingly unpopular—causes. It has survived and grown because there has continued to be a vital need for its voice—in 1965 as in 1865. (On occasion, I have disagreed with a particular article or editorial in* THE NATION, *but I have always had admiration for the courage and integrity of its editors. Then and now,* THE NATION *is needed.) I hope its voice is around to be heard for another hundred years.*—**Sen. Jacob K. Javits**

'TELL IT LIKE IT IS, BABY'

RALPH ELLISON

The publication of Invisible Man, *which won the National Book Award in 1953, launched Mr. Ellison on a writing and teaching career which has earned him many further awards. His latest book is* Shadow and Act, *a collection of essays (Random House, 1964).*

> *Dear Uncle Raf:*
>
> . . . What are you doing over there in Rome with all those Italians? What do you think about over there? Are you keeping up with what's happening here at home? Have you read about those cracker senators cussing out the Supreme Court and all that mess? Let me hear what a home-boy done gone intellectual thinks when he's away from the Apple and all the righteous studs. . . . How's the writing going? Do you find it makes a difference being over there? Tell a man how it is. . . .

VIRGIL B., WHO WROTE the above excerpt in 1956 after the Southern Congressmen had drawn up their manifesto against the Supreme Court, is a childhood friend who is now a cook and baker on merchant ships. Inevitably his letters contain a trace of mockery, directed at my odd metamorphosis into a writer, which is meant to remind me whence I come. Nor is he merely amused; he seriously expects insight and eloquence and a certain quality of attention to the reality experienced by our group—demands which, since that experience is often bafflingly complex, I am not always able to meet. After answering his letter, however, I was led to make an attempt at an essay which, perhaps because too many things were happening to me at the time, I was unable to complete. My wife and I were living the dormitory life of the American Academy in Rome and I was much preoccupied: with writing a novel, with literary concepts, with reviewing my own life's resources for literary creation; with the experience of discovering a foreign culture in which the old structures and guides that sustained my thoughts, emotions and conduct at home were so relaxed, whether awake or sleeping, that it was as though I was living in a barely controlled chaos.

So the essay failed. I simply could not organize the various elements—literary, political, psychological, personal—into the complex, meaningful whole which my sense of reality and my concern with fiction demanded. But I could not forget the essay, or at least not the dream which was its core; for in its way it seemed to symbolize my state of diffusion, my concerns, conscious and unconscious. Therefore the following attempt at salvage (made at the suggestion of the late David Boroff) represents, if nothing more, a further episode in my discovery that for me it was by no means a simple task to "tell it like it is"—even when the subject was desegregation and the Southern Congressmen's defiance of the Supreme Court. I was outraged and angered by the event, but the anger was not isolated or shallowly focused, rather it suffused my most non-political preoccupations. More unsettling, I discovered that there lay deeply within me a great deal of the horror generated by the Civil War and the tragic incident which marked the reversal of the North's "victory," and which foreshadowed the tenor of the ninety years to follow.

Since I attempted the essay, some nine years ago now, the power of the Southern Congressmen has been broken and the reconstruction of the South is once more under way. Nevertheless, the hooded horrors parading, murdering and shouting defiance in the South today suggest that the psychic forces with which I tried to deal (in both dream and essay) are still there to be dispersed or humanized; the individual white Southerner's task of reconciling himself to the new political reality remains. In retrospect, then, it was perhaps not too naïve after all to have tried to approach the problem consciously through the insights made available by the wisdom of tragedy. One thing is certain, the mind in sleep will have its way, and I *had* fallen asleep while reading Gilbert Murray's *The Classical Tradition in Poetry*, puzzling over how its insights might possibly be useful to a writer who is American, a Negro, and most eager to discover a more artful, more broadly significant approach to those centers of stress within our national life wherein he finds his task and being.

—*New York, June 1965*

LET ME BEGIN WITH a personal dream—for with what are we concerned, the moment we try to think about the problem of desegregation, but the clash between the American dream and everyday American reality; between the ideal of equality and the actuality of our society in which social, educational, and economic inequalities are enforced explicitly on the irremediable ground of race? And even in so practical and (until recently) so far removed an area as that of foreign policy, does not this clash, especially when we regard Asia and Africa, make for an atmosphere of dream-like irrationality?

Perhaps more to the point, when a Negro American novelist tries to write about desegregation he must regard, in all its tortuous ambiguity, the South. And here immediately he confronts three clusters of conflicting images: the myth-image propagated by orthodox White Southern spokesmen, by costume movies and popular novels of the Civil War; the image, almost completely negative, held by self-righteous white Northerners—and not a few Negroes—who have never known the South; and the more heavily qualified image (far more than a simple synthesis of the others) held by his black Southern relatives and their fellow Negroes. Among these images (none absolutely true or false) there is a great clashing, with the exponents of each set making scapegoats of the others: Northerners for Southerners, the South for the North, the black for the white and the white for the black, and when we try to find stable points of reality in this whirling nightmare of terms and attitudes, they change constantly into their opposites.

If we honestly say "Southerner," then we must, since most Negroes are *also* Southerners, immediately add *white* Southerner. If we say "white South" our recognition that the "white South" is far from solid compels us to specify *which* white South we mean. And so on for the North and for the Negro until even the word "democracy"—the ground-term of our concept of justice, the basis of our scheme of social rationality, the rock upon which our society was built—changes into its opposite, depending upon who is using it, upon his color, racial identity, or in what section of the country he happened to have been born, or where and with whom he happens to be at the moment of utterance. These circumstances have, for me at least, all of the elements of a social nightmare, a state of *civil* war, an impersonal and dreamlike chaos. To what then, and in his own terms, does a Negro writer turn when confronting such chaos—to politics, history, sociology, anthropology, art? War, it has been said, is a hellish state; and so, too, is equivocation, that state (born of the Hayes-Tilden Compromise of 1877 and faintly illumined by the candle of liberty) in which we live. It is the candle alone which guides us through our chaos and when the candle flickers we're in the dark. And so in the Roman dark I dreamed.

IT WAS A BRIGHT spring morning and I was walking along Classen Boulevard in Oklahoma City. Birds sang high in the trees that lined the walk and I could see the flash of wings and the quick, downward swoop ending in a nervous run along the walk, where, with alerted heads and flipping tails, they busily harvested a horde of catalpa worms. The worms were everywhere, the walk smeared green and white with their pulp and skin. But they were relentless. They kept dropping from the trees to the walk and moving over the curb and into the street in a steady wave, providing an ambulatory feast for the birds. Trying to avoid both worms and smears, I moved past the well-trimmed walks that led through handsome lawns to the distant houses, showing bright and gay with awnings. There were flowers too, and a clarinet running arpeggios in middle register, and the call of a huckster sounding hoarse-voiced in the limpid distance. I was filled with the expectation of some pleasantness, some long looked-for reward. Then it came over me that I was going to see my father.

I hurried now and almost immediately I saw in the distance under the high archway of worm-damaged leaves a tall, familiar man coming toward me. We were approaching an intersection, which he reached ahead of me, and stood looking steadily toward me and I felt a certain joy.

But then, as I drew closer, he was no longer familiar, but a stranger wearing a dull black and gray diamond-checked suit, his face narrow as he watched me out of small, staring eyes. I didn't know him at all, was even uncertain of his race. Standing quite still now, feeling a cold sensation along the ridge of my spine, I looked across the empty street, trying to interpret his accusatory look. We stared for a breathless time, then he turned away, retreating quickly beyond a privet hedge and out of sight, just as a mirror or window pane nearby sent the sun glaring into my eyes. It was odd.

I moved again, feeling now as though I had lost something precious. Who was this man, and what was the meaning of his staring accusation? What had I done—what had I failed to do? Had I been mistaken for someone else? But who?

The weather had changed and the city become strange. I was walking through an arcade lined with shops and on into an old street-car terminal covered with dirty glass through which the light filtered gloomily down. Passengers stood about in little groups, silently waiting for the long, yellow cars that came and went with a groaning and grinding, the motormen retracting and shifting the trolley poles with a great showering of sparks. An old man in a white apron and yellow paper cap was selling popcorn and peanuts from a stand topped by a whistle which sent forth a thin plume of steam each time a little mechanical clown, wearing a white, polka-dotted suit and peaked hat with a red pompon, turned the crank of a glass drum containing unshelled peanuts. The man smiled, holding out a paper cone of popcorn, gleaming with butter, as I moved past and out into a great public square, in the center of which I saw a tall, equestrian statue standing level with the second story of the surrounding buildings. The rider, poised in full gallop, stood high in the stirrups flourishing a broad military hat with plume. An expression of victory showed on his bronze face, despite the fact that his saber had lost three-fourths of its blade. Gazing upward past his head, I saw on the balcony of a building across the square the man who had stared; now, accompanied by a mysterious woman, he was looking toward me. They leaned forward, gripping the rail, staring at me intensely. Then a clock struck three with a mournful sound, followed by the creaking of cogs and pendulum—an ancient, dirty, cobwebbed sound. Then a flock of pigeons flew up, casting a shadow between us as they rustled the light with their wings and a voice spoke from a hidden loudspeaker.

"Is he the one?" it said.

"He's the one," a woman's voice answered, "truly."

"Is he the one? I say is he the *one!*"

"He's young, too young; he's not the one. It's been too long."

"Then he's the one," the male voice said, "Strength is not a requirement."

Then I became aware of a crowd standing behind me, before a building decorated with flags and bunting. It was quite hostile and I had the hot feeling that it was capable of almost anything. I moved away, aware that the crowd was following and feeling that somehow I had fallen from a high place, from a cliff or high protecting wall; and now I was running down a hill on which the tracks of a trolley line gleamed, and the air, suddenly breathless, was portentous.

I ran desperately, until, somehow, I was in a dark, colonial alley in Washington. And as I emerged into a crowded thoroughfare it was as though a book of 19th-century photographs had erupted into vivid life. The street was full of rubber-tired carriages—broughams, phaetons, landaus—and I could hear the creak-snap-jangle and thud of wall-eyed pacing horses. Gas lamps flickered the shadows with a chill white light, revealing a relentless crowd moving with sweating excitement, and as I moved out into the crush I became aware of the strangely sinister, high-frequency swishing of women's skirts. All around me people were rushing swiftly past to gather before a building from which, looking past their bobbing heads, I could see a sheet-covered form being removed on a litter.

It was a man, I could see now, his body having lost its covering as his litter-bearers jolted him roughly about. It was a tall man who seemed familiar: there was something about the way the disarranged sheet draped the toes of his shoes. Then it was now and yet another time, and I moved forward with a feeling of dread, thinking, "It's happening again."

We had said good-by and he had made me a present of the tiny pink and yellow wild flowers that had stood in the vase on the window sill, had put a blue cornflower in my lapel. Then a nurse and two attendants had wheeled in the table and put him on it. He was quite tall and I could see the pain in his face as they moved him. But when they got him covered his feet made little tents of the sheet and he made me a joke about it, just as he had many times before. He smiled then and said good-by once more, and I had watched, holding on to the cold white metal of the hospital bed as they wheeled him away. The white door closed quietly and I just stood there, looking at nothing at all. Near by I could hear my mother talking quietly with the physician. He was explaining and she was asking questions. They didn't talk long, and when they finished we went out of the room for the last time. Holding on to my wrist as I clutched my flowers in my fist, my mother led me down the silent corridor heavy with the fumes of chloroform. She hurried me along. Ahead of us I saw a door swing ajar and watched it, but no one came out, then as we passed I looked inside to see him, lying in a great tub-like basin, waiting to be prepared for his last surgery. I could see his long legs, his knees propped *up and his toes flexing as he rested there with his arms folded over his chest, looking at me quite calmly, like a kindly king in his bath. I had only a glimpse, then we were past. We had taken the elevator then and the nurse had allowed me to hold the control and she had laughed and talked with me as we went down to the street. Outside, as we moved along the winding drive into the blazing sun, I had told my mother but she wouldn't believe that I had seen him. I had though, and he had looked at me and smiled. It was the last time I saw my father alive. Years later, while telling me who he was and what he had been and what it meant to be his fatherless child, my mother had said that difficulties with money and the weather caused his body to be withheld from burial until it stank in the dark back room of the funeral parlor. Such was her respect for the naked reality of the human condition. . . . But what quality of love sustains us in our orphan's loneliness; and how much is thus required of fatherly love to give us strength for all our life thereafter? And what statistics, what lines on whose graphs can ever convince me that by his death I was fatally flawed and doomed —afraid of women, derelict of duty, sad in the sack, cold in the crotch, a rolling stone in social space, a spiritual delinquent, a hater of self—me in whose face his image shows? My mother loved him through all the years, cherished his memory until she died, apotheosized his vital years. For in effect he only perished, he did not pass away. His strength became my mother's strength and my brother and I the confused, sometimes bitter, but most often proud, recipients of their values and their love. . . .*

BUT AS I MOVED CLOSER NOW it was Washington again and I could see the man's head snap suddenly back to reveal a short, carefully trimmed beard and I was confused, thinking: *But he didn't wear a beard.* As I pressed forward to get a better look, the crowd came between and I thought: *He's either drunk or sick—but why aren't they more careful?* Some were even laughing.

"What are they laughing at?" I asked a man going past.

"At our American cousin, fool."

"What? Whose—"

Then there came over me an inexpressible anguish, like a great weight suspended on a blunt hook driven through that part of my throat, the region of the thyroid gland, where grief and anguish collect, bearing down like doom.

For now, looking at the balustraded steps I recognized the building, and recognizing the building I knew the man; and knowing the man I wanted to cry, but could not cry. I wanted to scream, but could not scream. And suddenly the air resounded with the obscene melodramatics of the assassin's "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" and the night was filled with a great weeping and a great laughter.

And yet I was still unsure.

"What are they laughing at?" I said.

"Are you kidding, boy?" came the reply. "Face the facts!"

I knew now, even in the dream, that I had fallen out of time into chaos, and although the sight of the body filled me with horror, there was still room for personal embarrassment. And an embarrassment over the embarrassment—a chattering, degenerating echo of vanity before sad public events. For suddenly I discovered that I, whose grandparents were quite young at the time of Emancipation, had become a child again and was dressed in the one-piece garment of a young slave. I had no pants, nor shoes nor underwear; and when I tried in my dual shame to leave the street I was swept forward by the crowd, forced to follow after the litter which was now being moved along the street in what had suddenly become a funeral cortege. And now, though barefoot and quite young, I discovered that nevertheless I was literate, a slave who could read.

For as I was swept along, history-book descriptions of the event flickered through my mind in visual counterpoint and I kept trying to anticipate the route which the crowd would take through the dim and shadowed streets. But nothing was going as it was written. Instead of an escort of grieving high dignitaries, military men and weeping gentlewomen following a flag-draped camion, and with a crowd of weeping, recently freed slaves forming an anguished second line (perhaps the archetype of all such lines, joyful or sad, associated today with their descendants), the slain man, lanky and not yet cold, the complexion darker than I'd ever imagined, and with an ironic yet benign expression on the transcendent features, was being conveyed by a mob.

In a flash it became a carnival, an *Oktoberfest*, a Mardi Gras, with the corpse become the butt of obscene jokes. In the light of the hissing street lamps I saw a burly, bald-headed man waving his arms about, announcing in stentorian tones, "We've caught the old coon at last! Haven't we now!" Then as he broke into a fit of wheezing laughter the others responded, "COON! COON! COON! Hep-hep- Hep-john-step COON-COON!" And it quickly became a wild marching chant that filled me with a special terror. For hearing this epithet applied to the slain leader warned me that something terrible was about to occur, that some further support was to be torn from the foundation of that which I had thought was reality, from that which I held most sacred.

And how can I be me, if Old Abe be a "coon," I thought. *Yes, and how can I be a slave or even human?* And I looked down at my hands, fully prepared to see them turn into hairy paws.

Just then I saw a squat man with a toothbrush mustache shoot out of the crowd flashing a knife in the lamplight, yelling, "Make way! Make way!"

Please, not that, please not that! I thought, striking out about me as he bent low over the litter, the knife poised. Then I was spun around and when I looked again, he held a black piece of cloth, a wedge-shaped lapel, its lining gutted, yelling, "Hey! For my grandbaby boy, a souvenir for little Joey!" And this triggered the mob to a frenzy.

They rushed in to rip at the black coat with their fingers, they hacked it with pieces of broken bottle. One elegant man produced a straight-edged razor from the folds of his rich purple cravat and went to work distributing delicate bits of cloth among those unable to share directly in the dismemberment. Bits of cloth flittered down like blackened snow. And the coat swiftly disappearing, they went to work on his trousers.

Someone tugged off a homely gaiter. I saw several men and women, squawking like carrion crows, close in, fighting to take it away. A bent little old woman wearing a poke bonnet like that of the "Old Dutch Cleanser" woman grabbed the gaiter's mate and disappeared. Two small boys snatched off the socks, slashing them to shreds between them with nails astonishingly sharp.

They were insatiable. They ripped up the slain Lincoln's tie. His collar was seized, his white shirt ripped away, his vest torn to surreal tatters.

"Peace, Peace," a thin voice cried. "Remember the old buzzard's advice to its young: Hit a dead head-horse in the eye and move straight up through his vastness. I say: Remember, Find the place, Strike!"

This enthusiastic *elegante* in Edwardian suit and with sauve Eliotonian stoop was knocked aside by a rough-looking man who produced the President's stovepipe hat, and I saw him sail it curving through the air and into a second-story window—in which a wrathful woman promptly appeared and sailed it down again, dusting her hands indignantly as the high hat hovered above us like a battered Saturn with its radiant rings turned gray. A man grabbed it as it fell and, turning on his toes like a ballet dancer, jammed it on the head of a floozy, cotton-topped blonde, who wiggling wobbly a few steps, shook her head of cotton-candy hair to the crowd's applause. She wore a feather boa and a skin-tight satin dress, and flouncing about on unsteady legs she showed off a pair of monstrous, heavily-powdered breasts which, as she stumbled and lurched on shoes with vicious heels, kept flipping out of her low-cut bodice and tossing about like two bloated, moon-mad, oxygen-starved flounders. For a fitful moment she caught the crowd's attention by cutting a clumsy cakewalk as she waved the hat and weaved, singing in a tinny little-lost-girl voice,

Come on boys
And name your play
We put the last clean shirt
On Abe today . . .,

punctuated with a suggestion of bump and grind.

WE MOVED AGAIN, the crowd growing with every step, the heat oppressive, the noise expanding in hysterical volume. Suddenly I noticed that the body was now being carried by four ragged Negro men who, kicked and pummeled as they stumbled along, held grimly to their burden, their stolid black faces disapproving.

"Get on. Get on!" the crowd cried. But hardly had they gone a dozen feet than they were beaten to a halt and rested the litter high on their shoulders while the crowd jeered at the slain President. He lay now in his underwear, his bony railsplitter's wrists hanging awkward and bare, his thin ankles sticking from the bottom of his underdrawers much as the rapidly growing Uncle Sam of the 19th-century cartoons had stuck from his outgrown heel-strapped britches.

"Stars, stripes and nigger minstrels!" someone called. "Now he's Happy Hooligan!" At which, to the crowd's wild delight, a short, fat man wearing a long, gray coat, and who resembled Edmund Wilson, turned from drinking beer from a tin bucket and shook his head as with sudden revelation. Taking a final sip, he dashed the remains into the street and with an inspired, slow-mushrooming belch, jammed the "growler" on the Great Emancipator's head, clamping the wire handle beneath the bearded chin.

"Beautiful" someone said, "Beautiful!"

The applause was like the shattering of great sheets of glass. Whereupon the inspired fat man completed the Happy Hooligan transformation by pushing the stem of a corncob pipe between the once so eloquent lips, twisting the bowl so that its contents spilled upon the shrunken chest. Then a group of men labored up with a railway baggage wagon and the Negroes were forced to put the body upon it and then made to pull it through the cursing, flailing crowd.

"Push dat barge, boys!" a joker commanded in a thick foreign accent. "Push dat dar ole cotton-picking barge!"

I wanted to kill him along with all the callous crowd, but was too powerless *and* too fascinated, too held by horror and the anguished need to see it ended.

We were rushing through wide streets now, with broad lawns and stately buildings on either side. The ragged Negroes strained away, conveying now, beside the President, a number of women in tacky Sunday dresses, whose high-laced shoes dangled contentedly as they fluttered beside the body, joking and laughing and plying their little lace, mother-of-pearl-embellished fans. Then straight ahead I saw the Washington Monument, seeming to break through the floor of a barren plain like a periscope from the sea, rushing to meet us. Then we were there, at the base of the austere shaft, where the four Negroes were again beaten to a halt and made to lay their burden on the grass, then sent fleeing into the darkness. I tried to follow them, but was quickly restrained.

But why not me, I thought. *Why not me as well?* For I wished to join them in their forced detachment, I envied them their anonymity, their freedom to *not* participate. But my brown skin and slave's garment notwithstanding, I was held and forced to the front of the crowd.

I FOUND MYSELF standing near a tall, thin grandame who was laughing hysterically, screaming like a great tropical bird. Then she stopped and sniffed solemnly at a bottle of smelling salts, an expression of utmost complacency settling over her thin, aristocratic face, while the others joked, cursed, and made obscene remarks about the President until abruptly the composure of her face broke apart like the shattering of rock, and she laughed to put my teeth on edge. She bent double, then back, her stiff black garments snapping visibly with the motion and enveloping me in the rank fumes of female senility laced with threat and mystery.

Squeezing around her, and against an invisible hand that now seemed to hold me, I looked down at the lanky figure sprawled at the base of the marble shaft, thinking, *Now it's all over, they'll leave him alone, it's over.*

But not yet. I looked up to see a man wearing a voluminous opera cape, and who looked oddly like Mr. Justice Holmes, skipping slowly forward, decorous and tall, and with the toe of his elegant high-button shoe, flipping the corpse into a grotesque attitude. Then, throwing open his cape, he shouted, "Look at these! I say, *look at these!*" sticking a long finger through a series of bullet holes.

"Poor noble man!" they cried. "Poor betrayed innocent!"

"That dirty coon!"

"He did him wrong, the clod! He swindled him!"

"He wasted his land! He spoiled the cream! Get him!" This initiated a contest. Now they pushed one another about as they tried to see who could kick the corpse into the most fantastic positions, standing it on its head, doubling it over, twisting it in the cordwood postures of Dachau, shouting and cursing all the while.

"He's all to blame!"

"Give it to him good. There, there, how about that!"

"Yeah, but now you just watch this."

"That was a good one!"

"Look at ole Abe, he's dead but he won't lie down!"

"Watch it there, McDuffy, turn him over easy—but turn him!" I wanted to cry, my throat feeling as though it would burst apart, but no tears would flow to bring relief.

I closed my eyes as they knocked me about. And I now realized an odd thing. Up to this point, such is the contradiction of the dream, that I had not felt the President was actually dead. He isn't dead: I wouldn't have it so. It was a pitiful denial born of horror, a wish born of an anguished need to deny the hegemony of terrible fact—an attitude with which I had been familiar since childhood, when I had been bemused by a recurring fantasy in which, on my way to school of a late winter day I would emerge from a cold side street into the warm spring sun and there see my father, dead since I was three, rushing toward me with a smile of recognition and outstretched arms. And I would run proudly to greet him, his son grown tall. And then I could awake at last from the tortuous and extended dream that was my childhood with my father gone. So urgent had been my need for a sense of familial completeness, to have our family whole and happy as it had been until shortly before I saw him placed at last into the earth, that this thin fantasy had been made to serve for the man of flesh and blood, the man of the tales, the ghost stories, the gifts and strength and love. From the age of three to thirteen, the processes of time and the cold facts of death alike were—in this special area of my mind, for I *understood* death and was eager for change and for my own manhood's attainment—held off by this recurring day-dream.

So I could not believe Mr. Lincoln dead. Thus, so, in the dislocated, is-and-isn't world of dream, I felt that the President bore his indignities out of a temporary weakness incurred by his wound or out of war weariness—even out of a saint-like patience, out of a hero's grace before the mob's wild human need. It was as though the noisy desecration of his body was being accepted as he had accepted the tragic duty of keeping the country unified even through an act of fratricidal war. Or as later it had been his task to seek reconciliation of the sundered parts. Yes, it was no less an act of duty than that of receiving the assassin's bullet in his brain. He is not dead, I told myself in the dream; he is not tolerating the mob's outrages out of the insensitivity of death, but submitting willingly to them out of the most sublime and tragic awareness of the requirements of his fated role. For we must take our heroes where we find them, and in all their wisdom and their guile, and in all their frustrating enigmas as in their bright lucidities.

For in him at least, there was a man who, having taken the oath, would do, and did, all that it was necessary for him to do, even before his own foreboding dream of obliteration.

But now in the suddenly accelerated tempo of the dream the corpse rebelled. I saw it grow rigid, then swell, transformed before my eyes into an advanced state of putrefaction. So inflated was the corpse becoming that soon the underwear resembled the series of inner tubes that form the body of the figure in the Michelin trademark. Death undeniable looked out at me, the sublime mocking its earthly shell.

"Now it is over," I thought. "At last they can see what they've done and I'll awaken."

But not even the ultimate protest of decomposing flesh could halt them. A man reached down and grasped the inflated underwear, trying to tear it away —and it was then that a sound like a fusillade of shots ripped the air and a dense cloud of gray, slime-drenched birds burst up from the earth on swift metallic wings and attacked the onlookers with feet of fire.

Screaming with pain, they burst apart like an exploding grenade, turning to claw at one another as they milled wildly about. And in the confusion I was pinned against the monument, burned by the flying slime. The four Negroes had returned now, and they stood silently, looking first at me and then down at Mr. Lincoln. They grasped with one hand the handles of a black box; in their free hands they carried gleaming spades. There was some cryptic exchange among them, then they looked at me, and now I was no longer a child. The scene became a scene on a movie screen, which I was watching from a distance and with a feeling of utmost clarity, as though I grasped the mystery of all experience. Then, just as suddenly, I was in the scene again, only now the mysterious Negroes were resting on their spades around a great hole. They motioned for me to look over the edge. Approaching fearfully, I looked down, seeing the crowd transported there, a multitude, some black faces among them, sitting at table making a ghoulish meal of some frightful thing that a white sheet hid from view. Then as I saw something stirring and expanding beneath the sheet, the earth seemed to crumble, plunging me screaming into a terrible wakefulness. . . .

* * *

I LAY THERE IN the hushed Roman night, aware of a nightingale singing somewhere beyond the venetian blinds, the lonely play of the fountain in the gravel-strewn *cortile* below. The air was breathlessly hot, yet I lay in a cold sweat, trying now, by way of exorcizing the dream, to recall some of Mr. Lincoln's eloquent words—grasping desperately for the Gettysburg Address. I had known it most of my life, had been moved by it even before its implications had become meaningful; had memorized its stately lines as a class assignment back in an old high school named Frederick Douglass; had studied it on my own in Sherwin Cody's little booklet on composition and rhetoric, where it was grouped with passages from *Ecclesiastes* and Benjamin Franklin; had pondered its themes of sectional reconciliation and national rebirth many times long since, as the awareness grew that there was little about it that was simple and that it was profoundly implicated both in my life and in the failure of my promised freedom.

But now, although I could feel the mood of its noble rhythms as physically as the pounding of my heart, the words had hidden themselves, become mute before the vivid mist of nightmare. I sat up abruptly, seeing the dim bars of moonlight seeping through the blinds as the rhythms called forth a swirl of imagery. Then scenes of Charles Laughton performing the title role of the movie, *Ruggles of Red Gap,* suddenly reeled through my mind. Once more he was the much put-upon immigrant English butler, enduring the jibes and abuses of his *nouveau riche* American employers, whose vulgar "Gilded Age" materialism mocked all that is ideal in the American tradition. And once more, at the high point, he drew himself up proudly to recite the compassionate words uttered by Lincoln at Gettysburg, becoming in their measured flow transformed into a most resonant image of the American's post-Civil War imperative of conscience and consciousness achieved.

So here at last, in remembered art, the words of hope and reconciliation born of war and bloodshed rejoined the hallowed rhythms to dispel the nightmare images of the great man defiled. I was, though badly shaken, at last awakened.

THANK GOD IT was only a dream! But as I became more fully awake it struck me that more dismaying than having such events erupt in one's dream life was that no living hero or surrogate had appeared to play Anthony to Lincoln's Caesar. Even the villains were less than individualized, the figure who looked like Mr. Justice Holmes only resembling him and the man in the long, gray coat only *looking* like Mr. Edmund Wilson (but with no aura of scholarly eminence). And so the women. None struck me as mother-figures, neither the rump-sprung blonde, the poke-bonneted granny, nor the tall boom-and-bust figure in the stiff black dress—though I'm sure that some critic expert in the interior life of writers could write a fascinating essay on these ladies as three phases of the same personage—say: "The Woman as Earth-Mother, as Matron, and as Scold." Seriously, I could not ignore the fact that no one tried to stop the mob, nor that I myself was but a trapped and impotent observer—in fact, most infantile, my mind become an incongruous scene for historical horrors horribly personalized.

But enough, let me not pretend objectivity; my dream, being a dream, was absurd. For how else describe its mixture of obscene, historical and mythical elements? During the bright Roman day I had read my friend's questioning letter, and at night had fallen asleep reading Gilbert Murray's chapter on "Hamlet and Orestes," which here would seem to shed no light at all. Yet this immediately suggests, whatever its Freudian implications, a possible relationship between my dream and a pattern of classical tragedy: the hero-father murdered (for Lincoln *is* a kind of father of 20th-century America), his life evilly sacrificed and the fruits of his neglected labors withering some ninety years in the fields; the state fallen into corruption, and the citizens into moral anarchy, and with no hero come to set things right. Perhaps this is too far-fetched, but when living abroad one is compelled to look homeward through one's own inner eyes and through the objectives that lie at hand. Perhaps, therefore—any lens being better than no lens at all—the present optics provided by Murray's essay on tragedy will serve without too much distortion when we consider the possibility that the last true note of tragedy was sounded (and quickly muffled) in our land when the North buried Lincoln and the South buried Lee, and between them cast the better part, both of our tragic sense—except perhaps the Negroes'—and our capacity for tragic heroism into the grave. On the national scale, at least, this seems true. The sheet-covered figure in my dream might well have been General Robert E. Lee.

So I confess defeat, it is too complex for me to "tell it like it is." I can only suggest that here at least is how the Southern Congressmen's defiance of the Supreme Court joined with matters which bemused my writer's waking mind in Rome; this is how the incident "dreamed." For a writer who depends upon the imagination for his insights and his judgments, perhaps this is usually the way. Current events and events from the past, both personal and historical, ever collide within his interior life—either to be jumbled in the chaos of dream, or brought to ordered significance through the forms and techniques of his art. Following my defeat with the essay, I returned to my novel—which, by the way, has as its central incident the assassination of a Senator.

Rome 1956
New York 1965.

A century ago, the United States committed itself to the task of safeguarding individual rights for its individual citizens. THE NATION *has never let go concerning itself with these rights and with individual people. It is a publication which has advanced the public interest and which understands that truthful speaking by an enlightened public is essential to a nation's well-being. I may disagree from time to time with editorial policy or with content, but I am always in hearty agreement with* THE NATION'S *willingness to speak out.*

May THE NATION *have another century of busy and active life.*

—Rep. John V. Lindsay

THE PEOPLES OF AMERICA

NATHAN GLAZER

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THE HISTORY of ethnicity and ethnic self-consciousness in this country has moved in waves; we are now in a trough between two crests, and the challenge is to describe the shape and form of the next crest. That there will be another crest it is hardly possible to doubt. Since the end of European mass immigration to this country forty years ago we have waited for the subsidence of ethnic self-consciousness, and often announced it, and it has returned again and again. But each time it has returned in so different a form that one could well argue it was not the same thing returning at all, that what we saw was not the breakthrough of the consciousness of common origin and community among the groups that made America, but rather that ethnicity was being used as a cover for some other more significant force, which was borrowing another identity.

During the early years of the depression, ethnicity withdrew as a theme in American life. Both those who had urged the "Americanization" of the immigrant and the creation of "cultural pluralism" now had more important concerns. Immigration was matched by a counter-emigration back to the countries of origins; one episode of American history it seemed had come to an end. Then with the rise of Hitler the ethnic texture of American life began to reassert itself. First Jews; then Germans; then Czechs, Poles, Italians, and even the "old Americans," remembering their origins in England, all were spurred to action and organization by Hitler and the great war that he began. Samuel Lubell has traced how the support for Franklin D. Roosevelt in the great cities shifted from class to ethnicity, as the international conflict developed and various groups responded to, or against, Roosevelt as he displayed his sentiments and allegiances.

In 1945 this great crest began to withdraw. True, there was the continuing impact on ethnic groups of the confrontation with Russia and communism, but with the passage of time this began to lose its ethnic coloration. Catholics in general were more anti-Communist than others, Poles still more so, Jews much less so. But the international conflict was so sharply colored by ideology rather than national antagonism, that with the passage of time it no longer served to set group against group (as it had in the Hitler years). Soviet opposition to Israel and Soviet anti-Semitism; the rise of a measure of cautious Polish independence; de-Stalinization in Russia—all these developments softened the sharp conflicts which had created a powerful resonance among immigrants and their children in this country.

The Eisenhower period marked thus a new trough, and it was possible to conclude that the workings of the melting pot had been retarded only slightly by the Neolithic tribal ferocity of Hitler and the counter-reactions he evoked. But now a new wave began to gather force, a wave that had nothing to do with international affairs. Will Herberg interpreted the increased religious activity of the postwar years as a half-embarrassed means of maintaining group identity in a democratic society which did not look with favor on the long-continued maintenance of sharply distinguished ethnic groups. The "triple melting pot" theory of Ruby Jo Reeves Kennedy, along with her data on intermarriage, suggested that old ethnic lines were being replaced by new religious lines. The chameleon-like force of ancestral connection, one could argue, was being transmuted into the forms of religion. Those who were concerned for religion could of course take no comfort in this analysis, even if the religious denominations benefited from higher collections and new buildings. If our major religions are replacing ethnic groups, one could not yet herald the creation of a homogeneous and undivided American group consciousness in America, but at least our divisions no longer paralleled those of old Europe—something which had deeply troubled our leaders from Washington to Woodrow Wilson—but the more acceptable divisions of religion, which ostensibly had an older and more respectable lineage and justification. Thus, if Herberg could still discern the forces of ethnic identity at work in the new clothes of religious denominationalism, at least they no longer expressed themselves openly.

BUT ONCE AGAIN an unabashed ethnicity reasserted itself, in the campaign of John F. Kennedy and his brief Presidency. In his cabinet, for the first time, there sat a Jew of East European origin, an Italian American, a Polish American. If the Jews were no longer being appointed primarily to represent a group, there was no question that this was the explanation for the appointment of an Italian American and a Polish American. The Catholic President was reminded by everyone that he was an Irish President. He was the first President to be elected from an immigrant group that had suffered discrimination and prejudice, and that still remembered it—and those of us from later immigrant groups, who had experienced the lordly position of the Irish in the cities of the East, discovered only with some surprise that the Irish did remember their days as a degraded minority. Those who stemmed from the new immigration now realized that the Irish shared very much the same feelings of resentment at past treatment, of gratification in present accomplishment and recognition. But the old Americans too responded to the realization that they had an Irish President, as well as a Democratic, Catholic and intellectual President. Certainly it is hard to explain otherwise the mutual antagonism that rapidly sprang up between the new Administration and such a large part of the big business establishment, the seat of the old Americans, the "WASP" power. The Administration's policies were not antagonistic to big business. There was of course the President's violent response to the steel price rise, but was not that, too, a reflection—at least in part—of old ethnic images and conflicts? No one who spoke to anyone close to those events could doubt it.

I would suggest a gentle recession, if not a trough, in the period since President Kennedy's assassination. Two events to my mind suggest the retreat of an open and congratulatory ethnic self-assertiveness, and they are related. One is the new concern with the poor, which complementarily marks all the non-poor as members of the same group, with the same social task laid upon them; and the second is the steady radicalization of the civil rights movement and Negro opinion, and this increasingly places all the whites in the same category, without distinction. And once again a symbolic political event marks the recession of ethnic self-consciousness: the accession of President Johnson, who, like President Eisenhower, comes from a part of America that was relatively unaffected by European immigration.

I have marked recurrent crests and troughs of ethnic self-consciousness by political events, but the political events have of course paralleled social events. The crisis of the depression erased for the moment ethnic memories and allegiances. The agony of the European peoples reawakened it. Prosperity and the rapid rise of the new immigrant groups to upper working-class and middle-class status again reduced their sense of difference. The security that came with long sustained prosperity made it possible for the descendants of despised immigrants to again take pleasure in their origins and their differences. One of the less observed effects of affluence is that it leads people to their real or hopefully reconstructed origins. In Europe and among Americans who look to the European upper classes this may mean acquiring crests, forebears, and antiques. Among the American descendants of European peasants and artisans, it meant, in a surprising number of cases, a new interest in the culture of the old country. But in the most recent period, the rise of the joint problems of poverty and the assimilation of the Negro raises a new set of questions. For the moment, ethnic self-assertiveness is in eclipse and even in bad odor. And the eclipse is directly related to the new problems.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON put the matter quite directly, when he said in a recent speech that the accumulated wisdom of the great European immigrant groups in this country has become irrelevant, for it will not help the current poor and it will not help the Negroes. In varying degrees, we are hearing the same from Louis Lomax, from James Baldwin, from Nat Hentoff, and from other supporters and defenders of Negro militancy. Inevitably the next wave of ethnic self-consciousness must reflect one of the most remarkable and least expected consequences of the Negro revolution—the growing estrangement between European ethnic groups and the Negroes. Its beginnings were studied by Samuel Lubell in the early postwar period, and we have seen the estrangement develop to the point where the fear of the white backlash—and this meant generally the backlash from recent white immigrant groups in the cities—became one of the major issues of the Goldwater-Johnson campaign. The separation, first the barest of lines, has deepened through conflicts over the adoption and administration of fair employment laws, fair housing laws, measures to combat *de facto* school segregation. The patterns under which and through which the European ethnic groups have lived—the trade unions and branches of industry dominated by one or a few ethnic groups, the ethnically concentrated neighborhood with its distinctive schools and churches and organizations—all have come under increasing attack. And thus the distinctive social patterns of the North and West, which the immigrant and the ethnic groups helped create, are now being slowly but surely turned into a Southern-like confrontation of white and black. The varied, more balanced and more creative ethnic conflicts of the North are now in danger of being transformed into the monolithic confrontation of the South.

In the South, Northern variety never developed. One great division dominated and smothered all others, the division between black and white. In this area, the European immigrant of the later 19th and early 20th century never penetrated. All he had to offer generally was unskilled labor, and in the South the unskilled labor was the work of Negroes. The white immigrant laborer refused to enter an area in which the laborer was degraded not only by his work but by a caste system, where wages were low, and racial conflict hindered trade union development and social legislation. The immigrant worked in the parts of the country where work had greater respect and was better rewarded. If he entered the South, it was more often as a merchant than as a worker.

NEGRO PICNIC TODAY

But in the Northern cities, where almost half the Negroes now live, it was not inevitable that the same line of division should be imported from the South. The entry of the Negro into the Northern cities in great numbers during and after World War I and again during and after World War II raised a critical question: was he the last of the great immigrant groups? Would his experience parallel that of the Irish and the Poles and the Jews who had arrived as exploited and unskilled workers and had moved upward, at varying speeds, into middle-class occupations, the professions, business? How would those who were themselves children and grandchildren of recent immigrant waves view him? How would he view himself and his prospects? Against whom would he measure his circumstances? And would the inevitable conflicts between the poorer and the more prosperous resemble the conflicts between Yankees and Irish, Irish and Italians—or would they take the form of the far more deadly and longer established conflict between black and white? I feel the answers are still not given. They will be shaped both by the established ethnic groups and the Negro migrant. But I fear the answer from both sides will be . . . yes, the Negro is different.

IT IS impossible for the history of ethnic self-consciousness to escape from the impact of Negro urban migration, for all the waves of immigration have affected the self-consciousness of waves that came before. The old Americans reacted to the first great waves of immigrants of the forties and fifties of the 19th century with an exaggerated sense of their own high status and aristocratic connections. The early immigrants from each group withdrew from later immigrants, but were generally forced together with them because the old Americans imposed a common identity on them. The history of ethnic self-consciousness, it is clear, has not worked itself out independently of social and economic and political events. If anything, it has been a reaction to these events: the rise of one group, the occupancy of the bottom by another, the political conflicts of Europe, the sequence of immigration in each town and city and section. All these have helped mold ethnic self-consciousness, and its reflection in social activity, in political choice, in economic history.

But on the whole this self-consciousness, whatever its stages, has been marked by optimism and hope. I have described the Kennedy mood among the more recent and more sharply defined American ethnic groups as self-congratulation. Indeed it was that, though each of the groups might have found some basis for resentment rather than pride. The Irish had reached the heights of political success, and the Jews were prosperous, but both were still in large measure excluded from the pinnacles of economic power—the great banks, insurance companies, corporations. The Italians still were remarkably poorly represented in high political posts, and had a much smaller share in every establishment—economic, political, cultural—than the Jews, who had come at the same time and were less numerous. The Poles were even poorer. And yet such invidious comparisons—which the census made clear—were rarely made. All the new groups seem to have escaped from the difficult period of second generation self-depreciation and exaggerated Americanism. All seemed to wear ethnic connection with self-assurance. Certainly the growing prosperity of Europe, the increased trade with Europe, the wide acceptance of its consumer goods here, the large influence of European culture, all made the acceptance of one's ethnic connections easier—for by doing so, after all, one was no longer acknowledging poor relations. It was fascinating to remark upon the change in the image of the homeland among the more self-conscious and better educated descendants of the immigrants. Ireland was no longer the home of potatoes and cabbage, but of Joyce and the Abbey theatre, good Irish whiskey and Georgian architecture, horse-racing and tweeds. Italy became the land of chic, while Israel and Poland, if they could not compete in the arts of affluent consumption, became now paragons of political independence and heroism. Every group fortunately found something to admire in the old (or new) country, and found it easy to acknowledge the connection that had once been obscured.

But if this characterizes the most recent mood of ethnic self-consciousness, it is now challenged by the new Negro militancy and the theory on which it is reared. The self-congratulatory expressions are strangled in the throat. For a while, in the forties and fifties, when Jewish and Catholic groups worked effectively with Urban League and NAACP, with Negroes proud of having achieved middle-class status, the older ethnic groups and their representatives could present themselves as models and elder brothers—in community organization, group defense work, in cultural and political activity. But the radical Negro mood, and its growing reflection among intellectuals, turns all whites into exploiters, with old Americans, old immigrants, and new immigrants lumped together. The success of the ethnic groups—limited as it is for many—now becomes a reproach. Their very history, which each group has been so busy writing and reconstructing, now becomes an unspoken (and sometimes spoken) criticism of the Northern Negro. Both sides see it, and rush to explain themselves.

What after all is the history of the American ethnic groups but a history of group and individual adaptation to difficult circumstances? All the histories move in the same patterns. The immigrants arrive; they represent the poorest and least educated and most oppressed of their countries in Europe and Asia. They arrive ignorant of our language and customs, exploited and abused. They huddle together in the ghettos of the cities, beginning slowly to attend to their most immediate needs—organization for companionship, patterns of self-aid in crisis, churches for worship, schools to maintain the old culture. American society and government is indifferent to their needs and desires; they are allowed to do what they wish, but neither hindered nor aided. In this amorphous setting where no limits are set to group organization, they gradually form a community. Their children move through the public schools and perhaps advance themselves—if not, it may be the grandchildren who do. The children are embarrassed by the poverty and ignorance of the parents. Eventually they, or the grandchildren, learn to accept their origins as poverty and ignorance are overcome. They move into the spheres of American life in which many or all groups meet—the larger economy, politics, social life, education. Eventually many of the institutions created by the immigrants become a hindrance rather than a necessity; some are abandoned, some are changed. American society in the meantime has made a place for and even become dependent on some of these institutions, such as old-age homes and hospitals, adoption services and churches—these survive and perhaps flourish. More and more of these institutions become identified with the religious denomination, rather than the ethnic group as such.

NOTE ONE element of this history: demand on government plays a small role; response by government plays a small role. There is one great exception, the labor movement. But even the labor movement, which eventually found support in public law and government administrative structure, began its history as voluntary organization in the amorphous structure of American society, and achieved its first triumphs without, or even against, government.

Does this history have any meaning for the American Negro? This is the question that Jews and Japanese, Irish and Italians, Poles and Czechs ask themselves. Some new immigrant groups—Puerto Ricans and Mexicans—think it does have a meaning for them. They try to model their institutions on those of earlier immigrant groups. They show the same uncertainties and confusions over what to do with the culture and language they have brought with them. The militant Negro and his white allies passionately deny the relevance or even the truth of this history. It is white history; as white history it is also the history of the exploitation of the Negro, of the creation of privilege on the basis of his unpaid and forced labor. It is not history he can accept as having any meaning for him. His fate, he insists, has been far more drastic and frightful than any other, and neither Irish famines nor Jewish pogroms make the members of these groups brothers in understanding. The hatred with which he is looked upon by whites, he believes, has nothing in common with the petty prejudices that European immigrant groups have met. And the America of today, in which he makes his great and desperate effort for full equality, he asserts, has little in common with the America of mass immigration.

A subtle intervention of government in every aspect of social life, of economy, of culture, he insists, is necessary now to create justice. Every practice must now be scrutinized anew for its impact on this totally unique and incomparable group in American life. The neighborhood school, the civil service system, the personnel procedures of our corporations, the practices of small business, the scholarship systems of our states, the composition and character of our churches, the structure of neighborhood organization, the practices of unions—all, confronted with this shibboleth, fail. The Negro has not received his due, and the essence of all of them is therefore discrimination and exclusion, and the defense of privilege. It is no wonder that ethnic self-consciousness, after its brief moment of triumph, after its legitimization in American life, now turns upon itself in confusion. After all, it is these voluntary churches, organizations, hospitals, schools, and businesses that have become the pride of ethnic groups, and the seat of whatever distinctiveness they possess. It is by way of this participation that they have become part of the very fabric of American life. But the fabric is now challenged. And looked at from another perspective, the Negro perspective, the same structure that defends some measure of uniqueness by the same token defends some measure of discrimination and exclusion.

It is impossible for the ethnic groups in America, who have already moved through so many protean forms, to be unaffected by the civil rights revolution. For this raises the question of the status of the largest of American minority groups, the one most closely bound up with American history from its very beginnings. Chinese and Japanese, perhaps Puerto Ricans and Mexican Americans can accept the patterns of development and gradual assimilation into American society that are exhibited in the history of the great European immigrant groups. For a while, some of us who studied this history and saw in its variety and flexibility some virtues for a mass, industrial society, which suppresses variety and flexibility in so many areas, hoped that the American Negro, as he entered the more open environments of Northern cities, could also move along the paths the European immigrant groups had followed.

We now wonder whether this hope was illusory. Whether it was the infection of Europeans with the virus of American racial prejudice; or the inability to confine the direct and violent conflict in the South; or the impact of slavery and Southern experience on the American Negro—it is clear, whatever the causes, that for one of the major groups in American life, the idea of pluralism, which has supported the various developments of other groups, has become a mockery. Whatever concrete definition we give to pluralism, it means a limitation of government power, a relatively free hand for private and voluntary organizations to develop their own patterns of worship, education, social life, residential concentration, and even their distinctive economic activity. All of these inevitably enhance the life of one group; from the perspective of the American Negro they are inevitably exclusive and discriminatory.

THE GENERAL ideas that have justified the development of the ethnic group in America have never been too well explicated. We have tended to obscure the inevitable conflicts between individual group interest and national interest, even when they have occurred, rather than set down sharp principles to regulate the ethnic groups. If an ethnic group interest clashed with a national interest, we have been quite ruthless and even extreme in overriding the group interest. Thus two World Wars radically diminished the scale and assertiveness of German-American group life. But we have never fully developed what is permitted and what is not. Now a new national interest is becoming defined—the final liquidation of Negro separation, in all areas of our life: the economic, the social, the cultural, the residential. In every area, Negro separation, regardless of its causes, is seen as unbearable by Negroes. Inevitably this must deeply mark the future development of American ethnic groups, whose continuance contributes, in some measure, to this separation. Recently in this country there has been a positive attitude to ethnic distinctiveness. Oscar Handlin and others have argued that it does not divide the nation or weaken it in war; rather it helps integrate the immigrant groups and adds a rich strand of variety to American civilization. Now a new question arises: what is its effect on the Negro?

Perhaps, ironically, the final homogenization of the American people, the creation of a common nationality replacing all other forms of national connection, will now come about because of the need to guarantee the integration of the Negro. But I believe the group character of American life is too strongly established and fits too many individual needs to be so completely suppressed. Is it not more likely that as Negro demands are in varying measure met, the Negro too will accept the virtues of our complex society, in which separation is neither forbidden nor required, but rather tolerated? Perhaps the American Negro will become another ethnic group, accepted by others and accepting himself.

C. VANN WOODWARD

FLIGHT FROM HISTORY
The Heritage of the Negro

Born in Arkansas, Mr. Woodward spent most of his professional teaching career in the South. Now Sterling Professor of History at Yale University, he is the author of The Strange History of Jim Crow *and of other histories of the South and of Southern mores.*

EMERGING SLOWLY from the crippling handicaps of the past since World War II, Negro Americans have been seeking some viable conception of their history, some meaningful way of relating the past to the present and the future. They have responded to this problem with a variety of solutions, some of them quite contradictory and mutually incompatible. The simplest and most drastic solution is to turn their back upon the past, to reject history outright. A second is to identify themselves with the past, the legends and the myths of some other group. A third is to make over the past on some heroic model in order to furnish a crutch for racial pride and self-esteem. All of these solutions have a common source in a misguided sense of shame and self-hatred.

The most extreme of the solutions, the complete rejection of the past, is commonly though not invariably associated with attitudes toward the period of slavery. "I do not think I would be stretching a point," writes one Negro historian, "by saying that the bulk of Negro scholarship reveals a sense of shame on our past for the period of slavery." In reacting to an issue of a popular magazine devoted to the history of slavery, a Baltimorean declares, "It is high time we buried atrocious reminders of our shameful past." And a professional historian, writing not long before some of the most revisionary and liberating studies of slavery had been made, says, "Let it be declared here and now that for the purposes of Negro history . . . the topic of slavery in the United States has been virtually exhausted." Further study would be a "further waste of time."

Rejection of the past since the period of slavery has been urged by Negroes as well as by well-meaning white advisers who regard all history as some sort of curse, an incubus upon progress. "History, white and black," declared a speaker at Tuskegee Institute recently, "has defeated us too long. And I want free of that history, that burden. The good South wants free of it too." A white civil rights worker and trained historian feels that "we are too much impressed with the power of the past" and that "history has become a burden rather than a guide." He would somehow blot it from public memory. And a white anthropologist addressing a race conference advises that "the norms of the past have been transcended," and that "the American Negro no longer has to seek a past."

An alternative to the radical solution of rejecting the past completely is identification with the history, tradition and religion of another ethnic or national group. This solution, rarely endorsed by intellectual leaders, usually finds expression in popular cults with charismatic leaders and mass following. Remoteness in time or space or cultural origins proves no impediment to such identifications. The Black Muslims appropriate without compunction the myth, symbols and religion of Islam. The Black Jews of Harlem, a smaller sect, conceive of themselves as descendants of Ethiopian Hebrews and the lost tribes of Israel. Back-to-Africa movements have come and gone for more than a century, each with a strained and artificial identification with African myth and heritage. But only since World War II, and more particularly in the last decade and the sudden emergence of some thirty new independent African republics from white colonial rule, have Negro Americans at large been stirred by impulses of identification with African history and myth in the making.

Another alternative is a bold recreation of the past, a reshaping of history to meet present needs, inspire courage, and promote race pride. For the Negro, writes Arthur A. Schomburg, "group tradition must supply compensation for persecution, and pride of race the antidote for prejudice. History must restore what slavery took away. . ." History should be guided by a "purpose-philosophy," writes one historian. "Negro History is quite different from the study of the Negro. Frankly, the former differs from the latter in that Negro History has a *purpose* which is built upon *faith.*" This all sounds very much like the "purpose-philosophy" of certain schools of white history, hauntingly similar to much of Southern history. There are, of course, perfectly sound Negro historians who do not accept this philosophy. But in the opinion of the sociologist Arnold Rose, "The whole tendency of the Negro History movement—not as history but as propaganda—is to encourage the average Negro to escape the realities—the actual achievements and the actual failures—of the present."

BEFORE NEGRO Americans in the excitement of their revolution carry their experiments with the past any further or become more deeply committed to the total rejection, the false substitutions or the purposive recreation of history, they would do well to consider the actual historical environment in which they were fated to conduct their struggle for equality during the century since the Civil War. They might gain thereby some appreciation of the handicaps history imposed on their struggle—exceptionally harsh handicaps that were not of their own making. And they might at the same time purge themselves of the false shame that has inspired their misguided experiments with history.

History usually confounds more prophecies than it confirms, but it takes its time about doing so and by the time the prophecies are fully confounded they have usually been forgotten. One useful preliminary perspective of the century of American Negro history since 1865 may be gained by a brief survey of the forgotten and confuted prophecies made about the future of the freedmen at the time of their emancipation. They were not the prognostications of fanatics and cranks, but views endorsed by men of learning or responsible statesmen and sometimes widely entertained among the citizenry. In origin they were exclusively white and predominantly Northern, and they were preponderantly pessimistic. Optimism about the Negro, even among his friends and champions, was rare and continued to be rare for a long time.

The following predictions are listed as samples in no particular order: (1) that American Negroes were a disappearing race doomed to early extinction under the exposures and competitions of freedom, a view that continued to crop up for two decades; (2) that their best hope for peaceful survival lay in deportation and colonization abroad, a panacea to which President Lincoln clung to the end; (3) a variation on the same theme, that free Negroes could not live in peace among whites and should be isolated on reservations like the Indians; (4) that they would quickly swarm over the North in a mass exodus from the South and meet a hostile reception, a phobia prevalent in many parts of the North; (5) that they could never fit into a democracy as citizens fully qualified for self-government; (6) that gradual loss of racial distinctiveness through amalgamation was the only hope, that this would take ages, and that in any case it would be a solution abhorrent to the white majority.

THE BLEAK climate of expectations in which freedom was born was to grow even less friendly to Negro aspirations of equality, full citizenship and assimilation as the century drew to a close and the new century started. It is in fact hard to find a period of history less congenial to the success of the movement than the eighty years following the end of the Civil War. From the start the equality movement was haunted by a fateful coincidence of ideas and events at home and abroad deeply antagonistic to the experiment. If the American struggle for national independence had been conducted under historical handicaps half so heavy, it is doubtful that it would have lasted very long, if indeed it could have been carried off at all. Any attempt to understand the failures, regressions and betrayals of American race policy during the century that has just ended will have to take into account those fateful handicaps.

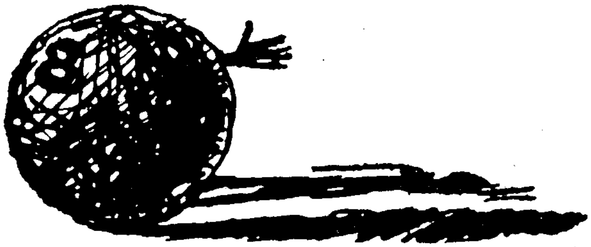
One large category of these handicaps was ideological. The first half-century of Negro freedom in America happened to coincide with the dominance of racism in Western thought generally and American social theory in particular. It is true that American racism did not start with Darwin, and the Southern variety owed nothing at all to him. But after Darwin the vulgar dogma of race superiority found a reputable rationale. This was provided not by what Darwin himself wrote, but by unwarranted analogies his followers drew between biological and social organisms, between natural selection among lower species and conflict between nations, classes and races. Genetic symbols rapidly took priority over all others in social thought. This meant that the high incidence of poverty, illiteracy, disease and crime among Negroes was attributed to race and held to be congenital and unalterable.

This fashion of thought infected virtually all levels and classes of white society. It even permeated the Negro's old anti-slavery friends and Abolitionist allies and penetrated the ranks of Radical Republicans who framed the first Civil Rights Acts, the Reconstruction Acts, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Even in these measures—the very legal foundation for the new order of freedom and equality—can be found the compromises, half-measures, and ambivalences that are in essence concessions to racism. Even THE NATION, founded in 1865 by Abolitionists as successor to *The Liberator*, had made concessions before a year was out that alienated the founders and disappointed the freedmen. Some of the Abolitionists themselves soon began to mouth the stereotypes of race and repudiate their equalitarian doctrines. The party of liberation and reconstruction was ready to repudiate its equalitarian principles before it had completed a decade of the reconstruction experiment.

IN THE post-Reconstruction era the liberals, reformers, mugwumps and intellectuals who might have been expected to carry on the defense of principles after politicians had abandoned them were swept along in the current of racist thought. The Adams brothers, Henry, Charles Francis and Brooks, had nothing to say of the Negro's betrayal. Leading academic figures such as Charles H. Cooley, Richard T. Ely, John R. Commons and E. A. Ross were often democratic idealists, but they also subscribed to racism of one variety or another and left the Negro out of their vital concerns. Social Gospel clergyman Josiah Strong, Washington Gladden, Walter Rauschenbusch and George T. Herron were outspoken critics of economic and social injustices of their time, but some of them were of the racist persuasion and none of them proved aware of the Negro's special plight.

Negro labor had found something more than rhetorical hospitality from the old Knights of Labor in their heyday, and after their collapse in the mid-eighties the American Federation of Labor kept up a show of cordiality. By the end of the century, however, the A. F. of L. was in full retreat on the race issue. Much as the federal government evaded responsibility by deferring to the states, the Federation of Labor deferred to the autonomous unions that restricted or excluded Negro membership. Samuel Gompers welcomed "with much pleasure" the affiliation of railroad brotherhoods and other unions that were among the worst offenders against Negro workers. Racial discrimination and exclusion spread unchecked through the trade unions.

The Socialist Party of America appeared to get off to a strong start in 1901 at its first convention by adopting, in spite of significant opposition, a resolution inviting the Negro to join the party on a status equal with white men. But the resolution was quickly forgotten and reference to the Negro disappeared from party platforms and resolutions as racism spread among the members during the very years of greatest Socialist strength. Victor Berger, the first Socialist elected to Congress and a representative of Milwaukee, the strongest Socialist city, was an outspoken believer in Negro inferiority and an advocate of white supremacy. Other prominent Socialists who took the white-supremacy line included H. Gaylord Wilshire, Ernest Untermann, J. Stitt Wilson and Alexander Jonas. A. J. Wayland, a prominent Socialist editor, was a strict segregationist. Racism in some measure infected nearly all factions, though some, like Untermann and John Spargo, combined expressions of sympathy for the Negro with explicit disavowal of what they called "social equality." Even Eugene Debs, a sincere friend of the Negro, nevertheless felt impelled to disavow "social equality" and to deplore the present "animalism" of the Negro. Jim Crow Socialist locals were the rule in the South and not unknown outside.



As the conscience of the Progressive Movement, the muckrakers performed an indispensable service to reform by exposing injustice, corruption and wrong doing. They probed into a remarkable variety of aspects of American life, sometimes superficially, sometimes deeply. But with the exception of Ray Stannard Baker, who published *Following the Color Line* in 1907, they proved largely indifferent to the Negro and racial injustice.

The greatest blind spot of the whole Progressive generation was the Negro. Never was the "invisible man" quite so invisible as he was to this highly ethical, idealistic, liberal and reform-minded group of men. They looked at him, but they saw only stereotypes. They thought about him, but only in defeatist and negative terms. They legislated about him, but only to protect white privilege. They litigated about him, but only to weaken constitutional protection of his rights. Under Progressive government, national and state and local, the Negro's status deteriorated steadily. With Progressive connivance, or permission, or encouragement, Jim Crowism made its most rapid gains for legal sanction, disfranchisement was carried to its greatest extent, economic and social discrimination reached its peak, and constitutional guarantees of civil rights were reduced to a new low. As one Progressive described the process, "The more white men recognize sharply their kinship with their fellow whites, and the more democracy in every sense of the term spreads among them, the more the Negro is compelled to 'keep his place.' " Progressivism and racism, one and inseparable.

THE RACISM of the Progressives had the endorsement of the highest authority and their foremost spokesmen, including the two most famous Presidents they elected. Theodore Roosevelt is often remembered for inviting Booker Washington to dine at the White House. But he never repeated this "mistake," as he later called it, and he went further than any of his predecessors since President Rutherford B. Hayes in appeasing Southern prejudice. "Now as to the negroes!" he wrote Owen Wister in 1906, "I entirely agree with you that as a race and in the mass they are altogether inferior to the whites." He privately pronounced the enfranchisement of the Negro a terrible error and thought the restoration of the francise would reduce the South to the level of Haiti. Under the Wilson administration Negro employees in the Washington bureaucracy were segregated with the President's approval. "I would say that I do approve of the segregation that is being attempted in several of the departments," wrote Wilson, and added that segregation was "distinctly to the advantage of the colored people themselves."

Nothing occurred in the 1920s to mitigate official race policy and much occurred, including the recrudescence of the Ku Klux Klan on a national basis, to intensify popular race phobias. In the depression decade social crises of a different character preoccupied national attention. Racist rhetoric was alien to the style and temper of the New Deal, and some of its reformers made the Negro a special object of concern in welfare programs. But the fundamental approach of the New Deal toward the Negro was paternalistic rather than equalitarian. The basic structure of segregation, disfranchisement, discrimination and subordination was rarely challenged, and gestures of protest were largely ineffectual. White supremacy made itself thoroughly at home in the councils of the New Deal. The country entered World War II under a government in which this congeniality remained virtually undisturbed and proceeded, unembarrassed by any real sense of inconsistency, to fight a crusade against the racist ideology of enemy powers.

In the meantime, working within the national climate of opinion that prevailed with only temporary fluctuations from 1865 to 1945, Southern whites experienced little difficulty in confining the Negro in the South to the degree of subordination required by dominant white opinion. Even during the brief interval of Radical Reconstruction under federal military protection the exceptions were relatively few and the difficulties minimal. It is absurd to speak of "Negro domination" in any Southern state during Reconstruction. White domination in various combinations, native or Northern, prevailed throughout the region in that period. After Reconstruction the Negro continued to vote in large numbers in most Southern states, to hold office in several, and to send a few representatives to Congress from the South down through the end of the 19th century. That in itself served as some check upon the deterioration of their status. White racial extremists, moreover, were not yet dominant in the South. So long as white conservatives retained control they maintained a tacit political alliance with the Negro against white rivals and dissenters. In return conservatives provided the Negro some degree of paternalistic protection against extremist aggression. In their struggle against conservative rule, white agrarian radicals in various third-party organizations attempted to attract Negro support for their own movements, most notably the Populist movement of the nineties. As bad as his plight was in the South, therefore, the Negro was not without protection of some sort.

Toward the end of the 19th century these various restraints on racial aggression began to collapse. To protect their own power the conservatives gave rein to race extremists and called for white unity against the Negro. Populists responded to the race issue and together the white man's party proceeded to deprive the Negro of what remaining protection the law provided. The most important step was disfranchisement, which was virtually complete by 1910 and quite thorough. The Negro quickly disappeared from the polls, the petty offices, the jury lists, and such small political patronage as he had enjoyed. Segregation had been informal, erratic and extra-legal up to the nineties, but then became legal, rigidly enforced, and universal. Jim Crowism advanced to fantastic extremes, and more and more doors of opportunity closed. Negro workmen were driven from crafts and occupations they had long practiced and some they had virtually monopolized. The 20th century witnessed a degradation in status that the Negro had not known since emancipation.

National consent and approval kept pace with Southern developments. The sections were never far apart on race policy. All retreated more or less in step toward reactionary extremes. Acquiescence and endorsement came from press and pulpit, from Congress and Supreme Court, and flowed from the highest levels of American moral and intellectual aristocracy. On a trip through the South in 1907, Henry James found himself at once able to share and sympathize with the Southern point of view. He was "introduced at a bound to the formidable question, which rose suddenly like some beast that had sprung from the jungle," and he "understood at a glance." In the same year President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard likewise called for sympathetic understanding of the South and its segregation system. "Perhaps if there were as many Negroes here as there," he wrote, "we might think it better for them to be in separate schools. . . . If they were equal in numbers or in a majority, we might deem a separation necessary."

The fateful coincidence of history since 1865 that haunted the Negro's strivings at home was matched by a climate of opinion and a calendar of events abroad that was equally hostile to his aspirations. Emancipation and enfranchisement of the African in America coincided with European colonization of the African in Africa and the rapid partitioning of the continent by imperial powers. Before 1861 there had been no permanent European settlement to speak of south of the Sahara Desert, save in South Africa and the few scattered Portuguese plantations. But with the annexation of Senegal by Napoleon III in 1861 the great partitioning and colonization of the continent began. Belgium took the Congo basin, Germany seized vast expanses of eastern and southwestern Africa, and England staked out a huge empire stretching from Cairo to the Cape. The Europeans who were engaged in these imperial enterprises could hardly have been less morally concerned with the fate of the abortive experiment of African equality in America, or more sympathetic with American doctrines of innate Negro inferiority that were thwarting the experiment. The international climate of imperialism was as unfriendly as the domestic climate of racism.

When the United States belatedly shouldered its share of the white man's burden overseas it took direct or indirect dominion over more people of color abroad than it had within its continental borders. In doing so it not only imported all the fashionable European attitudes but isolated its own colored population from such sympathy and support as might have come from other people of color. And at the same time it involved the entire nation in policies of racial discrimination and oppression abroad that were thereby given further license and encouragement at home.

THAT IS THE historical predicament from which American Negroes have only lately begun to emerge. Their predicament was to be caught in a confrontation with the white man throughout the years of his greatest racial arrogance, when his will could not be seriously challenged anywhere in the world and all races bowed to his rule. In America the Negro was not sustained, as were the subject races of Asia, India and Africa, by an unbroken cultural heritage and the presence of his own kind in force. He faced his ordeal as an isolated minority newly emerged from two and a half centuries of a bondage that had stripped him of his native culture and left him defenseless before his enemies. That he survived at all is remarkable, but that some should regard the achievement with shame is even more so. Only a people who have endured such an ordeal and could draw upon the collective wisdom of the experience could have marshaled the patience, the restraint and the discipline under the most intense provocation in their great movement of protest. Gerald W. Johnson calls their determined adherence to nonviolence in the South "a demonstration of political maturity that is among the most impressive in all history." Before the Negro turns his back on his own history, or exchanges it for the tradition of another people, or invents a false history for himself, he might try to appreciate the value of the special heritage that is his own.

Sometimes I have thought over the half-century I've read THE NATION *that I could get along without it—among all the periodicals demanding my attention. But I found I just couldn't. I need its confirmation of my views just as I need its critical dissent from them. Always alert, never irrelevant, hard-hitting in advocacy or opposition, it has remained faithful under all its editors to the principles of its founders.*

—Roger N. Baldwin

THE SOUTH REVISITED

A contemporary observer follows in the footsteps of another reporter, John Richard Dennett, who 100 years ago toured the post-bellum South for the new *Nation*. Extracts from Mr. Dennett's century-old series immediately follow Mr. Zinn's article.

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn taught for seven years at a predominantly Negro college in Atlanta, Ga., where he was Chairman of the Department of History and active in the civil rights movement. He is now Associate Professor of Government at Boston University. He has written extensively on civil rights. His latest book, New Deal Thought, *will be published soon by Bobbs Merrill.*

LYNCHBURG, VIRGINIA. On the Piedmont plane from Washington to Lynchburg at dusk, a plump-faced man in a business suit began a conversation, his accent soft-Southern:

"You going to Lynchburg? So am I. I'm in the pharmaceutical business. Just come from Baltimore, trying to find me a salesman there. . . . Understanding people is the main thing in selling. . . . It's like this whole business now with the nigra. Why naturally the nigra's going to demand his rights so long as he's oppressed. And naturally the white man's going to oppress him so long as he can get away with it. . . . I don't know what your religion is, but this is what I like about Christianity—it preaches moderation. . . .

"Now look, I can tell a nigra's voice any day of the week. I was brought up on a farm outside Greenville, South Carolina, and I played with nigra boys, wrestled with them, fished with them. I can tell their talk anywhere, through a wall, through a curtain, on the telephone, *anywhere*. Well, in Baltimore, this fellow calls me up for an appointment. Very nice, intelligent, credentials first-rate, I couldn't tell a thing from his voice. We made an appointment, he came to the hotel, walked up to me in the lobby. A good-looking nigra, neat, pleasant. We shook hands and talked. I told him I'd let him know later about my decision. Would our company hire a nigra? I don't know. *I* would. The world's coming in on the South. . . ." [*Compare with item 1 of Mr. Dennett's 1865 report.—Ed.*]

On a hill south of Lynchburg, an old Negro man, short and thin, in a blue Air Force jacket too big for him, stood outside his wooden cabin and talked, looking out on the road most of the time and only occasionally a quick glance at me. Rain came suddenly and drenched us, and we went up on his porch. A little Negro girl peered through the window at us, disappeared, then came back and looked some more.

"No, this is my son's jacket. I got a pension from the *first* war. My wife works in a dry cleaning place in town, and my son's in the laundry. He's a washer, been there a long time. They throws the clothes in and he washes them. Got two other sons, they works in a foundry in town, makes good money, maybe a hundred dollars a week. Then they start taking off from that and it's not that much. . . .

"Farmin's poor here. I just got two acres. Used to grow tobacco. Now they won't let you grow but an acre. Grow two rows more and they come along and pull it up. They gives you lime to keep the soil good, but all they let you grow is grass. Used to grow wheat, oats, sell them. No more. Oh, I got a half acre planted now, a little onions, cabbage, peas. Too cold to grow potatoes. Yes, the old folks stay, the young ones go, off here, there, everywhere in the world. They work, make just enough for themselves, can't send nothing back to their daddy. Folks remaining here, they go off during the day to work, in Lynchburg, Bedford, far away as Roanoke—fifty miles each way, every day. Farmin's bad around here."

Farther down the road, two Negro women in a two-room cabin of stone and wood invited me into the living room. One of them, slim, animated, with bright red lipstick and a high-pitched voice, did all the talking, while the other sat nearby, not saying anything but smiling at me, nodding her head in agreement with what the other was saying, occasionally interposing "That's right, that's right." A boy of six sat nearby, silent, listening. The walls had dozens of calendar photos, including one of Jesus and one of President Kennedy, and there were hundreds of little knickknacks all over the room. The bed was covered with clothes to be ironed. Nearby was an old TV set and a damaged piano. "Got the piano last year," the woman said, "but it got to be tuned." She waved her hand at the crowded room. "White folks gave me all these.

"No, we got no running water. We'll be putting in a pump soon though. We carry the water from the well, once, twice a day, heat it on the wood stove in the kitchen. Me, I work for a trained nurse. My boy here was playing in her house with her little boy—they got lots of toys all over the house—and she called me over and said, 'Look how my little boy doesn't know about color—they're just having so much fun together.' Yes, he's going to school next year; we got one school integrated—just a little. One ain't."

She pointed to the other woman. "She works in town for other folks. They calls her on the phone at her sister-in-law down the road. White folks been good to us. My house burned down, everybody got together and built me a new one. Folks around here get along fine. Yes, we had a few sit-ins downtown, five and dime is integrated now. But those people on the March in Alabama. They're silly, just plain silly!

"We do different kinds work around here. According to our education—you know what I mean. They *classify* us, fourth grade, sixth grade, eighth grade. And we get jobs by that. . . . No, I don't vote. It's no use voting. No, no one here stops me from voting. I don't see any point to it. They'll do what they want anyhow. I won't make any difference. . . ." [*Compare Dennett's II.*]

* * *

On the road from Lynchburg, a poster signified the South: "Sister Christine—Palm Reader." The highway raced the railroad, close alongside, twenty-five miles to Appomattox. The earth beside the highway was angry red where machines had worked. It was early morning, and two Negro girls piled high with books were squirming, trying to keep them intact while waiting for the school bus. Nearby a tiny white girl with a pleated coat and high, yellow stockings raced across a debris-littered field to climb onto a pile of stones, earth, grass, out of which stuck an uprooted, mutilated tree.

A few miles distant, where a cool wind blew unchecked across an open field, was a green granite plaque reading: "Here on Sunday, April 9, 1865, after four years of heroic struggle in defense of principles believed fundamental to the existence of our government, Lee surrendered 9000 men, the remnants of an army still unconquered in spirit, to 118,000 men under Grant." An iron gate enclosed nineteen tiny blackened stones, representing eighteen Confederate soldiers and one Union soldier, who had died on the day before the surrender was signed. [*Compare Dennett's III.*]

JOHN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA. Out to John's Island, across a neck of water from Charleston, the road is rutted and muddy. There was a shattered bridge across a creek, little houses widely separated, three boys moving through the woods. Negroes turned from slaves to sharecroppers after the Civil War and some bought pieces of land for themselves. But the sons left, and the old folks couldn't pay the taxes, so white farmers bought them out. "Just me one in this house," an old Negro woman said.

Down the road was the "courthouse" where the magistrate, virtual king of the island, held court in an incredibly tiny white wooden box. In front of an auto graveyard, where even the earth was rusty, a Negro woman lived in an old storage shed. In the front yard, a little girl washed clothes in two basins, while her brother rode his twisted bike crazily through the mud.

Back in the middle of the island, in a glen under huge spreading oaks thick with Spanish moss, a white man and a Negro were unloading bright-colored fertilizer sacks from a truck. They were about to plant 600 acres of beans and cabbage. "No, we're not both farmers," the white man said firmly. *"I* farm. *He's* workin!"

Down the road, near a planted field, with hens puttering all around, a young white girl, thin, pimply-faced, held a healthy-looking baby and walked beside her seven-year-old sister. She talked, at first carefully, then more and more at ease. "This is my daddy's land. He plants peanuts and cabbage. But we're moving to the mainland. He'll come back just for sowing and harvesting. Can't live here no more. Got no one for this little girl to be friend with." She pointed to a cluster of Negro children playing a hundred feet down the road. "Nothin but nigger kids to play with, and daddy won't let us play with nigger kids. They sicknin, they ugly, that's why."

Later, on the island, in the house of folklorist Guy Carawan and his wife Candie, I pored over the recorded musings of Negroes living on the island:

"The world is a lot of better now; day is past and gone the people use lamps. This is a lot of change, this electric light. In my time coming up people had jimbo light—you put oil in any kind of bottle, and light 'em for see by. Jimbo light. You must pull the string now, your house light go up . . . My mother died and

gone when I's a girl. Said: 'I may died and gone, but you going see things fly up in the air!' And it's so. The airplane carrying you across, any which way you want to go."

Another: "Whoopin cough, that's what my baby had. Fiddler crab—some little thing down the creek run back in the hole—well you catch that, you put something else along with that, and you boil em. And once you done boil em, you strain em through a white cloth or a strainer. That'll cure whoopin cough. . . ."

Children talking—

Girl: "In Charleston I see a colored girl go with a white boy—people I don't know. People around here say that's a disgrace. I don't say is a disgrace."

Johnny: "See lot of em in New York. Lot."

Girl: "My friend told me that she was in New York. And she go sit down on the step or somethin like that, and she watch the girls and boys—the white boys and the colored girls—go by, and they stand right up in the street, and kiss each other."

Johnny: "If they did that on John's Island, the Mayor would come out. Mayor!"

A young girl: "We go dance at 'gressive Club, and Fields, and Bernard. . . . We do just dances out now. The Jerk, the Camel Walk, and Shake, and the Twine Time. Some old dance been out, the Twist, the Mocking Bird, and the Dog, the Bird, the Fly, the Swim. The people who sing the record come on the television first, and so they is get the dance from the people."

A woman: "I am a mother of ten head of kids. That's enough. Lost three and raise seven head; lost one and got six head. So God take good care of me. . . . My daughter Hattie have to work. She got two head of kids. . . . She housework. She go on in with the husband in the morningtime, and she don't be home 'fore seven cause she have wait on husband till he knock off. You know we have to bum for catch a ride back. I do work. I work on the farm. But now my old man sick. Willis sick and I cannot work, cause I have to take care of him. Some days I don't know how I going to lay my weary head, how we going make it." [*Compare Dennett's IV.*]

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA. The march from Selma, a little over halfway along, turned into a field a hundred yards off the main highway to Montgomery, deep in Lowndes County ("a bad county") and settled down for the night. The field was pure mud, so deep one's shoes went into it to the ankles, and to pull out after each step was an effort. A chunk of moon shone, the sky was crowded with stars, and yet the field was enveloped in blackness. Two huge tents went up, one for men, one for women, and inside people spread plastic sheets over the mud, unrolled their sleeping bags, lay down, weary.

There were three hundred of them, the "core" of the Long March, mostly black people from Selma, Marion and other little towns in central Alabama, but also young Negroes from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, and some white people, young and old, from all over the nation. Space under the tents was soon gone, so people sprawled outside along the mired road that cut through the field.

At the edge of the field were gathered the jeeps and trucks of the U.S. Army, soldiers in full battle dress, called out finally by Presidential order after thirty days of murder and violence in Alabama and cries of protest through the country.

Moving through the darkness in and out of sleeping forms on the ground were men with white ragged emblems marked "Security." They carried walkie-talkies, the aerials glinting, and communicated with one another across the encampment. There was a central transmitter in a parked truck. People coming in off the main highway were checked at the end of the mud road by two husky "Security" men, young Episcopalian priests with turned-around collars. One of them said: "I don't really know who to let in. If he's black I let him through."

Lying down in the darkness near the road, I could hear the hum of the portable generators and an occasional burst of sound on a walkie-talkie. The plastic sheet under me was soaked in mud and slime, but the inside of the sleeping bag was dry. Two hundred feet away, in a great arc around the field, were fires lit by soldiers on guard through the night.

I awoke just before dawn, with a half-moon pushing, flat side first, through the clouds. The soldiers' fires at the perimeter were low now, but still burning. Nearby, the forms of perhaps twenty people wrapped in sleeping bags or blankets. The generator still whirred. Other clusters of sleepers were now visible, beginning to awaken.

A line formed for oatmeal, hardboiled eggs, coffee. Then everyone gathered to resume the march. A Negro girl washed her bare feet, then her sneakers, in a stream alongside the road. Near her was a minister, his black coat streaked with mud. A Negro woman without shoes had her feet wrapped in plastic. Andy Young was calling over the main transmitter to Montgomery: "Get us some shoes; we need forty pairs of shoes, all sizes, for women and kids who been walking barefoot the past 24 hours."

An old Negro man took his place beside me for the march. He wore a shirt and tie under his overalls, also an overcoat and a fedora hat, and used a walking stick to help him along. "Yes, I was in Marion the night Jimmy Jackson was shot by the policeman. They got bullwhips and sticks and shotguns, and they jab us with the electric poles."

At exactly 7 A.M. an Army helicopter fluttered overhead and the march began, behind an American flag, down to the main highway and on to Montgomery. The marchers sang: "FreeDOM! FreeDOM! Freedom's Coming and It Won't Be Long!"

It was seventeen miles to the edge of Montgomery, the original straggling line of three hundred thickening by the hour as thousands joined, whites and Negroes who had come from all over the country. There was sunshine most of the way, then three or four bursts of drenching rain. On the porch of a cabin set way back from the road, eight tiny Negro children stood in a line and waved, an old hobby horse in the front yard. A red-faced, portly Irishman, newly-arrived from Dublin, wearing a trench coat, held the hand of a little Negro boy who walked barefoot next to him. A Greyhound bus rode past with Negro kids on the way to school. They leaned out the window, shouting "Freedom!" A one-legged young white man on crutches, a black skullcap over red hair, marched along quickly with the rest. Two Negro boys with milky sun lotion smeared on their faces looked as if they had stepped off the stage in Genêt's *The Blacks*. A group of white workingmen along the road watched silently. On the outskirts of Montgomery, students poured out of a Negro high school, lined the streets, waved and sang as the marchers went by. A jet plane zoomed close overhead and everyone stretched arms to the sky, shouting, "FREEDOM! FREEDOM!" [*Compare Dennett's V.*]

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI. As I paid my bill at a motel just outside of Jackson, Mississippi, an attractive young Negro couple, smartly dressed, came down the stairs and into the lobby. A white man, sunburned, in shirt sleeves, leaned on the desk, staring at the couple. The motel manager said, apologetically: "Mississippi school teachers." The white man said: "Should charge them thirty dollars a day!" The manager was silent.

Somehow, I was back on Highway 80, the same that went from Selma to Montgomery, here running west from Jackson to Vicksburg and the Mississippi River. A dirt road cut off towards the horizon and a Negro man on a wagon pulled by two mules waited for a chance to cross the highway. He was glad to talk a while.

"Oh I got plenty of time. Don't have to be where I'm going until maybe about three. Got cottonseed cakes in the wagon, for the cows to eat. You know, cows will eat cotton too, right off the ground, just cause it's white. Funny how it is, we grows the seed, then buys it back from the mill, dollar and a quarter a hundred pound sack. . . . No, these ain't mine. Man I work for, he's got over a hundred cattle. His land goes a mile. I don't make enough to talk about. Three dollars a day. I work three days a week sometimes. And I got six children out the house. You come out less than you started. . . ."

* * *

The highway approaches the Mississippi just south of Vicksburg, the river impressive at that point, wide, slow, misty, the opposite shore dim, the Yazoo River sweeping in from the Northeast. In the bend near the shore were railroad tracks, storage bins, smoke gushing from stacks, and the sound of engines.

In Vicksburg, the county courthouse carried a sign that it was built under Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Public Works Administration. Inside the Registry office, on the counter, were two massive books bound in red leather. One was inscribed: **Warren County Marriage Record—White;** the other: **Warren County Marriage Record—Colored.**

Two miles up the river, I turned into the yard of a large feed mill and signed in at the shack of a guard before being allowed to go to the president's office. A distinguished-looking man, with an accent mildly Southern, he was at first wary and unsmiling, but soon became more friendly.

"This is, I guess, the biggest mill in the area. No, I don't own it. It's part of a big Mississippi company that has all sorts of diversified interests: feed mills, grain merchandising, breeder flocks of broilers, hatcheries—maybe 200,000 layers and 60,000 dozen eggs a week—hog operations, meat packing, steel, paper. I guess 20-25 families control the majority of stock; we are really a Mississippi company, which is rare these days; we've got no major Northern stockholders. Here at this mill we process grains and seed. Yes, we make these cottonseed cakes for cattle feed—we call them 'range cubes.' Strange how history comes back at you; water transport is more important again, because operations are bigger. Grain used to come in sacks, now it comes in bulk, and for that barges are best to send the grain down the Mississippi. Can ship twenty-five times as much in a barge as in a boxcar.

"We in the Chamber of Commerce are trying to move Vicksburg ahead. Nine years ago, when I came here (Kansas City is my home) it was a sleepy town, completely devoted to the past. Tourism was the big thing. You know we have these battlefields all around, monuments and statues. People wanted to leave things as they were. There's still a lot of old thinking in town, but that's what we're trying to change. This town has a big potential. It's a crossroads. . . .

"Twenty-five per cent of my boys here at this mill are colored—about 200 out of 700. I call em boys whether they're white or black. I don't think of them as white and black, and *didn't* until this whole thing came up. They've got no problem registering to vote in Vicksburg. I believe 2000-3000 are registered in the county. Why up in Kansas City I had 250 niggers in a mill, and not 5 per cent of them ever registered.

"Some of the colored boys here in the mill could be considered supervisors—they're lead men. Why, I have *fired* supervisors for abusing people. They're *people,* I say. . . .

"Why are policemen vicious? They're underpaid. You pay low salaries, you attract a certain kind. . . . I know the COFO office here in Vicksburg was bombed, but I don't believe any local people did it. I would guess it was done from the outside. . . . No, I haven't ever seen one of those COFO people.

"We had a fellow come down here from a Northern corporation to look the town over. He tells me, I like it fine down here, and I'm going to recommend we build a plant here. But he goes back North and says to his directors: we're planning to build a plant down in Mississippi, and they say: You must be crazy! Well, he tried, but he can't argue with them. That's why Vicksburg has got to change. . . .

"Now I wouldn't tell this to everyone. But we pay for two sets of schools down here, and that's why we can't afford to pay good wages to teachers. And so we're not getting good teachers like we had when I was a kid." [*Compare Dennett's VI.*]

* * *

At the COFO "office" in Vicksburg, an old frame house deep in the Negro part of town, cluttered with mimeographed announcements, the walls covered by posters and clippings and home-made signs, fifteen or so Negro high school youngsters were listening to some jazz records. One sat in a corner, typing. Three others, "the staff," sat at a table with me and talked.

There had been two bombings in the past week in Vicksburg. One was the Anderson Café, used by COFO workers. No one was hurt there. The other was the Vicksburg Café, owned by a white man downtown, and once boycotted because it would not admit Negroes. Three months ago it was integrated, and a week before the bombing three whites beat up a Negro there. Then came the fire bomb. A Negro waitress tried to jump behind the counter to escape the flames and broke both her arms.

The three young Negro staff fellows—all eighteen or nineteen—were from different towns in Mississippi: Vicksburg, McComb, Drew. One was a SNCC man, one was a CORE man, and one, chuckling, said he was a combination of SNCC and CORE. They agreed: the NAACP had been in Vicksburg since 1919 and hadn't done much of anything. All were veterans of boycotts, of demonstrations, of jail. No, there was no Freedom School operating in Vicksburg now. They had started one in the summer, but last October it was destroyed by a bomb, and its library with it. Fifteen people were there at the time, but no one was seriously hurt. A baby was scratched, and one lady's leg was cut.

There were two rooms in back, the walls lined with books, and cases of books crisscrossing the floor. There were 7000 books, donated by people all over the United States, and 1000 were out on loan. (The city library had been open only to whites until a month ago.) In the spaces between the bookcases were bare mattresses. Staff people slept there, and one was stretched out on a mattress as we walked through. Since the bombing, they were maintaining a twenty-four-hour vigil.

A white girl walked in. She had spent last summer in Florida with a CORE task force on voter registration; during her winter break from the University of Rochester she had come down to Vicksburg. Had been here now 73 days ("Yes," she smiled. "I count them.") She'd just come from a meeting of Negro women. She was tutoring one high school senior in math. She took me to visit Mrs. Dilla Irwin, a Negro woman who was editing a newspaper born out of the Mississippi Summer Project of 1964, the *Vicksburg Citizens' Appeal.*

Mrs. Irwin turned from her typewriter: "I was born in Vicksburg, and hatred sort of grew in me as I listened to my father and mother talking. I had seven brothers, and I remember after we got up to some size they were told to call other white boys, their own age, mister, and sir. . . .

"I recall my first fear, when I was seven or eight years old. Parents were driving one night from church on this horse-drawn buggy, a beautiful night, those big cannon from the memorial gleaming on the highway. All at once someone said halt, all these men with guns. They asked Daddy about some Negro man who was a friend of a colored woman who had killed a white man. We got out of it all right. But that fear stayed.

"My dad was a sharecropper, and I lived in the

Delta as a child, went to high school here in Vicksburg, got into fights with white kids. Then I went to live with my older sister in Chicago during the Second World War, and went to Northwestern night school, school of journalism, also a teachers college at night. Worked in defense plants in the day.

"I got married in Chicago, have one son who volunteered for the army when he was seventeen. Now he's twenty-one and in Vietnam. Was always proud to be in the service. But the other day I got a letter from him asking if it was true what was happening in Alabama, and if so, what am I fighting for, he said."

* * *

On March 1, 1965, the eight-page *Vicksburg Citizens' Appeal,* an attractive, photo-offset paper, tabloid size, ran its lead story on a county-wide meeting of the Freedom Democratic Party, where people from different precincts discussed problems they wanted to solve: poorly surfaced county roads, overcrowded schools, unequal welfare payments, drainage ditches overflowing with sewage onto people's land because of lack of pipe sewers. People spoke of needing gas and electricity, and new fireplugs.

Another story told of a continuing boycott of schools in Issaquena and Sharkey Counties in another part of the Delta, with five Freedom Schools set up there for students staying out of class. The boycott had begun a month before when 181 students were suspended from school for wearing "Freedom" buttons.

There were two editorials in that issue. One was on the role of Negro ministers: "The Negroes have always respected the minister and looked to him for guidance. He has, since Reconstruction, been a symbol of leadership to his people. Where is this leadership that is so sorely needed at this time? . . . Preparing souls for life in heaven is very good. However, some thought should be given to life on earth. . . ."

The *Appeal* printed an essay written by a high school boy:

> Life is real, life is honest, and the grave is not its goal. . . . I as a Negro teen-ager am interested in people whether they be Negro, Chinese, Jew, Indian, white, Mexican, Spanish. . . .
>
> The color of my skin in Southern America sets me aside from the general treatment of humanity. My life is a keep quiet: my thoughts are hidden secrets. . . .
>
> Can I forever live as a bird in a cage? When will the door be opened? As I view the situation in Mississippi I can truly see a bird's cage with tiny little Negro birds flying around in it. I can see the feeders with their little sacks of food. I see Governor Paul Johnson as he pours a little bit of prosperity into the trough of my cage. I see Mr. Ross Barnett as he removes the waste from my cage. . . .
>
> But I, one little happy bird, am ready to fly out of my cage and enjoy the sweetness of freedom. . . .

[*Compare Dennett's VII.*]

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Anthropologists say the world at any moment shows all the stages of its evolution; and so the South now reveals every trait of past and future. Diverse currents flow, mix, collide there: the Negro, the white, the national government, the Northerner, the world beyond the seas. . . .

Negroes, a century ago, crept out cautiously over the battle ruins but, except for a few bold figures, did not move far from slavery. Northern and Southern politicians one year bid them forward, the next pushed them back.

In 1965, however, the initiative is with the Negro militant, and everyone in the nation watches nervously for the next move. The lady in the cabin outside Lynchburg waits, as did the non-rebelling slave, but she waits on a moving belt, pulled by the bodies of black youngsters in Mississippi and Alabama, by the brave ones of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, by the high school student in Vicksburg ready to fly out of his cage. In a Mississippi Freedom School in the summer of 1964, Negro youngsters read *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,* in which Joyce wrote:

> The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. . . . And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, their kinsman, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.

To the dark burst of feeling, the half-uttered thoughts of the Negro, Southern white men respond in confusion. Some pick up guns, as did their ancestors in gray, but their chance died at Gettysburg, and the murders they commit only quicken the pace of change. Most mutter and complain, but inch by inch make peace with the encroaching new order. A few of the young ones give a new kind of rebel cry, one of protest against the sins of their fathers, and they join black boys and girls of their own age, mingling their accents and their dreams. (Two hundred of them, white college students from Tennessee to Mississippi, gathered in Atlanta in the fall of 1964, planning their assault on the past.)

The salesman from South Carolina keeps his eye on the morning newspaper and the business ledger, preparing to roll with the tide. He has traveled, seen the North, and knows, or perhaps just senses, that once the furor is over his daughter won't really marry a nigra, will probably not even go to school with one; that a business society which makes the gestures of equality need not be overturned.

The national government behaves very much as it did in the time of Lincoln, with that priority system which all governments everywhere dutifully observe: "Union first, freedom second." As Lincoln with the

Abolitionists, it is sensitive; it trims and heels with the gusts of protest. One hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation, ten years after the beginning of the Negro Revolt in Montgomery, thirty days after policemen began swinging their clubs against human heads in Selma, Alabama, there came the first forthright Presidential plea for racial justice couched in the language of morality rather than expediency.

And the legislative machinery began cranking out still another civil rights bill, the fourth in eight years. Continued fire-bombings, beatings, jailings, in Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, indicated none of this would be enough. Yet no atrocity, not even the organized murder of three young civil rights workers in Mississippi in 1964, seems able to induce the President to invoke his statutory powers to set up a permanent protective force of special agents in the South to guard citizens against both private and official violence. The federal government will use the ordinary, slow processes of litigation and legislation on behalf of Negro rights, and, on extraordinary occasions, to call out the army for short-term duty. But, perhaps knowing the American citizenry is moved only by major disaster, the President chooses not to take preventive action against the intimidation and terrorism that is recorded by the hour in matter-of-fact SNCC field reports. In the matter of racial equality, the Administration remains, as always, a liberal government, and therefore a minimum government.

THE WHITE NORTH REACTS with horror at murder in the South, with indifference at the less dramatic, daily pain of poverty and fear, with trepidation at Negroes pushing too fast into their neighborhoods and schools. People approach their government as politicians, not citizens, considering what is *practical* over what is right. Politics itself becomes the art of the probable. The limits to change in Atlanta and Birmingham can be seen in New York, Chicago and Washington, D.C.

What begins to disturb the North now is that thousands of its youngsters—college students mostly—are straining to look beyond these limits. They go South to walk hand in hand with young black radicals. They come back with a deep irreverence for everything whose worth has been established over centuries. A Radcliffe girl wrote from Gulfport, Mississippi, in the summer of 1964: "For the first time in my life, I am seeing what it is like to be poor, oppressed, and hated. And what I see here does not apply only to Gulfport or to Mississippi or even to the South. . . ."

"The world is coming in on the South," said the white businessman from South Carolina, and he was understating the reality. At a meeting on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, a young Negro SNCC worker told me: "You know, I saw one of those Vietcong guerrillas on TV the other day. He was ragged, angry, dark-skinned, and poor. I swear he looked just like one of us!" The revolution of the hungry is rising on all sides, in Asia, Africa and, frighteningly close, in Latin America, and we are just beginning to understand that it is more awesome, more inexorable, than communism.

That revolution's only representatives in the United States are young Negroes offering their bodies in the deep South. They may eventually be isolated and crushed, or simply absorbed into the mainstream of moderate American reform; these are the two traditional ways of dealing with dangerous movements in this country. Or, with some special strength, gathered from like people in other parts of the world, they may yet fan a flame of change through this nation.

In the ramshackle COFO office in Vicksburg, Mississippi, someone had copied some lines from Christopher Fry and tacked them on the wall:

> Dark and cold we may be, but this
> is no winter now. The frozen misery
> of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move,
> the thunder is the thunder of the floes,
> the thaw, the flood, the upstart spring . . .
> Affairs are now soul size.

1865:

‘The South As It Is’

The following are extracts from a series written for THE NATION *during its first year of publication by John Richard Dennett, a Canadian-born Harvard graduate.*

I

Lynchburg, Va.

"The negro," said Mr. K., "I sincerely hope may disappoint my expectations. But if he does not, he is doomed to undergo extinction. Less than a hundred years of freedom will see the race practically exterminated. The negro will not work more than enough to supply his bare necessities. There isn't a county of Virginia where we haven't had some hundreds of free negroes, and they have been always perfectly worthless and lived in wretchedness. The negro stands as much in need of a master to guide him as a child does. When I look at my servants, I feel weighing upon me all the responsibilities of a parent. In the course of my life I have known many men who for that reason alone would never become the owner of a slave. I have brought up my children to feel so, and accustomed them to the thought of dispensing with slave labor. Those of them who are old enough share my views on the subject. But the negro will always need the care of some one superior to him, and unless in one form or another it is extended to him, the race will first become pauper and then disappear. Nothing but the most careful legislation will prevent it. Now take an example: of my negroes, nearly half were not on the working list; but I had to support them all. What will the negro do when he is called upon to support not only himself (he isn't inclined to do that, and I don't believe he will do it), but also to get food, and clothes, and physic for the infants and disabled people belonging to him? Why, I doubt if my farm ever returned me one per cent interest on the capital invested in it. He cannot do it. He couldn't do it if all the Southern States were confiscated and given him to do it with."

II

Greensboro, N. C.

To-day I had an interesting conversation with a man who belongs to what, as I suppose, must be a new class in the South—the class of negro lessees of land. He had been a slave all his life, he said, and was now "a settled man" (he appeared to be forty-three or four), but he was going to strike out for himself and see what he could do in a state of freedom. He had already rented some land, and that he thought was what every colored man ought to do, if he could. Perhaps only a few would be able to do it at present, because the masters were opposed to it; wanted to keep the people in such a condition that they could be hired as laborers at low wages, and preferred to let a "no-account white man" have a plantation rather than rent it to negroes. His former master and the gentlemen living in the neighborhood refused to lease out land to him. But a few miles away from home he had been more successful. The owner had selected certain parts of his plantation, and told him to take up as many acres as he could properly care for and cultivate. The land was not good, most of it being "old field;" but if he could make enough this first year to feed his family, he would be content. He had bought a condemned horse from the Government corral for fifteen dollars; he was low in order, but would be fit to plough next month. His wife had been knocking about the house most of her life; but he could depend upon her assistance if the work got too hard for him, and he had two children big enough to do full work in the field. Both were good ploughmen, and when his own crop did not call for their labor he could hire them out to the farmers, and he also could do hauling for his neighbors, and thus pick up a little ready money. If God spared his life, he expected to have twenty acres of corn, eight acres of wheat, five acres of oats and some potatoes on his land. His landlord was to receive one third of all the corn raised.

This year he had been working for his old master, who had promised to give his hands such a portion of the crops they made as should be pronounced equitable by two white men whom he designated. The apportionment had not yet been made. On most of the plantations of which he had any knowledge the workmen received some part of the crop in payment for their labor, and, as a rule, the masters were endeavoring to hire them for the coming year at the same price—their board, namely, and so many bushels of corn.

This man said that he knew it to be still usual on some of the plantations to beat the negroes for any offence; and that especially is this the case in the country districts. Negroes living in the vicinity of Greensboro could complain to the soldiers, but twenty or thirty miles out they were without redress.

He was very anxious that schools should be established. A while ago some of the colored people had spoken to a white man who lived near, a poor man, but "with good learning," asking him to open a school which he had promised to do. But he did not like to begin without having first obtained the consent of the gentlemen in the neighborhood; so he called on five or six of them and made known his intention, but he was told that if he tried that game he would be shot in his school-room; he therefore desisted. The gentlemen who told the man so were just the kind of men that would have done it, too; but the Yankees would set up schools, he hoped.

III

Liberty, Va.

The little village of Appomattox Court-House, distant from Lynchburg about twenty-five miles, is situated on low ground at the source of the Appomattox River, and in a district devoted exclusively to farming. It is, therefore, small even among Virginian towns, containing, besides the court-house and a jail in ruins, only some twenty or thirty buildings, mostly the dwellings of farmers; but small as it is, no other collection of houses in all the county so well merits the name of town. It boasts one hotel and one country store, the stock of goods in the latter sadly needing to be replenished. During the time of my visit, both of these buildings were pretty constantly occupied by men who seemed to have no other business on their hands than to lounge in some easy attitude chewing tobacco and talking to each other, or watching across the muddy road and pools of rain water the movements of the soldiers quartered opposite in the court-house yard. In the country parts of Virginia I have seen at one time and another hundreds of white men, and I doubt if I have seen in all more than ten men engaged in labor of any sort. At the store or tavern of every village just such a group of idlers is sure to be found. In accounting for these assemblages, the fact that apple brandy is always for sale by the glass at such places can hardly be considered a sufficient cause, apple brandy being exceedingly abundant in all this region, as nearly every farmer has a still in operation on his own premises. It is to the custom of the country, which throws all work upon the negroes, that the general idleness must in great part be attributed, and in part also, I suppose, to the unsettled condition of public and private affairs, which furnishes to every man a wide and fertile field for conjecture and conversation.

The newspaper which I mentioned above, *The Nationalist*, is conducted by white men, but is owned by an association of colored people, and of course relies mainly for support upon that class of the population.

IV

Mobile, Ala.

Besides their attempt to establish a newspaper, the colored people here, in their desire to elevate themselves, are making efforts in other directions that merit a favor and encouragement little likely to be given them by the white citizens of Mobile. The books of a branch bank of the National Freedman's Savings and Trust Company have within a month been opened, and the deposits made already exceed $4,000. By means of a fair recently held in the Medical College building they succeeded in raising $1,200, to be devoted to the founding of an asylum for orphan children. Six hundred children are under instruction in the schools, which are to a considerable extent self-supporting, the scholars buying their own books and paying the salaries of two teachers out of eight. In these schools the scholars were well behaved, and the lessons were recited very well. The teachers, who have been engaged in the schools since they were first opened in May last, speak in high terms of the docility of their pupils, and say that it is seldom necessary to resort to punishment. Here I saw, for the first time in the Southern States, colored boys reciting in the same class with white. The latter, however, were children of the teachers, and not natives of Alabama.

V

Raleigh, N. C.

I have been attending some sittings of the colored men's convention recently held in this city. The first steps in the matter were taken by negroes resident in Newbern, and it seems to have been generally thought by the people of the central and western counties, by such of them as took any thought at all about it, that the call was issued prematurely. They would have had it deferred until after the adjournment of the State Convention, thinking it more proper to address the Legislature in the event of the convention's leaving the colored population unnoticed. An appeal to the convention would wear the appearance of addressing itself not alone to the kindly feelings and the sense of justice of their white fellow-citizens, but partly to their fears also, and thus would provoke resentment. Moreover, the petitioners would put themselves in an attitude of complaint, when as yet they had suffered no injustice by any State action. But, on the other side, it was argued that in this State the negroes were surely suffering enough at the hands of individuals to justify them in petitioning; that in other States their brethren were suffering under unjust enactments, both ancient and recent; that in the North Carolina statutes there were evils to be cured, and there were other evils to be prevented from getting there; and, finally, with regard to the body before which the negroes' petition should be laid, that North Carolina would be more likely to slight the claims of her colored citizens after she had obtained full power to legislate for them as she pleased than now, while it is still doubtful if justice towards them may not be the lowest price at which she can purchase the enjoyment of all privileges belonging to a State in the Union. So it was decided to adhere to the original call, which was sent as far as possible throughout the country districts, and on the day of assembling nearly forty counties were represented. Some of the delegates were duly elected by meetings regularly organized for that purpose; others were sent up from churches, from prayer-meetings, from neighborhood conferences where a few men met together in secret. Of course, many were unprovided with credentials, their constituents, very probably, like themselves, being unable to read or write, and but little versed in the business of politics. "They'd hed no time fur credentials," one said; "they'd hed to run off in the night season fur fear;" so it was voted that the convention should be a mass convention, and all should be entitled to seats who had come up to attend. This motion, for which everybody voted, did much to take everything out of the hands of those who originated the convention, but, perhaps, made its action more truly represent the opinions and feelings of the colored people, not of the coast counties and the eastern cities, but of the whole State. For at this present time the negroes in central and western North Carolina have given but little thought to political subjects, and take no great interest in them. In Wilmington, Newbern, and Beaufort, judging by their representations at the convention, the case is different.

The session was held in the African Methodist church, a small edifice in a back street of the city. The delegates were about a hundred and twenty in number, but crowds of colored citizens were interested spectators throughout the four days, and the house was always filled full. It was neatly but cheaply furnished, the only ornament being a large plaster bust of Lincoln, fixed to the wall above the pulpit, against a background of mourning drapery. Just over his head were inscribed some of the closing words of the last inaugural address—that passage which begins thus: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right."

Among the delegates were some that wore the Federal uniform, and these were treated with much respect by their fellow-members. In pursuance of a fashion that seems to obtain everywhere, one of them, a sergeant, was chosen to office, and served among the vice-presidents. He, like the others, was a fine-looking young fellow, perfectly neat and clean, with every button polished, and even his face shining. "I's black," he said; "just as black as ary black man goin', I is."

There were several men dressed in black broadcloth, ministers and chaplains, who did a large share of the talking, and bore a main part in the management of the business, and here and there was a younger man, nattily dressed, and evidently a hotel waiter by profession or a barber; but the great majority were mechanics and plantation hands, men who had grown up in ignorance, whose forms were bent with long labor, whose faces expressed patient endurance rather than thought or any passion, and who for the most part sat mute on the benches. On two or three occasions some one of these men would rise to deprecate long discussion of things merely formal, or debate that was only personal, beginning his speech perhaps in this way: "My dear brothers, I don't place myself in this honorable convention as a Henry Clay or a Webster, fur I know I kin not do it, nor to speak afore you. I know I's a poor, destituted, onlarnt don't-know-A-from-B. I's been rocked in a hard cradle, from my youth up to the present age." And then he would go on to urge the propriety of at once transacting all necessary business, so that delegates could go home, and, warming as he proceeded, he would very likely fall into the sing-song of the class-meeting and become nearly unintelligible to those whose excitement had not kept pace with his. At the end of his remarks, however, there was always renewed diligence. But these men though ignorant were intelligent, and often spoke exceedingly well. "Yes," said one of the cleverest among them—"yes, we are ignorant. We know it. I am ignorant for one, and they say all niggers is. They say we don't know what the word constitution means. But if we don't know enough to know what the Constitution is, we know enough to know what justice is. I can see for myself down at my own court-house. If they makes a white man pay five dollars for doing something to-day, and makes a nigger pay ten dollars for doing that thing to morrow, don't I know that ain't justice? They've got a figure of a woman with a sword hung up thar, sir; Mr. President, I don't know what you call it—('Justice,' 'Justice')— well, she's got a handkercher over her eyes, and the sword is in one hand and a pair o' scales in the other. When a white man and a nigger gets into the scales, don't I know the nigger is always mighty light? Don't we all see it? Ain't it so at your court-house, Mr. President?"

VI

Virginia.

The white people are often very far wrong in their notions of the object for which the Bureau of Freedmen was organized, and the power committed to its officers. I was waiting the other day in the office of the superintendent when two gentlemen of respectable appearance entered and announced themselves as planters from the State of Mississippi. The conversation on their part was carried on by one, the other saying nothing. Both seemed to listen with very great interest to all that was said to them. The speaker said their business with the superintendent was to get from him about a hundred Virginia negroes to be taken down to Mississippi to work on cotton. They were informed that the officer had no power to send away negroes unless they chose to go. They asked if they couldn't get a hundred paupers or criminals. But the superintendent had not at command so many of either class or of both together. They asked if negroes could not be apprenticed to them for a term of years. But apprenticeship, except of boys in cities, who in exceptional cases may be put with a tradesman to learn his craft, is not permitted.

"Well, now," said the gentleman, "this is how the thing is. I've got land there, and I'm going to raise cotton. I've spent pretty nearly $20,000 for mules and harnesses and a complete outfit generally. What I want to know is this—you say you can't use compulsion to make these Virginia niggers go down there—what compulsion will the Government let me use to make them work when I've got them there, anyhow?"

"You seem to think all negro labor must be compulsory."

"Why, of course it must. How long have you lived in a slave State sir?"

"I have lived within twenty-five miles of one a good part of my life. But you must look to the experience of those who have tried free labor. There is Mr. B. G.—, on the James. He has about two hundred and eighty-seven negroes. They were with him as slaves, and he has employed them all since they were emancipated. Only three went away from his place, and the rest, he says, are doing very well indeed. One example like that is worth a great deal of theory."

"Yes, I know him very well. Didn't know he had so many as that, though. But I know the nigger. The employer must have some sort of punishment. I don't care what it is. If you'll let me tie him up by the thumbs, or keep him on bread and water, that will do. Over here in Rockbridge County, as I came along I saw a nigger tied up by the wrists. His hands were away up above his head. I went along to him, and says I, 'Boy, which would you like best now, to stay there where you are, or to have me take you down, give you forty good cuts, and let you go?' 'Rather have the forty lash,' says he. So he would, too. You folks used to make a good deal of talk because we gave our niggers a flogging when they deserved it. I won't ask leave to flog, if you'll let me use some of your Northern punishments. All I want is just to have it so that when I get the niggers on to my place, and the work is begun, they can't sit down and look me square in the face and do nothing."

The superintendent could not encourage him to hope that the Bureau would deport negroes to Mississippi, nor that it would allow him to use on his plantation the punishments which he seemed to think necessary. If the negro wouldn't work, he could be complained of. When a Northern laborer violated a contract he was sued.

"Ah! sue the nigger! Can he give his testimony in court? Will his testimony be taken?"

"It is taken here, sir; and it will be in Mississippi—at any rate, while that State is occupied by Federal troops."

"Why, no nigger can be believed whether he is under oath or not. No one that knows a nigger will ever think of believing him if it's for his interest to lie."

The gentlemen took their leave, very much dissatisfied with the state of affairs in Virginia, and with the prospects of planters throughout the Southern country.

VII

Lynchburg, Va.

Walking along the main street the other morning, I met several parties of negro boys and girls with primers in their hands, evidently on their way to school. Turning about in my walk, I followed two grotesque-looking little creatures till I came to the door of a large brick tobacco warehouse or manufactory. Looking in, I saw that it was empty of merchandise, and fitted up with benches as if for a school. The scholars were there also, and two soldiers, to whom I introduced myself, and by whom I was invited to stay and see the school when in session. Both teachers were enlisted men, privates in a Pennsylvania regiment. They were detailed at their own request for this duty. No pay is given them, but while engaged in teaching they are relieved from all camp duties. One was without experience as a teacher, the other told me he had been a schoolmaster before entering the army.

By nine o'clock about one hundred and thirty children, of all ages between three and twenty, were assembled, and the school exercises began. "I want to be an Angel" was sung in clear and pleasant tones, and with great correctness of emphasis and pronunciation. The first stanza and the chorus all the children knew, and the rest of the hymn they sang two lines at a time as the teacher dealt it out to them.

While the singing went on, I amused myself by counting the faces which gave unmistakable evidence of their owners being of mixed blood. There were all tints and shades of yellow among the forty-nine boys present, and I could find but twenty-seven who seemed to me to be purely African. Among the girls the proportion was much the same.

After the singing a chapter of the New Testament was read, and then the alphabet class recited. They knew their letters backwards and forwards, they could pick out the letters by name, and they could tell which were vowels and which were consonants. I thought they had made rapid progress in the four weeks during which they had been under instruction.

A more advanced class then read a column of a child's paper. One or two of the little girls read exceedingly well. They had been taught, they said, when they were slaves.

In Lynchburg, besides this school, which contains about one hundred and fifty pupils, there is another, taught in the same way, which contains three hundred and fifty more children. It is a pleasant and encouraging sight to see the willingness with which the scholars apply themselves to their lessons, and the very respectable measure of success which rewards their efforts.

It is a sight, too, which has attracted some attention in Lynchburg. The *Republican*, urging upon its readers the importance of providing for the education of their children, speaks of the freedmen's schools, and says, "How utterly important is it that benefits should not accrue through governmental or other philanthropy to these children of a degraded race of which our own are deprived through our culpable neglect and thoughtlessness."

JOHN OLIVER KILLENS

HOLLYWOOD in BLACK and WHITE

Novelist and TV and film writer, Mr. Killens is at present Author-in-Residence at Fisk University. Trident Press will shortly publish his Black Man's Burden, *a book of essays, and he is now completing a book on Africa.*

IN THE BEGINNING was the Word, and the Word was God, and the Word was with God, but somewhere along the line Hollywood preempted God's dominion.

My first trip to Hollywood occurred when I was twenty and impressionable. I thought at the time that Los Angeles, especially the Hollywood-Beverly Hills part of it, was Paradise Regained with glamorous moving picture stars thrown in for good measure. I had driven with three friends of mine across the vast and varied country. My friend who owned the car in which we made the trip was a Negro American Legionnaire, and his reason for making the trip was to attend the Legion's convention. My reason for going was the actual going and the seeing. We saw a huge hunk of America that summer and fall. We drove from Washington, D. C. through Maryland, through Pennsylvania, through Ohio, through Illinois, through Indiana, over the muddy rutty roads of Nebraska. And we "Americans" were perfectly willing to "give Nebraska back to the Indians," which was a rather masochistic pun on our part, coming as it did from four black men who never owned Nebraska or any other of the Forty-Eight. I shall never forget one of the billboards on a Middle West highway outside a great industrial complex:

EVERY WORKER WITH HIS TOOL IS
AN AMERICAN CAPITALIST

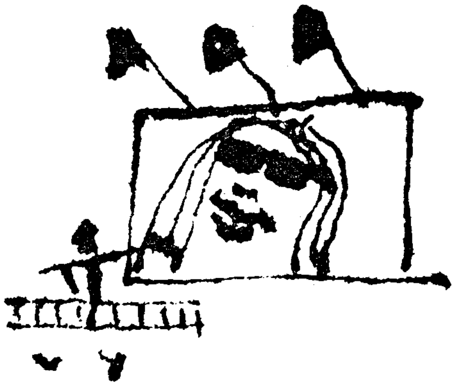
This made us feel better about the whole thing.

We went through gorgeous, luxuriant Wyoming, through Lusk and Cody and on and up into Yellowstone National Park where nature runs amuck in all her naked shameless beauty, and then two days later down out of the mountains to Salt Lake City where we spent the night in a "chinch harbor" (which is Afro-Americanese for all the dinky colored hotels with hot and cold running roaches and bloated bedbugs and a public, alligator-legged showerless bath at the end of the dark and dingy hall). It seemed that our money did not spend at the white hotels of that fair city. The next afternoon we followed the Okies in hapless trek across the hot Mojave Desert and on and on to sunny California, where the earth is lush and glistening green and breathing with fertility. We also stopped in a chinch harbor in Los Angeles, but we told ourselves it had nothing to do with our color this time, but was because our money was not long enough for the fancy white hotels. We also noticed, but overlooked, the discrepancy between Central Avenue and Wiltshire Boulevard, which was even more glaring than the difference between Lenox and Madison Avenues.

THE NEXT OCCASION for visiting the City of Angels was years later when I flew West on a lecture tour. I was older and had been to a great World War to fight against fascism and to make the whole world safe for democracy. I had come home and quit Washington for New York, had written a novel, and had been published. I was wiser and I should have been wise to L.A. and to Hollywood. I should not have been taken in a second time. Probably because I came to the city that second time as a "celebrity" it was difficult for me to see the city, realistically, through all that smog and adulation. The weather, the people, the cleanliness, the expanse, life slower-paced, the glowing landscape, all that pretty superficiality. And, of course, the inevitable stars all over again. I was going to New York, I told a couple of my California friends, and bring my family out there to live. "Fine! Great!" they said. "This is the place for an artist like you to live and work. And you can write scenarios for Hollywood while you're at it." There was one dissenting voice. Almena Lomax, editor of an angry incorruptible newspaper, the regrettably defunct *Los Angeles Tribune,* told me: "The worst thing someone like you could do would be to move out here. Los Angeles is moribund. Most of the people are empty, a legion of lost souls. The town is a deadly poison to the creative spirit." I have been back several times since to do film work and I found out, painfully, how right Almena was.

By "Hollywood," I mean the film industry and its comparatively younger brother, television. And anything we say about Hollywood may be said of Madison Avenue—*in spades*. Hollywood just happens to be *where* it is. Madison Avenue determines *what* it is. Hollywood is Fake-town, the great city of make-believe. Here are the culture-makers of our society, many of whom are the most uncultured of men. Here are the true head-shrinkers and the brainwashers of America. I was out west working on a screen treatment once, when my producer, who had a reputation for being the most sensitive of the Hollywood species, got that faraway wistful look in his eyes and said longingly: "Ah, John, if I could only come across just one good 'monster' script to put on my schedule for this season. I don't ask for much in this life." He sighed. I shuddered.

Hollywood, moreover, is a Southern-oriented city, as is all of Greater Los Angeles. This statement should surprise no one, since Hollywood, more than any other institution, has been responsible for the glorification of the South, past and present, and for creating the image of black inferiority. It created the lying, stealing, childish, eyeball-rolling, feet-shuffling, sex-obsessed, teeth-showing, dice-shooting black male, and told the world this was the real Negro in the U. S. A. It invented the Negro "mammy" whose breasts were always large enough to suckle an entire nation, and who always loved old massa's chilluns more than she loved her own. The men of Fake-town have brainwashed America and the entire world with the brush of white supremacy.



I accuse Hollywood of being the most anti-Negro influence in this nation in the 20th century. With *Birth of a Nation,* Hollywood fired its first big gun in its war against the black American, and the gunfire has continued unabated ever since. Hollywood has ever glorified the Confederates' and slavery's cause, with such magnificent monstrosities as *Gone With the Wind, Virginia, Kentucky,* ad infinitum. Oh, how many oceans of bitter tears have been shed for the likes of Rob Lee and Jeff Davis? How much weeping and nostalgia for the good old days down on the plantation with the pretty, white and Southern-hooded ladies and the handsome white colonels in the Big House at their grand and gracious parties, replete with dancing and live (and sometimes black) musicians? What kind of distortion of history has made Grant and Sherman anti-heroes and Lee and Stonewall Jackson men of unblemished character and unquestioned loyalty and heroism?

I WAS SEATED IN a Hollywood movie house with a friend in 1959 watching a ridiculous version of slavery entitled *Band of Angels,* based on a novel by Robert Penn Warren. In one particular scene, Clark Gable, who was Sidney Poitier's good massa, was coming from New Orleans via the Mississippi River back to his plantation. When the boat neared the shore, all of his happy faithful slaves were gathered there singing a song of welcome to old massa. White people in the theatre were weeping, some slyly, some unashamedly, at the touching scene, when suddenly my friend and I erupted with laughter, because we thought that surely, in the time of Montgomery and Little Rock, this must have been put into the film for comic relief.

The other great myth created by Hollywood was the "good" cowboy and the "bad" Indian, again standing truth and history on their heads. Again white folks were inevitably cast in the role of supermen. Surrounded and outnumbered by wild and screaming Indians, the gallant whites crouched with their women and children behind a barricade of broken-down covered wagons, and they somehow always managed to break out . . . . Either that, or they held the bloody bastards off till the Cavalry arrived. The only good Injun was a Gunga Din type, who sold out his tribe to the whites, or one like Tonto who was the white man's lackey. The pity is not so much that Hollywood distorted history, but that most Americans, black and white, accepted the distortion as truth.

Once upon an afternoon in the middle fifties, I got a phone call from a friend. He was in Hollywood and I was in Brooklyn, and the conversation went something like this: "John, what do you think of *Emperor Jones?*"

"Emperor Jones? What do you mean?"

"I mean—making a movie of *Emperor Jones.* I've been meeting most of the day with the executive producer of a major studio, and they want me to do *Emperor Jones,* and I told them you were the only writer I would trust to do the screen-play, because that way I would be certain that the dignity of the Negro people would not be violated."

I said, "But, Harry, crap-shooting, razor-toting, all the tired stereotypes—who needs it in 1957?"

Harry said, "The man assured me we could do anything we wanted with the script, make any changes, so long as we called it *Emperor Jones,* based on the play by Eugene O'Neill."

I said, "But—"

He said, "Look, why don't you come out here for a few days at their expense and we'll sit down with them, and if you don't like what you see or hear, I don't like it either. All you can lose is a couple of days."

I agreed. During my flight to the coast, I did a hasty three- or four-page outline in which I rewrote O'Neill's *Emperor*. I took the studio at its word. Instead of Jones being a train porter, I made him a slave on a Southern plantation. Instead of his getting into a fight with another Negro in a dice game and slashing him to death with a razor, I had Jones hit his white whipping boss in the head with a hoe and escape to an island in the West Indies, where he meets Smithers and so forth and so on, change after change after change. When I arrived in Los Angeles, I found that the studio had set me up in a suite across from Belafonte's at the Hotel Ambassador, where he was appearing nightly at the Coconut Grove. I went over to Harry's suite, and Sidney Poitier was visiting, and we had a lengthy bull session about what we were going to do in Hollywood to change the Negro's image of himself. I remember Sidney saying very excitedly, "I will never make a movie that will reflect against the dignity of Negro people." As sophisticated as we three deemed ourselves, we naïvely thought we could set jaded Hollywood on her uppers.

The next day Harry and I sat for hours with the executive producer and staff members of the major studio. After I read my outline with a straight face, Mr. Executive Producer said, "Well, Mr. Killens, you will admit that this is hardly what Mr. O'Neill had in mind."

I said, offhandedly, "You can still call it *Emperor Jones*."

What we tried to get them to do was to tell the real story of Henri Christophe, the magnificent Emperor of Haiti, upon whose life O'Neill apparently based his story. Belafonte talked to them as if he had just stepped out of Haitian history. We would make a movie that would include not only Christophe, but Toussaint L'Ouverture and all the other Haitian heroes who made history in the war against Napoleon. As we depicted it, it would have involved all of the major Negro actors as well as white ones. A spectacular. I could almost hear the sound of the cash register clanking in the producer's head. He agreed. Forget about *Emperor Jones*. This is the movie we would make. And in the epic tradition. A week or so later the studio changed its mind, with this explanation: "We paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the rights to *Emperor Jones*, and this is the movie we will do. If Mr. Belafonte doesn't do it, we will get a Negro star who will." Thanks to the rising consciousness of black Americans as reflected in leading Negro actors, this movie has not been made. Decades before, the great Paul Robeson, who is a hero-symbol to every black artist with a heart or memory, played *Emperor Jones* on Broadway and in Hollywood. An era ended when Mr. Robeson denounced the film capital after making *Tales of Manhattan*.

In 1959, I spent five months in Hollywood writing a screenplay of my novel, *Youngblood*. When my family (which consisted of my wife and two children) were ready to spend five weeks of the summer with me, I had to look for larger living quarters. This was when I came to know Hollywood for what it really was. I spent two frustrating weeks trying to find a vacancy in the hotels and motels of that city. My producer would call a motel and ask about accommodations for his writer and his writer's family, and of course, "We have just the thing you're looking for; come right over." We would drive to the spacious motel, but as soon as the manager realized what the deal was, the vacancies would disappear mysteriously. One proprietor took my producer aside and told him: "I sympathize with the colored people, especially the kind that's made something out of themselves, like your writer. I'll take a chance and take him and his family in, provided they agree not to use the swimming pool." Imagine how ungrateful he must have thought I was, since I would not agree that my family would not use his old lily-white swimming pool. Fortunately, a friend of mine came to the rescue. His family was visiting in the East, and he offered us the use of his house.

I DO NOT, cannot, care for Hollywood because it has ever been my arch enemy, even with its enlightened films like *Lost Boundaries* and *Home of the Brave*. If the latter one says anything at all, it says that the American Negro is a "nigger" not because of white America but because he, the Negro, believes himself to be a "nigger." And if all American Negroes could be psyched by the white man out of looking upon themselves as "niggers," all their problems would be solved. For, after all, Jim Crow and racial prejudice and lynching are only psychological states of the Negro's mind and have no bases in reality. Thus it is the victim's fault that he is the victim. Following this "logic," history would blame the Jews and not the Nazis, the Algerians, not the French. Thanks particularly to Hollywood, it has already blamed the American Indians and made heroes of the men who practiced genocide against them.

World, Flesh and the Devil, starring Harry Belafonte, Inger Stevens and Mel Ferrer, was another movie of the new "Era of Hollywood Enlightenment." The big hang-up in this one was: Which of the men would get the girl at the end of the story? The story's logic, its artistic integrity, and dramatic necessity dictated that Inger go for Harry. There were only three people left on the earth after an atomic holocaust. Harry was handsome and the good guy. Ferrer was the embodiment of evil. Nothwithstanding, one of the first versions of the script gave Inger to Ferrer. After much debating between New York and California, they arrived at a compromise that satisfied nobody at all. In the final scene of the film, Harry and Inger walk up a deserted Times Square together, and that is how the movie should have ended. But no. Just as we are about to believe that justice has triumphed and that love will conquer all, including racial prejudice, we reckoned without the racial fears of Hollywood. At the final moment, Belafonte turns around and gestures for Ferrer to join them, and the three go off together toward a stone-and-steel horizon.

I remember Ruby Dee commenting once: "I'm not concerned with interracial love and kisses on the movie screen. I'm just looking forward to the day a Negro man can kiss a Negro woman." She noted that with all the roles she had played, as wife and lover, she had never been kissed. It seems that Hollywood is very self-conscious about Negroes being in love and kissing, carrying on like other humans. *A Raisin in the Sun* made history in this respect. Sidney Poitier was probably the first Negro man ever to kiss a woman in a love scene on the movie screens of America. The woman, of course, was Ruby Dee.

WHY IS HOLLYWOOD the most backward of mass media as far as black Americans are concerned? An obvious reason is that more money is involved in making a film than in producing a play, and, consequently, more money is likely to be lost in case of box office failure. In its turn, Broadway is far more backward than book-publishing. The hard facts are: the more money involved, the less likelihood that the truth about the black man will achieve an audience. And thus black voices, stilled for centuries, are yet committed to oblivion at a moment in history when America needs most desperately to hear black voices. What else is new besides the new Negro? All else is repetition, a gross redundancy. What else is dynamic in this homeland of the brave? The Negro is the nation's mid-century protagonist.

That is why there's never been a crop of black writers for film or television. If you don't work in these two media, you do not reach the multitudes. Hollywood makes great pretensions of doing controversial movies. But the great debate in America today is *Negro freedom*. This is the fundamental controversy. How does the Negro artist break through this wall of censorship? We black writers and performing artists are ready to pool our creative strength to make our statements to our country. Where are the big-talking liberals?

Television is such a powerful persuader, hidden and overt, it could saturate the Southland with democracy, spreading the word to every nook and corner. Why has not the sunny Southland been sold a democratic image? In the November 14, 1964 edition of the New York *Amsterdam News,* Jesse Walker wrote: "Of the 35 new television shows this season, none has a Negro on a regular basis." How is that for getting the "real" image of America across? In the entire history of Hollywood, less than a half dozen screenplays have been written by Negroes. In that time not a single black screenwriter has been developed. If he has, it has been kept a deep dark secret. As for television, not a single Negro star has ever had his own weekly TV show (with national hook-up), except the late Nat Cole, who did a very very abbreviated stint. Why? Why is the Negro star forever relegated to the role of "guest in the house"? Why is he never the host? Where are the black news commentators? Sports announcers? Weather "experts"?

Of course, the brainwashers have never in history become the unbrainwashers. The slavemaster has never freed the slave. If a slavocracy had to wait for the slave-holders to overthrow it, it would surely last forever. Slave-masters cannot create free societies, even if they are of a mind to do so. The chains—economic, social, sentimental, psychological—that shackle the master to his slave are unbreakable, as far as he is concerned. On the other hand, the slave's fundamental aim is to break these chains. He awaits the day, the hour, the moment. The Nazis would never have freed the Jews. America has not yet freed the Negro, one hundred years after the word was given.

Ironically, the American Negro, at whom Hollywood has eternally aimed her fire, has been the least vulnerable of all Americans, the least brainwashed. We have never been completely taken in by the hypocritical culture, by film or television. Our belief in our innate inferiority has been, at most, superficial. Yes, the black American is a believer, but not a True Believer in the Word according to Saint Hollywood. That is why we will be the basic folk to free this country. We'll need a great deal of help from you, but we cannot, shall not, wait while you procrastinate.

A DIFFERENT DRUM

GEORGE W. BROADFIELD

George Broadfield designed and directed the country's first Domestic Peace Corps (1962-64) and is now program designer and analyst for the Associated Community Team, a federally sponsored program for underprivileged youth.

DURING MY UNDERGRADUATE years, one of my teachers, a great Rhodes Scholar, often called me the symbol of the "new Negro." I have yet to understand fully what he meant. There was nothing new about my ideas, my ambitions, heritage. He was, perhaps, confusing me with the times, the flow of history—the consequences of man's acts.

By white, middle-class standards, my life had been quite ordinary; compared to the life of most American Negroes, however, I had been most fortunate. I was brought up in a big clapboard house, in Hampton Roads, Virginia, in which my family had been living for more than a century and a half. My great-grandfather established a profitable fishing business in this seaport town, and at one time had a considerable fishing fleet. My grandfather carried on the business for a while. It is a yardstick of the family's position in the community that Broadfield money helped to found the first local bank.

Fortune smiled less on my father. He had a good education, majoring in engineering, but he ended up with a menial job with NACA, the predecessor of the present National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA). My mother was a professor of education at Hampton Institute; she was widely traveled, with a vivid interest in people and affairs far removed from the local scene. I don't suppose my father ever earned more than $75 a week, and I imagine that the pay scale for teachers at Hampton Institute could not have been very high. But we lived very comfortably, and there was never any question but that the means were available for me to go to college. Indeed, money was never mentioned at home in my presence, and it is quite possible that my education was paid for, at least in part, by the proceeds of my great-grandfather's fishing fleet.

My father was seen by me solely as a symbol of authority to be feared and obeyed. As an only child, much of my world was the one I made, at first from the heroes and heroines of the books my mother read to me and later from the books I read myself. I lived in an adult world. I don't ever really recall being a child, as I never played. In retrospect, I cannot remember, even to this date, any reference ever being made in our home to race, to color, to religion, to the "differences" among peoples. As a result I was hardly prepared to face the incredible reality that I was to be exposed to as the "new Negro."

All during my childhood, at some time of the day, I would put my hand into the hand of my grandfather, a tall, stately, blind man, and he would lead me from room to room, stepping from window to window, and he would say that "a Broadfield should own the land as far as he could see from every window in the house" (at one time we did). He was a patient man who had been a successful businessman under great handicaps, and he tried to indicate to me that the world would offer opportunities to me, too, and that I must develop the necessary inner strength and courage to exploit them.

In college—I attended Hampton Institute and Talladega, New York University and the University of Paris—I had been a protégé of three great intellectuals: a very young man steeped in the Chicago University tradition of the "Great Books"; a German professor-in-exile; and a French scholar whose mind had been moulded by Dr. André Siegfried of the University of Paris. These three tried to fashion for me a lens through which to view the strange, paradoxical social order which was very soon to confront me. I had studied economics and finance, and was determined to build a future for myself inside the corporate structure. I saw myself, if you will, as an Organization Man.

After graduation, I went through the voluminous listing of job openings in *The New York Times*. Interviewers very quickly gave me a pleasant, quiet and final "no." I then chose 73 companies and corporations from various directories and knocked in vain at the employment office of each. Finally, I was sent on a round of interviews by such agencies as the NAACP and the Urban League, none of which turned up anything that promised a future. I noted that the boards of these organizations, and particularly of the Urban League, were replete with members of the power elite, including the Rockefellers. It seemed odd to me then, and still does, that the Rockefellers who so generously support the Urban League, should yet fail to open the doors of The Chase Manhattan Bank, or Standard Oil of N.J., or any other of their great enterprises to one or two of the Negro youths who had been to schools and universities with their own sons.

And then, late one evening, at a party given by the Indian Ambassador to Washington, I met an American white man who had lived so long in the Middle East that he no longer saw people as black or white or brown, but as people, competent or incompetent. I told him I wanted to work in the petroleum world. He said he would arrange it. He wrote to his New York office on Park Avenue, informing them that I had been hired as a junior executive-in-training, making no reference to my race. Very soon I received a formal letter inviting me to come to New York at my convenience.

A suite was reserved for me at the Delmonico Hotel on Park Avenue. On a Monday morning, at 9 A.M., I was at the corporation's headquarters and was promptly shown into a magnificent, fruitwood-lined elevator, operated by a man in livery with white gloves, and swept up to the 47th floor. A young lady quite like those on the covers of fashion magazines appeared stunned as I introduced myself as the Mr. Broadfield for whom she had been waiting. Summoning her courage, she ushered me in to see the vice-president with whom I had the appointment. He took one look at me and, visibly shaken, turned in his swivel chair and stared out the window upon the towers of Manhattan for quite a long period before turning back to me.

But I was hired and there was nothing he could do about it. He never asked me to sit down. He talked vaguely about the corporation's operations. It was clear to me that he was either deliberately omitting, or under the stress of circumstance completely forgetting, the normal briefing he was supposed to give the new, young executive.

I stayed with the organization for three years, chiefly because of the encouragement of friends inside and outside the corporation. It was a thoroughly dehumanizing experience. Every day I had to prove anew that I was a human being. There was not a day that I was not center-staged; every act of mine, however small, was appraised against the background of my co-workers' prejudices. There were times that I was overcome by despair. Junior executives were supposed to attend classes; I never did because none were arranged for me. Junior executives are supposed to move from department to department; I remained at the desk to which I was first assigned for the whole three years of my employment.

My plight soon became a source of embarrassment to some of my colleagues; we had become friends and we were all young. But I was determined not to quit. I was foolish enough to think at the time that if I accepted the values of the Organization Man, all the trappings and the jargon, the door could not remain forever closed to me. I wore the right clothes, said the right things, lunched at the right places, talked to the right people. The result was catastrophic: I lost my own heritage and gained no other. Those I was trying to emulate were really little people playing roles in a vast machine of which they had no understanding. In my effort to imitate them, to be accepted by them, I became caught up in their own nothingness.

There is no way to describe the anger, the terror, the loneliness that welled up inside me during my three years with the corporation. And worst of all, almost—I had no one to whom I could unburden myself. My Negro friends, concerned with status and the trappings of success, could never understand why I should be unhappy working for a great corporation with a Park Avenue address. And my friends in the corporation could never understand simply because they were white. For all their natural kindness and generosity, they could not possibly accept that I, as a black man, wanted from life exactly what they wanted, no more and no less.

A sort of death came over me. I worked every day—"performed" is a better way of putting it—like an automaton. My own life began to mean very little. Had it not been, perhaps, for the memory of the things my grandfather had told me, I could never have survived.

But there came a summer morning when I could stand no more. I walked out of my office in a daze, rode down the fruitwood elevator, crossed over to Fifth Avenue and on to Rockefeller Center. Stumbling, I went into the French Line office and booked passage on the *Liberté,* the first ship sailing. I hated Americans and I hated America. I chose a foreign ship deliberately, thinking that it would be easier to avoid American companionship. I feared that shipboard intimacy with a fellow-countryman would lead me to explode all my spleen upon him, all my pent-up anguish. For me, such an explosion would have been a kind of exorcism; I had been living too long with values which affronted me as a man and as a Christian, and I yearned to throw them back upon the society that had forced me to accept them.

I had booked passage to Paris because I wanted the anonymity of another country, an older civilization. Now, staring down at the people waving goodby, I noticed one of my friends frantically directing my attention to another part of the deck, where a tall, black man was standing by the rail. Later, at sea, we met; he proved to be the highest ranking member of the Cabinet of the President of Liberia. I dined with him and his bride almost every evening during the voyage. "Your destiny is in Africa," he told me one night. And he added: "We need you." I did not answer him; Africa played no role in my thoughts at the time. But he persisted, and when we reached Paris he introduced me to the Liberian Ambassador. "When this man is ready to go," he told the Ambassador, "send him to us by the first available transportation."

After a month in Paris, resting and contemplating my future, Africa loomed larger and larger in my mind. I went to the Ambassador and said: "I'm ready."

I landed finally in Africa—still an angry black man. Looking back, I realize now that I must have been at least as tired as I was angry, involved as I had been in a harsh and fruitless struggle with others —and in a much deeper struggle within myself. I asked myself the following simple but frightening question over and over again: If I were white, and had the abilities that those whom I respected were willing to grant me, and had been driven to this point of total renunciation, would my life have been worth living?

I arrived in the late evening and twilight was turning into night as we drove in the car which the government had put at my disposal from the airport into Monrovia, the capital of Liberia. I did not feel strange; Liberia is American-supported, a fact of which one becomes immediately aware. By the time we had driven through the vast Firestone plantation, twilight had vanished and we were engulfed in the blackness of night quite unlike the nights I knew. The smooth, black asphalt road, the tall rubber trees on either side meeting at the top, gave one the feeling of moving swiftly through a silent tunnel. A sweet aroma hung in the air; it came, my driver said, from the rubber trees during the rainy season which now prevailed. Here and there, as we raced through the darkness, I caught the glow of small fires; around each, I was told, a family was gathered enjoying the last palaver of the day. About us was the silence of the African night—the silence that comes when all man-made noises stop and crickets, frogs, birds and drums take over. In Africa one is never beyond the sound of drums and the rhythm of one's own life seems somehow related to their staccato beat.

In the peaceful loneliness of that first ride, a fire within me flickered and went out. I found once more the serenity of my childhood mansions—and the strength of a proud old man who wanted to possess all the land his blind eyes could not survey. For me, I realized at once, this was a new homecoming.

The Liberian Government immediately cast me in a role of great responsibility for which my youth and inexperience left me unprepared. As a Special Assistant to the Minister of Public Works and Utilities, I was to be responsible for the coordination of all public services. My duties were largely financial: the allocation of Export-Import funds and of other loans for commerce and industry, and the procurement of new loans from public and private international fiscal institutions for projects that would be both socially worthwhile and economically viable in a country which, after a century of independence and modern government, still remained greatly underdeveloped.

This assignment might have led older, wiser men to take the next plane out of the country. But I was avid for experience and a glutton for responsibility. I stayed. I discovered experience and I learned responsibility.

It took the Africans three years to accept me as one of their own. At first, their acceptance or nonacceptance was a matter of indifference to me. After all, in spite of myself, I was an American, with ways of thinking quite different from theirs. I was surprised and somewhat shocked at what seemed to be an incredible ignorance prevalent even among some of the country's elite; I resented the apathy shown by authorities toward measures for social improvement; I did not like the authoritarian measures used to suppress political opposition. I resented, and still resent, the lavish way in which some of the rulers live at the obvious expense of the people. It hurt me to see black people deny other black people opportunities to serve—just as I had been denied in my homeland. Yet I stayed. And as I stayed, I learned a simple truth: that I could love, and be loved by, people who had been utterly alien to me. I speak advisedly: my colleagues in government service were not so alien. They spoke correct phrases in perfect English, had air-conditioned homes and indulged themselves in polite gossip whenever the occasion arose, which was quite frequently. The women were either fat, loud and sweaty, or else thin and graceful, and seemed forever silent, looking out of the windows of their eyes on a world which they had yet to interpret. I stayed. I learned.

This was living. In my "oil days," I had often dreamed of dining by candlelight in my own Park Avenue penthouse, and had told my friends that I would not settle for anything less than a view of the river. My African days taught me that you can see rivers from any vantage point if you know how to look for them.

I went up and down the country, beholding dream-lakes and sudden silvery falls with the critical eye of one who plans to capture natural beauty for its commercial utility. Waterfalls meant hydroelectricity. I thought of "handicrafts," or "animal husbandry" whenever I saw the soft-haired buffaloes trampling about in the marshier sections of the water.

I had been catapulted into a job which gave me the prestige which I felt I deserved, and which had been so unjustly denied to me in America. This job I learned to love, and I learned humility from the immensity of the tasks set before me. I also learned how it felt to be accepted—nay, wanted. I learned this when people who owned land pointed to a vacant field beside their property and insisted that I settle there that I might be closer to them. I sensed this again and again when problems of African independence were discussed in my presence, and my opinion on various aspects of these problems was solicited by my African friends.

Through five years of experience and exposure, I acquired the knowledge and skills which made me not only an expert on planning for economic and social development, but—and this is infinitely more important—provided me with an understanding of human problems I could not acquire as an outcast in America.

I love Africa. I love its sunsets, the quiet of its countryside, its simplicity. As I discovered it, I also discovered myself. I discovered the joy of dedication, how rewarding it is to "work for a cause" that one believes in. Whatever I may have contributed to African society has been given back to me fourfold, and for this I shall remain eternally grateful.

Five years passed and then, one day, I awoke and found that I could not see. I had contracted a rare, tropical eye disease requiring immediate surgery. Since the required medical care was then available only in the United States, the Liberian Government paid my plane fare back to New York, and also for my stay in one of New York City's expensive hospitals.

The operation was successful and I recovered my sight rapidly. I was overjoyed and began to look around me with brand-new, unspoiled eyes and an open mind.

Friends now insisted that I stay, that I owed something to the country of my birth, that it was better to try to right wrongs than to run away from them. They pointed out that things had changed since I had left five years before, and that I no longer had the right to say that everything was right in Africa and everything wrong in the United States. And so I stayed.

I stayed and I went through a repeat performance of what I had experienced after leaving college. Everybody was polite, everybody was sympathetic, but nobody could use the special services that I had to offer. This time I was wise: I went back to Africa before I had time to become angry and embittered all over again.

After spending three more years in Liberia, and traveling through many other African countries as a representative of the Liberian Government, I returned to the United States once again, this time to see my ailing father. Again I was urged to seek a job in this country that would be consonant with my experience. Again I tried, and again I failed. Now I reached the conclusion that it was impossible for me to attain self-fulfillment and to contribute anything of value to a society of which I still felt that I was a part. But this time, instead of being angered, I was immensely saddened. I decided to leave again, but now it seemed to me as though I was abandoning a friend who desperately needed help, but was too disturbed to be able to accept it. I felt frustration, but not for myself; I merely felt sorry for those who were depriving themselves while they thought that they were depriving me.

Thus, when the government of Guinea offered me a position, I did not hesitate to sign a contract, I was about to leave once again for Africa when the unexpected happened. A Negro woman who has devoted her life to helping the young, and whom I've known for many years, called me. She said that a grant was being made available through the President's Committee and the Department of Health, Education and Welfare for a project for the youth of Harlem. She added: "We need you here, George. Please stay."

I cannot say that at first I was overly enthusiastic about the project. A grant is a fine thing, but it doesn't last forever. What would happen when the project came to an end? Did I have the strength to put myself through yet another excruciating job-seeking experience? Then, suddenly, I stopped asking myself questions; I realized that what really mattered was the project and what it could mean to hundreds of Negro children who, as I had, must face a future where color more than ability could determine their destiny. I stayed.

I designed the initial project for the Domestic Peace Corps with the help of three people. Our original plan was to illustrate the real and pressing need for such a corps, and to test its feasibility. In designing the project, I was moved by two personal considerations:

1. I wanted to prove that the spirit of voluntarism inherent in the American democratic tradition is still alive among the young, and that it can be greatly stimulated by a specially designed crash training program.

2. My compelling need to do something for my people in an area where I know I can be helpful, and in which I have competence.

It has been hard work, and it will become more difficult as the project expands. But I feel as gratified now as I did on the day when President Tubman of Liberia did me the honor of asking me to become a citizen of his country. I have at last become a man of meaning in my own country. I have been able to contribute my talents for the betterment of the land of my birth. I know at last not only what to fight against, but what to fight for.

I have, of course, disagreed with a number of articles which have appeared in THE NATION *over the years. At the same time, however, I have always respected the courage and forthrightness of the editors in stating the facts and analyzing them. I think the publication has provoked both thought and controversy, both of which are essential in a democracy such as ours.*

Keep up the good work for another hundred years. **—Sen. William Proxmire**

LEWIS A. COSER

THE FEAR of POSITIVE THINKING

When he isn't teaching sociology at Brandeis University, Professor Coser is writing books or contributing to various journals (mostly of dissent). His most recent book is Men of Ideas: a Sociologist's View *(Free Press).*

THE CLAIM OF THE intellectual to get a hearing in the market place and on the forum has never been securely established on the American scene. Though this nation was founded by men who achieved the very rare feat of combining intellectual eminence with political leadership, anti-intellectual tendencies have been sharply salient in American society and in the American polity ever since the passing of the generation of the Founding Fathers. As the requirements of mass democracy forced the gentleman intellectual from the political scene, the new style political leaders felt the need to flatter the electorate by stressing the superiority of inborn, natural, intuitive and folkish wisdom and to devaluate the ratiocinations of the cultivated. Politics and mind began to be seen as antithetical, and the cultivated retreated into a genteel isolation from political life. Politics was defined as hard, demanding and masculine; ideas and culture came to be seen as effeminate. Though this image partially receded, as Richard Hofstadter has reminded us, during the progressive era and, again, during the New Deal, it has continued to mark American politics in ways often incomprehensible to the European mind.

The very democratic and egalitarian passion which marked the history of America as a nation was also responsible for a distrust of those who might cloak their claims to elite status under the pretext of being the appointed guardians of the arcana of knowledge, be it in science or in the law. As early as 1783, an aroused citizen could be heard calling for a purge of the courts so that "Voluminous laws [could be] curtailed into a plain command, which the common people, of plain sense, may understand."

The common man's disparagement of learning was catered to not only in politics, but in all other institutional spheres. In religion especially, as revivalism and evangelicalism displaced the scholarly traditions of early Puritanism, the conviction grew that head-religion was inferior to heart-religion. From the Great Awakening to Billy Graham, one notices a progressive primitivization of the Christian message, a growing dissociation of sensibilities; religion came to stand for emotion and to be inimical to mind. In their efforts to win over the unchurched frontiersmen and the vast secularized urban masses, evangelical preachers gradually developed a muscular Christianity, stressing the "practical" value of their messages and inspiring distrust in the claims of intellect. The minister but too often became a salesman of the gospel, a booster of Christ.

The all-pervasive stress on practicality explains as well the sorry state of American science and American higher education throughout most of the 19th century. When national support for higher education was forthcoming at all, it was almost exclusively limited to the advancement of the mechanical and agricultural arts rather than to the "impractical" sciences. When an Englishman offered America an endowment for a national scientific institution, Congress refused to accept the gift for many years. When it finally did so, it invested the Smithsonian bequest in bonds of the State of Arkansas, which promptly defaulted. . . .

Lest it be believed that such attitudes belong to a long-surpassed state, it is well to be reminded that but a decade ago a Special Committee of the House of Representatives to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, under the Chairmanship of Congressman Reece of Tennessee, issued a report warning of a dangerous trend in the social sciences which had led to "an excess of empirical research," based on "inductive reasoning from observed data," which in turn had led to " 'moral relativity', to the detriment of our moral, religious, and governmental principles. . . ."

NO ONE has yet been able fully to answer Crèvecoeur's insistent query, "Who then is the American, this new man?" But one strong ingredient which marked his make-up has clearly been a distrust of intellect born of a commitment to activity, practicality and admiration for those hard-headed men who got a job done without being distracted by excessive ratiocination. In this respect, images derived from the muscular politics and the muscular morality of the 19th century merge effortlessly with the newer images of 20th-century mass culture. Even though the prestige of the scientist has risen enormously in the post-Sputnik era, his portrayal in the mass media is still marked by a great deal of ambivalence. Even though he may nowadays be endowed with powerful magical mana, or perhaps because he is so endowed, he is conceived as threatening, as possessed by a fearful otherness, which marks him off from ordinary men. Even though he may overcompensate for his lack of truly masculine attributes by his ability to manipulate hidden and secret sources of power, he seldom commands more than the kind of awed reverence with which primitives might upon occasion have viewed practitioners of dark and awful tribal rites.

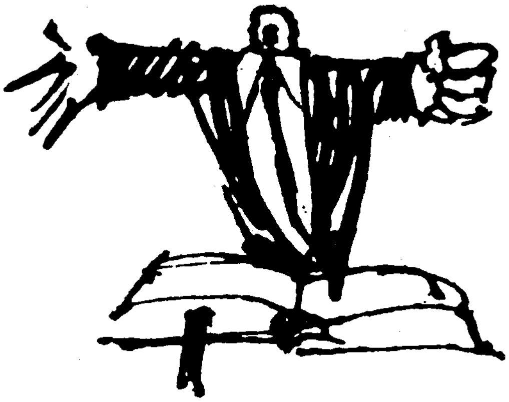
While our commitment to technology provides some protection for the scientist against the claims of practicality, no such protection has traditionally been available to the artist who, in consequence, has been even more vulnerable a target of anti-intellectual wrath throughout much of our history. The prevalence of the theme of estrangement among our greatest men of letters, from Hawthorne and Melville to Henry Adams and Henry James, is a consequence of this. The American artist could rarely feel, like his French counterpart, that he incarnated national purposes or national aspirations. His was almost invariably an interstitial existence, and his work was shaped by his sense of isolation. Throughout most of the 19th century, the arts were seen mainly as a means to soothe and comfort feminine sensibilities. Men devoting themselves to the calling of the arts condemned themselves to exist at the margin of "serious" society. Both Pale Faces and Red Skins alike, to use Philip Rahv's suggestive typology of American writers, were but too often treated with, at best, tolerant amusement.

The negative stereotypes of the artist-intellectual tended to decrease in virulence when the idea of modernity burst upon the 20th century. As artists and literary men began their counterattack against Main Street and Babbittry, as the modern temper gradually eroded genteel tradition and popular know-nothing reflexes alike, as mass education spread at least a veneer of culture over the raw practicality of America, crude anti-artistic and anti-intellectual attitudes began to be driven underground or were left to flourish only in such pockets of resistance as are found in the Bible Belt or the affluent suburbs of southern California. As culture became a conversation piece and status symbol among the *nouveaux riches* and the well-to-do, the claims of the intellect seemed to gain more ready acceptance. Yet anti-intellectualism was to reach its highest pitch in the fifties.

TO DOCUMENT the anti-intellectual passions of the McCarthy era of pseudo-conservative revolt is to belabor the obvious. Intellectuals were not the only target of McCarthy's rage, to be sure, but they were prime targets. His mindless sorties against educators, universities, writers, diplomats became models for countless minor inquisitors who hoped to rise to power and influence by joining the hunt. During the fifties it seemed at times as if intellectual-baiting would displace baseball as a national sport. All the venom and resentment against the very spirit of modernity which had long smoldered under the surface now came into the open in an atmosphere of anti-intellectual fervor and malice which seemed matched only by the witch hunts which Stalin earlier had instigated against Russia's writers and artists. McCarthyism finally subsided, but the anti-intellectualism of the American Right was by no means dead.

The nativistic crudities of the Goldwater campaign are still vivid enough in our ears as not to need much discussion here. When Goldwater argued that "The moral fibre of the American people is beset by rot and decay," it was not hard to realize that he wished to single out modern intellectuals as the root cause of the decay. When he said in his Memphis speech, "A lot of my enemies call me simple. The trouble with the so-called liberal today is that he doesn't understand simplicity. The answers to America's problems are simple," it was not hard to realize that this *terrible simplificateur* appealed to the very same anti-intellectual prejudices that have marred American politics since the early 19th century. The call to arms against "permissiveness in the school and the home," the claim that our basic social evils stemmed from a lack of "discipline and punishment" or from the attempt to "eliminate religious sentiment from every aspect of public life," the appeal for a return to the basic simplicities of the Protestant Ethic or of Herbert Spencer, all the dreary inanities of this dismal campaign will serve future historians with ample evidence for the continued virulence of anti-intellectual reflexes on the New American Right and among all those who have not yet accepted the 20th century.

Anti-intellectual prejudices on the Right have been fully documented. But modern liberals often seem to assume, by virtue of a kind of self-comforting hypothesis, that the disease is limited to the Right alone. Such a view might provide a considerable measure of psychic reassurance but it hardly gibes with the facts. The Right has by no means a monopoly in this respect; the Left is similarly, though perhaps not equally, susceptible to the infection. And certain intellectuals have themselves been the purveyors of anti-intellectual ideas.



The roots of liberal and radical thought in the ideas and ideals of enlightenment and rationalism may have provided a measure of inoculation against the virus of anti-intellectualism in the past. But ever since the *fin de siècle* revolt against the optimistic, enlightened, progressive rationalism of the 19th century which we associate with such otherwise diverse figures as Pareto and Freud, Sorel and Dewey, certain anti-intellectual tendencies have become prevalent among intellectuals. Not that Freud or Dewey can be held responsible for the follies of their disciples—they were, of course highly self-conscious intellectuals fastidiously devoted to the intellectual calling—but the fact is that it was possible, by utilizing bits and pieces of their work, to build an anti-intellectual world view from the materials they had provided. Once the disappointed lovers of progress and rationality discovered the driving force of unconscious desires and untamed instincts, of irrational taboos and nonrational constraints, there came the temptation to turn disappointment in the powers of rationality into an attack on the claims of intellect.

Norman Brown's *Life Against Death* serves to provide an instructive example. In this strange book Brown attempts to "renew psychoanalysis" by raising the ante over both Wilhelm Reich and Herbert Marcuse. Only the end of *all* repression, the "resurrection of the body," the total de-sublimation, he argues, can cure "the disease called man." The abolition of repression "would abolish the unnatural concentrations of libido in certain particular bodily organs. . . . The human body would become polymorphously perverse, delighting in that full life of all the body which it now fears." The coming polymorphous revolution would not, however, affect the body alone. Norman Brown entertains the hypothesis that "formal logic and the law of contradiction are the rules whereby the mind submits to operate under general conditions of repression. As with the concept of time, Kant's categories of rationality would then turn out to be the categories of repression." In the light of such cravings poor Wilhelm Reich, orgone box and all, sounds pretty mild. He wanted only to reduce body armor and cure cancer—the categories of logic he left alone.

It thus came to pass, as Richard Hofstadter has shown in convincing detail, that alleged disciples of Dewey developed a "life adjustment" philosophy of education built on the anarchic idea that the subject matter being taught a child did not matter, be it Latin or homemaking, provided it had "an immediate appeal" for the child. Or, as the National Education Association once put it: "Mathematics and mechanics, art and agriculture, history and homemaking are all peers." No matter that the old master had preached a doctrine of almost puritanical self-restraint, many alleged followers took Freud's writing as a point of departure for a kind of neo-Rousseauistic primitivism, an antinomian stance in which the claims of instinct were taken to be the only reliable guides to "natural" conduct. Similarly, self-styled disciples of Marx disregarded the master's claims to have provided scientifically certified guidelines to action by exalting a kind of generalized activism, an exaltation of doing over reflection.

In spite of, or rather because of our sympathy with and admiration for the youth who have emerged in recent years from apathy and despair in the magnificent upsurge of the civil rights and peace movements, we must not close our eyes to the anti-intellectual strains which can often be discerned among them. Talking to these young men and women one senses often that the failure of the ideological commitments of their elders makes them turn toward a certain contempt for "mere" thinking and a distrust of the intellect. One notices among them a curtailment of time perspective, an immersion in the here and now of immediate experience. They often seem to be given to undifferentiated, almost visceral responses. They are right, of course, to deplore the lack of militancy, vision and commitment of their elders, but this does not exempt them from the obligation to think through the political alternatives open to them. The admirable movements in which the young today struggle against the follies that their elders have bequeathed to them, would be fatally marred were they to succumb to a kind of mindless activism, a know-nothing militancy, a conduct unguided by firm intellectual as well as emotional commitments.

SUCH INCIDENTS as the recent "dirty word" episode on the Berkeley campus—which seems to have been activated mainly by a desire to maintain flagging student militancy—succeeded only in making the Free Speech Movement look ridiculous and sophomoric. Last year's attempt by a few civil rights activists to mar the opening of the New York World's Fair by a "stall in" on the major access roads failed completely and only served to help discredit the movement in the eyes of previously well-disposed middle-of-the-roaders. Some of the antics of Jesse Gray and his followers calling last summer for a "hundred revolutionaries willing to die" in support of rent strikes in New York's ghettos is another example. Militancy for militancy's sake, inability to think through the relations of the means used to the ends striven for, can only injure and weaken the new radical movement which, as a whole, seems to me the most hopeful development we have witnessed in America since the thirties. These young radicals sometimes argue that theirs is a "pragmatic" politics based on personal choice and commitment. So be it. But they might do well to remember John Dewey's advice, "While the solution has to be reached by action based on personal choice, theory can enlighten and guide choice and action by revealing alternatives, and by bringing to light what is entailed when we choose one alternative rather than another."

Nor are anti-intellectual tendencies on the Left limited to the militant young. In fact the exaltation of action and of the primitive id at the expense of the socialized and hence "unnatural" ego is much more pronounced among certain of their elders. Norman Mailer's recent apologia for murder in his neo-primitivist *An American Dream* may serve as an extreme example in point. This sick and sickening apologia for Mailer's hipster hero, he of the ever active phallus, is far from being the private fantasy of one writer; it reproduces, though in heightened form, a revolt from reason and intellect which far transcends Mailer's case history. His hero who, after having strangled his wife, reflects: "I was weary with a most honorable fatigue, and my flesh seemed new. I had not felt so nice since I was twelve," is echoed by LeRoi Jones's revolutionary hero in his recent play, *The Slave*, who after having derided his "dickless" liberal-intellectual antagonist, finally shoots him to the applause of many young Negroes in the audience. Genêt's and Burrough's work provide other examples. Genêt's "The only criterion for an act is its elegance" can be said to provide a capsule definition of this new literature of chaos glorified.

THESE ARE EXTREMES, to be sure, but I cannot help but feel that a number of younger novelists, such as Joseph Heller, illustrate a similar anti-intellectual temper in more muted ways. Even as one enjoys the boisterous protest of *Catch-22* and its many successors, one senses in its pages a nihilistic rejection of the claims of culture and intellect. This fashionable nihilism has now even made its appearance in, of all places, the Luce publications, which but recently clamored for Men of Affirmation among the intellectuals to take the place of somewhat un-American Men of Protest. Writes John Aldridge on Mailer's new novel in *Life*: "The novel explores . . . the possibilities, not for damnation, but for salvation to be found in some of the most reprehensible acts known to our society—murder, suicide, incest, fornication and physical violence. It dramatizes the various ways a man may sin in order to be saved, consort with Satan in order to attain God, become holy as well as whole by restoring the primitive psychic circuits that enable him to live in harmony with himself and find his courage, regardless of whether his courage seeks its test in the challenges of love or the temptation to murder, whether he ends by becoming saint or psychopath." Even Nietzsche's nihilism beyond good and evil is still intimately tied to the Western civilization he attacks with such bitter vehemence; certain modern nihilists have "progressed" beyond him into fantasies of total rejection, of rebellion against the very idea of civilization. To them everything is a "racket," or a weird circus. As Mary McCarthy has said of Burrough's *Naked Lunch* in an admiring review, "The best comparison for the book, with its aerial sex acts performed on a high trapeze, its con men and barkers, its arena-like form, is in fact to a circus. A circus travels but it is always the same, and this is Burrough's sardonic image of modern life."

One realizes, of course, that the anti-intellectual revolt among certain intellectuals becomes understandable only if seen against the backdrop of a world disfigured by the continued threat of atomic destruction. Much of it can be read as a primitive protest against the stultification of bureaucratized mass society. Yet the primitivism which is advertised as a cure for the disease of modern man turns out to be but another form of his sickness.

One source from which anti-intellectualism derives some strength on the current scene lies in the functioning of modern industrialized society, quite apart from the realm of ideologies, of activistic practicalism and the ambiguous appeals of neo-primitivism. Industrialization fosters the preponderance within economy and polity of mental technicians who view the claims of the intellect with barely concealed contempt or, at best, with amused curiosity. In the world of computerized decision-making, of highly skilled operators with extremely narrow fields of specialization, generalizing and critical functions might slowly atrophy. Once the center of the stage is occupied by specialized brain workers and experts of various kinds, surviving intellectuals might find it hard to find an appreciative audience. In Max Weber's "cage of the future," in the disenchanted ice age of managerially dominated mass societies, autonomy, creativity, critical abilities and substantial rationality, the traditional prerogatives of the intellectual, might well be regarded as potential disturbers of peace of mind. And, as I have written elsewhere, much like hunchbacks today, surviving intellectuals would then meet a mixture of pity and awe on the part of the settled denizens of the world. In such a society, should certain present tendencies develop to the full, the claims of high culture and of intellect would become problematic. Such societies would, in fact, not be anti-intellectual at all, they would be a-intellectual. T. S. Eliot once remarked that the blasphemer is still close to the Christian: in as far as he still feels the need to attack the Godhead he recognizes it. Only the indifferent is the truly dangerous antagonist of Christianity. Similarly the truly dangerous antagonists of the intellect might not be those who attack it explicitly, but rather those who treat it as irrelevant.

But this ice age is not now with us, though we might discern some of its lineaments in certain present trends. In fact, defense of the claims of the intellect against all those who for whatever reason wish to restrict and deny it must be seen as an essential component of the struggle against it. Basically the struggle against the bureaucratic ossification of modern society and the struggle against all the varieties of anti-intellectual tendencies is one and the same. Those who defend the claims of the intellect defend the very idea of an open culture against a future in which they would be obsolete.

One hundred years is a long time for anything to last, and for a weekly liberal journal it is a miraculous stretch.

Without THE NATION *one of the central components of the American liberal movement would have been missing and the movement itself would never have been the same.*

I send congratulations to THE NATION *as a liberal journal of serious and lasting importance.*—**Harold Taylor**

PUBLIC SCHOOLS FOR PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

Holding degrees in both chemistry and education, Mr. Friedenberg switched to sociology as he became "increasingly aware of the school as an institution to be evaluated." He is now Professor of Sociology at University of California (Davis).

"TO EDUCATE" HAS BECOME the most transitive of verbs. It is something that is always done to somebody else, usually by adults to children. Long before THE NATION was first published, the word had lost much of its original meaning of "to educe or draw out" the pupils' personal gifts and potentialities. This may possibly be what Aristotle did—rather irresponsibly—for Alexander of Macedon, later to be called the Great. It is seldom what American public schools do for the students who are obliged by law and circumstances to attend them.

Self-education, in the older, eductive sense, is really no longer permitted. Our society has become too anxious for credentials to allow it; the student may read and listen on his own time, or flee the attendance-taker and the draft board by going on the road; but such self-cultivation has become eccentric and socially dysfunctional even when not strictly illegal. Students who try to practice it risk bogging down in revolt and preciosity, and losing the self-esteem they started with. Education, today, means schooling. Some readers, perhaps, may find it pedantic even to suggest that it might mean anything else.

Education, or schooling, has been a recurrent concern of Americans—as it must be, perhaps, to all immigrants, who can have no natural feel for their new and alien surroundings. Those who would build a New Jerusalem must arrange for instruction in Hebrew; yet, it takes a while to feel at ease in Zion. Our preoccupation with education has, however, been suspiciously protracted and obsessive. This is not our usual style; our customary habit is to leap from problem to problem like a clumsy and overconfident moose, declaring each in turn to have been solved by our exceptional technical gifts and ignoring the wreckage we have strewn behind us. But we ruminate about our schools; which is to say that we have never quite been able to stomach them.

People only become obsessed with difficulties they are dealing with dishonestly, and whose actual basis they dare not quite face. Our fretfulness about education masks, I believe, an unwillingness either to accept or renounce certain of the most important social functions of our schools. Centrally, these have to do with status and success, and the conditions youngsters must meet in order to have a chance to achieve them. Among those conditions, of course, is that status and success must be the rewards they want and seek; and the schools must intensify their urge to do so, on the terms society makes available.

Community leaders are likely to find themselves in conflict when they face what those terms have become. In fitting American youth for its destiny in the free world of tomorrow, our schools may be virtually compelling them to become a bunch of ratfinks. So, in effect, Jules Henry in *Culture Against*

Man and Paul Goodman in *Compulsory Mis-Education* maintain. Though this is not the whole story, they are right, I think. We are inclined to regard our interest in education and our huge expenditure on it as evidence of enlightened commitment to social progress and to the spread of economic opportunity. When we still complain, as we continually do, it is because we believe our schools are not functioning properly; standards are too low, or the dropout rate is too high, or discipline is too lenient, or college entrance is overstressed and competition is too keen. Educational evils are attributed to *defective* schools. In fact, they are as likely to be the work of *effective* schools that are being directed toward evil ends by the society that supports and controls them.

There is a sense in which great emphasis on formal education is a sign of stress and social conflict, quite apart from questions about whether the schools are working right. I do not refer here to the overworked and nostalgic idea that primitive people have more *élan vital* and fun, because they lead more natural lives. This is probably sentimental and is in any case irrelevant to my point. Great educational zeal is a trouble sign in other ways than as a token of possibly excessive artificiality.

SCHOOLS, AS SEPARATE, FORMAL, social institutions, do not appear in a society simply because it is growing more complex and specialized. In fact, the more complex and specialized a particular social role is the more likely it is that it will have to be mostly learned on the job. But, as Margaret Mead pointed out more than twenty years ago[1], schools are a definite indication that a society is divisible into a dominant and a subordinate group, and that the dominant group want to teach the subordinate group something they could not be trusted to learn if left to themselves. Schools are expensive; and when the church, or the state, or the taxpayers set them up and arrange for the young and ignorant to attend them, it is either because they anticipate that they will have to draw on their pupils in the future for the skills and attitudes necessary to maintain and expand their enterprises, or because they have set society up and are running it in such a way that the young can make no contribution to it and become a nuisance if allowed at large (their confinement seems less arbitrary if the place in which they are kept is called a school). These reasons are neither exhaustive nor mutually exclusive; but in our society they are, I believe, paramount.

There need not, of course, necessarily be a conflict of interest between those who run the schools and those who are obliged to attend them. But if public instruction must be heavily institutionalized and strongly supported by legal sanctions there probably is such a conflict. People do tend to learn what fits their pattern of life and their conception of their own interests without other people making a special effort to teach them; though they may want and need assistance in making the necessary arrangements. On the other hand, those social forces that mold the educational establishment also set the terms for later success and even survival as adults; and in this sense, of course, children need to become what schooling makes them. Whether education is conducive, therefore, to economic opportunity or economic exploitation is a highly subjective judgment. Supporters of the school system insist, quite sincerely, that education develops talent and potential by suiting the pupils' skills and character to the opportunities society provides and helping them to make themselves useful. This, indeed, has been the historic function of public schooling in America. Only Paul Goodman, I believe, has spoken of this process as a kind of subsidy by which the personnel problems of private enterprise are solved at public expense. The schools train youth to be the kind of employees corporate bureaucracies need, and do the dirty job of weeding out the unfit by establishing dossiers on them to warn prospective employers away, or guiding them into humble jobs for which their deficiencies of character or competence, from the corporate point of view, are not disabling.

CORPORATIONS, in any case, pay a large proportion of the taxes that support education; so this is no less biased a way of viewing the function of the schools than eulogizing them as the fountainhead of economic opportunity would be. Every society is a kind of organism, and its schools serve as a kind of digestive system, breaking pupils down into goodies that can be transported to and utilized by remote organsystems. Our school system is excessively faithful to the analogy in its tendency to degrade youngsters it cannot assimilate or finds toxic, and to treat them like excrement. And today, American youth no longer has an alternative to being ingested by the schools. Throughout our history, the average number of years of schooling completed has risen steadily from one generation to the next, as has, of course, the proportion of youth of any age still in school. Our current attention to the "dropout problem" is not the result of any increase in the dropout rate—the rate is still falling, as it always has been—but to our increased difficulty in utilizing adolescents out of school and, I suspect, to the increased political potential of the Negroes who drop out at a rate disproportionate to their enrollment.

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[1] "Our Educational Needs in Primitive Perspective": *American Journal of Sociology,* p. 48, May 6, 1943.

We now expect all adolescents to complete high school, and most of those who do have declared at some point in their high school career that they expect to attend college, while communities, faced with a higher unemployment rate among youth than among any other age group, strain their resources to give young people some sort of respectable civilian social role in institutions they hopefully call colleges.

This process is supposed to be progress: more and more young people, both relatively and absolutely, are being granted greater and greater educational opportunity. Perhaps; but only if we assume that what is taught in school is necessarily more valuable than what might have been learned outside it, if society had troubled to provide alternatives, so that youngsters might be free to stay out and make their own way, and had legitimate opportunities to get jobs and live according to their natures. This too is an American tradition, celebrated most triumphantly, perhaps, by Huck Finn in his closing statement. Only recently have we refused absolutely to permit adolescents—as we would now say—to program their own activities.

SO, INSTEAD OF CITING our approach to total school attendance as evidence that youth is being served better and better, I should prefer to accept it for what it certainly is: one more instance of the centralization of American life, with corresponding elimination of the "path less traveled by" that might have "made all the difference." For some youngsters this constitutes reduced educational opportunity; and for all it constitutes more limited—that is, less diverse—educational opportunity. Expansion of the scope and authority of formal education in this country is a pivotal part of the process by which human diversity is stultified or extinguished; not just because of the simple fact that all must now attend school for ten years or longer, but because of what school is usually like. With school consolidation, the increased dominance of standards and curricula set through state departments of education, the consequent practice of state adoptions leading to the growth of a mass textbook industry, and the emergence of an ideologically uniform educational establishment represented by the NEA, there is not as much variation in that as there used to be, either. If Dr. Conant's recent proposal for an "Interstate Commission for Planning a National Educational Policy"[2] is accepted there will soon be still less.

In compensation for the more limited range of his educational opportunity, the increased term of compulsory school attendance is supposed to provide the student who completes high school—and, preferably, college—greater economic opportunity. This is the argument advanced by those who most vigorously combat the "dropout problem." I have never heard a participant at any of the numerous conferences on this topic that I have attended argue that what was learned in school would have improved the quality of the dropout's life except insofar as it made him more employable and raised his income; nor have I heard it suggested that such an argument, even if valid, would have moved many dropouts to reconsider. The case for protracted school attendance usually rests on its economic merits. But the economic argument is largely circular. It is certainly true that people with diplomas get further and have less trouble than people without them. So do people with passports, and for the same reason; there is general agreement to require them. Employers who refuse to hire anyone but high-school graduates hardly ever specify what it is that the job requires that could only have been learned in school. If they did, they could usually find out whether a youngster had it with much greater certainty by testing than by asking for his diploma. Nevertheless, the requirement is not irrelevant; they most often want the *kind* of employee who could have succeeded in high school; who is docile, reliable, not a troublemaker; who is punctual and symbol-oriented, though not actually literate or responsible.

We are back, then, to the point that the schools are an integral part of the system by which the dominant social and economic institutions of our society staff themselves and propagate their values. What is new to us is the *totality* of the process. Society no longer brooks any alternative to school attendance; the schools no longer permit their students much voice or choice about what kind of persons they shall be encouraged to become. There is, of course, variation in the curriculum: there are IQ groupings in elementary school, with offerings tailored to the school's assessment of its pupils' abilities; there are general, commercial, and academic tracks in high school, with only the last leading to college. But students are *placed* in these by a counselor, partly on the basis of test scores and previous academic record; but to a large degree on the basis of his estimate of the fitness of things and the kind of student he is dealing with. This is not, as is sometimes thought, a simple function of social-class bias, for the bias works only negatively. In their subtle and perceptive study of the counselors' role in the educational careers of the students assigned to them, Cicourel and Kitzuse[3] found that though counselors usually kept students with pronounced lower-status characteristics out of college preparatory courses to which they would have admitted most middle-class students with the same grades and aptitude scores, the counselors also excluded qualified middle-class candidates with too much hubris: who were arrogant, or highly confident, or who professed to be happy and self-satisfied and refused to provide the counselors with the "problems" they needed in order to maximize their own operation. Very able upper-status students, if they were blithe and insouciant, were put-down as "underachievers" by counselors who made dire—and self-fulfilling—prophecies that such rogues would never get into a good college. "He thinks he's handsome," one counselor snapped in appraising such a student. "He's nice looking, but not handsome."

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[2] James B. Conant, *Shaping Educational Policy*. New York, McGraw-Hill, 1964.

[3] Abraham Cicourel and John Kitzuse, *The Educational Decision-Makers*. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill, 1963.

CONSIDERING, THEN, that there is no longer an alternative to school attendance, the schools' assumption of the right to prescribe the student's personal tastes and style of life is wholly insupportable. I have discussed elsewhere[4] the means, both subtle and brutal, by which students were kept in line in certain exemplary high schools whose climate of values I was studying. More recently, some schools have become so egregiously presumptuous that their actions have been reported by a press not notably zealous in defending the civil rights of adolescents. Thus, on December 16, 1964, *The New York Times* carried a story from Hartford, Conn., that Edward T. Kores, Jr., has been ordered to change his hair-style or face prosecution as a truant. The school superintendent had suspended him on November 13 "for wearing his black hair in bangs Beatle fashion" though

> . . . trimmed in the back and on the side. Edward, with the backing of his father, Edward Kores, Sr., a carpenter, refused to change his haircut. His father denounced the subsequent suspension as an invasion of personal rights. . . . Westbrook's Board of Education voted unanimously last Thursday to uphold the suspension. Yesterday Mr. and Mrs. Kores came here and met with [State Education Commissioner] Dr. Sanders after trying unsuccessfully to file a complaint with the State Commissioner on Civil Rights.
>
> Dr. Sanders heard their case, then pointed out that a state law required all children to attend school until the age of 16, which Edward will not reach until February. Today, a spokesman for the Commissioner said he has written the Westbrook School Superintendent, asking him to seek the cooperation of Westbrook's Town Counsel in enforcing the law against the family.

As I read this account in *The Times* I recalled—too vaguely, unfortunately, to be able to look it up and check out the details—a local case which had recently been reported in *The Sacramento Bee.* This, too, involved a boy who had been suspended for having a Beatle haircut, and who had appealed his suspension. *But the courts had sustained him,* on the grounds that he was a member of a musical group that got paid for its services, and his haircut was therefore a necessary item of professional equipment and not, like Kores', just personal.

MANY SCHOOL PERSONNEL are exceptionally well-suited to the role of Delilah the Philistine, and I would not deny them their dramatic triumph in it; though one might have hoped they would choose to appear in a more significant vehicle. One should not, however, underestimate the significance of the role they *have* chosen. It is no small thing to serve as the instrument by which the entire youth of a great nation is subdued in spirit and taught that it has no rights except those it can wheedle and no inherent dignity that anyone is obligated to respect. This, too, is an indispensable part of the program by which youth are fitted into a mass society, which protects itself from faction and bitterness by discounting the claims of distinction in advance, before they can become a threat or arouse envy and resentment. Young Kores' experience sums up, in microcosm, the entire social transition by which the word "character" changed its meaning from something we were proud to develop to something we are ridiculed for being. This must all have been a very important lesson to him.

In principle, however, it has its ironic side, which becomes more apparent when the lesson is carried to extremes. A few months ago I had occasion to visit a Juvenile Hall, or detention prison, in a nearby

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[4] "The Modern High School: A Profile": *Commentary,* November, 1963.

county. This was not a punitive institution. Some of the kids who were locked up in it were being held for trial. But most of them had not been charged with any offense; they were "dependent minors" or "potential delinquents" or, in some cases, simply abandoned and homeless. These had not been confined by any formal legal process; and no process existed by which they could demand release. They would have hearings, in the course of time, at which the juvenile authorities would dispose of their cases administratively; but some would be kept there, though accused of no misconduct, till they were 21 if there seemed to be no place else to put them. They lived in cells that smelled like cells; but the place was humanely run, and some effort was made to give it a normal, institutional atmosphere. There was an enclosed garden, though the youngsters were not permitted in it except under guard; and there was a wing with schoolrooms. In the corridor to this, as usual, was a framed facsimile of the Constitution, open at the Bill of Rights.

"What would you do," I asked, "if one of them read that?"

"Then," the Director replied, "we'd be in trouble."

It seemed discourteous to say so, but I had the distinct impression that we already were; and had been for some time.

As a kid in the Public Library in Fresno, on Broadway, across from the Orpheum Theatre, I discovered THE NATION, *and I looked forward to examining the new issue every week. It always had fight, which a kid has, too, and I felt that I was in there, in that fight.* **—William Saroyan**

When I was a college student, a friend introduced me to THE NATION. *As I read it week after week, I began to look at the world differently, and began to see what I had never seen before. Now it is over twenty years that I have been reading* THE NATION. *Whatever I have been able to do to promote social justice, in the course of my ministry, my writing, teaching, or influence, has in no small measure been inspired by this great American magazine.* **—Rabbi Robert E. Goldburg**

IS FREEDOM ACADEMIC?

LOUIS JOUGHIN

After a quarter-century of teaching, Mr. Joughin became director of the Academic Freedom Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union. He is now associate secretary of the American Association of University Professors. He has co-authored books on Sacco-Vanzetti and on higher education.*

A VERY SHORT ACCOUNT of academic freedom and a glance toward its future requires us mainly to examine pertinent forces at work in society and ensuing general results. There can be little discussion of the "cases" which provide for academic freedom its foundation in clinical material and which supply its human drama. Nor can a short history, of any kind, carefully develop its own governing ideas; the conceptual base must be presented with apology for its brusqueness. Thus—

Inquiry into the nature of academic freedom—retrospective, in present terms or with regard to the future—appears to warrant these postulates:

1. *Academic freedom is a principle applied by a civilized society to protect the functional independence of an important group of civil servants.*
2. *Society assigns this freedom to responsible experts with the understanding that the liberty involved is to be used for the common good, and that the collateral personal privileges which accrue—inseparable and indispensable as they may be—are in fact derivative.*
3. *Because it is an idea and an ideal, academic freedom is subject to the inaccuracy of communal memory, to rough handling by mythology, and to emotional coloration from the lurid lights of crisis situations. Taking the long view, academic freedom flourishes when the community feels secure, and sickens when its world is frightened.*

I

The history of American colleges and so-called universities for the background period, 1636 to 1865, yields many instructive episodes throwing light on the immemorial conflict between liberal and repressive forces. However, one seldom discovers a distinct academic freedom issue clearly defined; if an educational institution does well in terms of liberty, its good fortune is likely to be incidental to the happy resolution of some political or religious problem. Harvard, it is sure, did well most of the time; but this blessing probably resulted from the fact that liberalism was endemic among the successful men of Massachusetts. At the prevalent religiously affiliated colleges, students had a fair measure of freedom, sometimes because of inherent tolerance or latitudinarianism in the controlling sect, but perhaps more often because the competition for students was keen.

Not many persons had much to say about the principle of the freedom of the academy as an institution. The usual view, as Hofstadter notes, is that expressed in a letter of 1826 by Jefferson to Madison; in politics, at least, there was to be a clear-cut party line:

> In the selection of our law professor we must be rigorously attentive to his political principles. If we are true and vigilant in our trust, within a dozen or twenty years a majority of our own legislature will be from one school, and many disciples will have carried its doctrines home with them to their several states and leavened the whole mass.

II

Beginning in 1865, higher education in the United States joined in the steady march of our institutions toward maturity; available liberal forces came to a focus in a system which was becoming conscious of its own meaning and structure. Hofstadter, whose thinking on these matters is inescapable, reviews the contributory elements:

> The modern idea of academic freedom has been developed by men who have absorbed analogous ideas from the larger life of society. From modern science they have taken the notion of a continuing search for new truths, fostered by freedom of inquiry, verified by objective processes, and judged by those who are competent. From commerce they have taken the concept of a free competition among ideas—hence the suggestive metaphor of a free market in thought. From the politics of the liberal state they have taken the ideas of free speech and a free press and an appreciation of the multitudes of perspectives in a pluralistic society. From religious liberalism and from the long historical development which led to the taming of sectarian animus have come the ideas of toleration and religious liberty by which they have benefited.

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*In this article he writes expressing his personal opinion and not as a staff member of his organization.

One other contributing influence, of slightly later date, should be noted: the law gave to academic freedom the powerful instrumentality of due process, which serves to guard individuals who have elected to surrender the protective armor of a competitive disposition.

Moving on, it appears that the seventy-six-year period from Appomattox to Pearl Harbor witnesses the effect of at least three of the positive forces just noted—science, religion and politics.

In the Ross case at Stanford, involving a social science, one encounters a common pattern in academic freedom controversies: the man loses out—briefly; the institution is disgraced—briefly; informed public opinion soon takes hold and the prime importance of science is established; a view hostile to freedom is discovered to be obsolete even for its own unintelligent end; and education goes forward in generally better shape. So at Stanford, in 1900, private wealth and personal power were dedicated to the advancement of knowledge; this arrangement perspicaciously brought to the campus a vigorous and articulate social scientist, E. A. Ross. Unfortunately, sponsorship and support were not adequately separated from a feeling of vested control. Mrs. Stanford, the owner of the establishment, with the aid of President Jordan, forced out Professor Ross. The issue was clear: was Stanford to be operated in the interest of functional competence or according to the will of those holding a proprietary interest? Ross left, to go to a better scene, but this proved nothing. In no time at all Stanford was regarded as a less suitable place than it had been for the conduct of scientific work; this loss of repute then became intolerable to prevailing public will; a change was made and Stanford University set its chastened face toward a future in which science was clearly better understood.

RELIGION IN THE colleges during this period can be regarded as a mildly suffocating force, even—for a disputatious adversary—a power to be feared. But in most institutions most professors were left alone most of the time. On an absolute scale, religion in the United States from 1865 to 1941 probably endangered academic freedom only occasionally. An unplanned accommodation seems to have been achieved, for which Woodrow Wilson might serve as a symbol. Wilson was intellectually trained and competent, but at heart he was a didactic moralist; his personal transcendence took the form of university and national presidencies.

Politics presents a mixed picture: a low fog settling in areas where not much action of any kind stirred the air, or a ridiculous bolt from above—as in the form of a Texas Ferguson—which set things back but did not destroy. But these depressing or irritating elements may be put aside because, in due course, the relationship between academic institutions and politics became extraordinarily fruitful. An increasing number of first-class minds came to be lodged in colleges and universities. When the Great Depression struck, the country discovered that much of its needed guidance would have to come from the academies. For the first time in the history of the United States it was apparent to the political power structure that the substance and method of higher learning was essential to national survival. Beginning in 1932, the public changed its mind about academic freedom. A principle which had been regarded as esoteric became a public necessity. The persons involved were no longer regarded as somewhat quixotic figures, but as civil servants. Justification was accomplished during the years of FDR—a perceptive aristocrat whose wholesale purchases of academic talent constituted a major social revolution.

However, in these same years—between the Civil War and World War II—one also encounters powerful forces greatly disadvantageous to the independence which we have called academic freedom. It was not so much a matter of overt anti-intellectualism or the rumbles of anti-collegiate mobsters; rather, the great enemies were lodged in the mindless currents of the social stream. Poverty, orthodoxy, obscurantism, naïveté and the war spirit hurt academic freedom just as they did other vital instrumentalities.

POVERTY, FOR professors, in these years was a matter of degree; a few were rich, no one starved, most were underprivileged. Life was seldom desperate but usually depressing. At the very end of the period, in the mid '40s after fifty years of national industrial growth, a faculty member at a distinguished private college found himself in a curious situation: his students paid the highest tuition-room-board rate in the country, and no member of the teaching staff could hope, from his own salary, to send his child to his own institution. The inevitable result was exhausting moonlighting, student disrespect for faculty, and a sentimental revolutionary spirit—activities and emotions quite incompatible with academic freedom.

The orthodoxy of the inter-war period was multiform and frequently became a demand for conformity with a particular religious or political position. In this there is surely nothing new. The insolent are always with us. What causes uneasiness is the general lack of challenge or resistance; we discover a more general orthodoxy, one so pervasive as to be without sect or party—in short, the universal adherence to the myth of progress. Granted an increasing population, industrial expansion, new resources, wider education and better health: all of this was happening and created happiness. The weakness in the structure was the marked irritability with which even modest dissent was greeted. Fifty years before *Brown* v. *Board of Education,* Professor John S. Bassett in 1904 nearly lost his post at Duke (not yet so named) because he dared to question the reality of progress in a scene where the racial question was unsolved. Bassett's unexpected survival, it should be emphasized, was due to the influence of millionaires and sectarian religious leaders who were rich or righteous enough to stand up for academic freedom.

Obscurantism is a harsh word and few really deserve to have it applied to their habit of mind. Perhaps it fairly fits only those who are both innocent and congenitally stupid. For example, Regent X. About thirty years ago a professor wrote a learned paper in which he held that properly fortified oleomargarine was equal in nutritional value to natural butter. He had the misfortune to hold an appointment in a state where the dairy industry was a major economic fact, and nearly lost his post. Regent X, a famous banker and trustee of a major state university, was asked what he thought of the oleo case. The reply was quick: "He should have looked for a job in a state where milk didn't matter." One hardly needs to pass judgment on so apt a premise for self-destruction, but the import is disturbing. Here is a frightening quickness of response, a rejecting "on principle" of intrusion upon things as they are. That kind of sensitivity does not weigh any proposal for change—be it bad, indifferent, or based upon the considered advice of a responsible expert.

Naïveté is a somewhat less disagreeable term, but it also leaves the labeled person with no effective appeal. Still it can be used fairly in such extreme cases as that of Professor William Graham Sumners. When President Noah Porter of Yale objected to Sumners' use of a Herbert Spencer book as a text, the president simply did not understand how little he knew and how out of date he was. Whatever the judgment of eternity on the whole man may be, in 1879 Sumners was a modern man and Porter was a wistful innocent. Sumners won and thereby laid a stone in the Yale foundation. One might hope that similar conflicts achieve similar resolutions elsewhere, but it must be confessed that not all protagonists of academic freedom have been of Sumners' magnitude.

TURNING TO THE influence of war spirit, it is at once evident that one of its important duties is to excuse the lamentable failure in social intercourse which has occurred. And refusal to join in the sacrament of justification is a serious matter; an individual who does not like war, or a particular war, finds himself in trouble—all the more so if he has been assigned to instruct the young. Coming to the point, the United States has reason to regret the easy acceptance of 1898 and the childish romanticizing of 1917. Then, with somber satisfaction, one encounters 1941—when for all practical purposes no one exulted. A single illustration must suggest the vast implications of war for academic freedom:

1. In 1918, Professor William A. Schaper, chairman of the Department of Political Sciences at the University of Minnesota, was dismissed because he said that he did not wish to see "the Hohenzollerns . . . wiped out root and branch."*

2. In 1938, the University of Minnesota Board of Regents declared:

> The Board of Regents sitting in 1938 recognizes with regret and not in a spirit of condemnation of its predecessors that periods of national crisis are characterized by widespread loss in social perspective and a strain upon values that prevail when conditions are more nearly normal. It would also affirm in these calmer days and against another day of storm and stress that in times of crisis the need for adherence to accepted values and traditions and procedures, especially by institutions of higher education, is most necessary.

The Board at this time made Schaper a Professor Emeritus and gave him substantial token redress.

3. In 1957, the wills of William A. Schaper and his wife gave to the University of Minnesota a considerable sum.

From 1865 to 1941, in summary, one discovers essentially the expected. Fear, ignorance, inertia, material denigration and romantic commitment tangle with intellectual quantities and procedures and plainly hurt them. Some help is had in these years

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*At this point the writer of a general essay acknowledges his indebtedness to the chief book in the field, *The Development of Academic Freedom in the United States,* by Richard Hofstadter and Walter P. Metzger.

from a nonobstructive world of religion, a growing public awareness of the irrefutability of an established fact, and the warm receptiveness accorded to learning by expert practitioners of political democracy.

III

In the quarter century from Pearl Harbor to the present, academic freedom has had to meet as well as it could such challenges as World War II, the cold war and the complicated racial issue. In addition to these cosmic turbulences there has continued a stream of unformulated pressures, with some change in the configuration of the rapids.

Poverty threatens in a new way. One may grant that people have more money to buy education, and that a vast number of new facilities have been opened up. But in the great urban centers toward which Americans are steadily gravitating, one finds that much physical structure and equipment which was obsolescent in the '30s is still with us, and that many school teachers are now less well paid in 1941 dollars than they were a generation ago. This means, for higher education, poorer prepared entrants in the colleges and universities. Furthermore it is unquestionable that the huge increase in the cost of four years of application to collegiate study has created profoundly shocking class differences in American youth of 18 to 22 years. It seems that higher education has done no better than any other cherished institution in avoiding payment of the inescapable bill for war. With respect to academic freedom, as before, the story is not one of overt strangulation by the weird henchmen of some bizarre vested interest in poverty. It is rather that educational opportunity has become too closely related to a single function of higher education—the enhancement of the student's economic power.

Every adult American has his own view of the cold war, of its inquisitions, of McCarthy, of pressures from the Birch Society, and all the other forces which have bedeviled higher education and academic freedom for a generation. The question of the moment requires only that we discover how far a flare-up of insecurity will take a people in its quest for stupid or immature victims. Such is the witch hunt. But a deeper and more troubling confrontation of reality is also in order; if academic freedom is to be more than a sitting duck, some answer must be found to enable us to escape the despair of Chafee's conclusion that freedom's fate at any moment is determined by the degree to which the public mind and heart is controlled by fear.

The issue of racial justice demonstrates clearly that academic freedom leads a hard life when it is caught in crossfire on a battle field. If deep social controversy arises on a campus, it is obvious that heinous forces will wish to beat the living daylights out of an adversary, even if he is mild, argues soundly, and is right; in some places—Texas Tech., Alabama State and the University of Arkansas—teachers have got into trouble by no more than recognizing the existence of a problem. Unfortunately it is also true that some proponents of justice have brought techniques fit for the handling of a law-breaking sheriff into the academic world; and peremptory demand, from any quarter, is no fit classmate for independent judgment.

Turning to a consideration of forces at work in positive support of academic freedom between 1941 and 1965, it is deeply satisfying to note the passing of a great anniversary. In 1862, the Morrill Act directed the youthful pride and vitality of the states to realization of their opportunity to develop and protect higher education. Now in 1965, a people which still retains some capacity to make its voice heard has instructed the nation's executive and legislative leadership to apply a quite different concentration of national resources to the service of education. For the moment the main focus is not on higher education, but that will have its turn. Mistakes will probably be made, and some of them are likely to compromise academic freedom. But no true student or teacher would wish to reject opportunity because risk is attached.

ANOTHER HEARTENING element of the past quarter century has been the continued flourishing of American romantic democracy. Many of us, without paying too close attention to the facts of life, still believe that in some degree a single honest voice can make itself heard in a crowd, and can even sway its hearers. In the academic freedom situation, the lonely voice is most often raised in defense of a principle or a mistreated colleague; proof of successful influence in the early stages of a controversy is, for good reasons, usually not blurted out. However, it is the general experience of those who deal with these matters that a large number of potentially nasty situations are each year kept from developing because some individual—a teacher or an administrator—has had the courage to give warning of the likely wrath of an informed public.

Looking back more precisely to the historical record, it would probably be correct to say that since 1941 the main alteration in the academic freedom situation has been a shift from overt attack upon the unpleasing professor because of what he said in the classroom, i.e., an attack directly infringing upon academic freedom, to penalizing the professor academically because he is disliked or suspect as a citizen. The shift admittedly leaves the college educator no better off personally, and offers no better protection to his independence and his ideas. But it does in some measure relate the academic issue to an essential civil liberties problem. Thus in one recent case a legal argument was advanced to the effect that a dismissed professor had been deprived of his property without due process of law because the dismissal had involved a judgment restricting his freedom of speech. The argument found no acceptance in the courts, but another set of facts, other tribunals and a later day might yield a different result.

And so, in 1965, academic freedom stands just about in equilibrium. It is threatened or violated in the main only by hasty, stupid or mean actions, and not with horrifying frequency. However, it is quite possible that a great deal of academic freedom is not used by those charged with its practice, because of softening or fearsome social forces. With respect to possible crises, there is regrettably no clear sign that we have learned much from the past.

IV

Assuming a context of human survival, the history of academic freedom in the next twenty years may very well offer fewer instances of "criminal" behavior stories. Instead, there will appear increasingly ambiguous situations in which the essential violator is a changed attitude of society or the unreckoned power of a new social instrument. If such new threats appear, there must of course be changed and, perhaps, as yet unthought of defenses. Some portents exist to guide our thinking.

If this country goes forward at its present pace of economic development there is a possibility that the more subtle values of our civilization, such as academic freedom, may find themselves freed from the destructive force of poverty only to be threatened by the stifling power of wealth. It is now time for our institutions of higher learning to begin a study of how independence of thought can best survive in a world of spiraling riches. The main problem will not be that of the few dissenters who reject the advantages of wealth, but the threatened paralysis of the many academic persons who are genuinely eager to make the system work. One possible hope might lie in a new humanism which would really be divorced from the world of material substance, perceived by all as clearly alienated, and genuinely approved of therefor.

Personal wealth, after the great and little societies have staked their claims, may also present a problem for academic freedom. When people are poor and have little to lose, a fair number need only find courage if they are to achieve independence. The situation becomes more complicated when wealth abounds and one must both risk one's wealth and be brave to be free. These generalities may not apply so much to faculty members who wish to demonstrate their functional liberty as to the attitudes which society will adopt. What will be expected of our institutions of higher education?

The danger of technological innovation has of course always beset the human race; undoubtedly the first wheel threw thousands of pushers and pullers out of their jobs, and in those days victims undoubtedly starved to death. Professors, happily, are in a better situation as they face the threat of computers; their independence has always embraced the postulate of frontier job location—to the inquiring mind there is always a new point from which to take off, whatever ground may have been yielded. But the technology of our day has one element which offers cause for real uneasiness—its velocity of development. For the independent person, in or out of the academy, the problem is one of thinking fast enough to avoid being sidetracked, totally and irretrievably. And a considerable investment in men, programs or whole institutions may be lost before the expected return is realized. Even now the day is late for coming to grips with the problems of obsolescence and retraining in the academic world. We no longer live in markets where a better mouse trap supplants the poorer machine of the previous century. Our present pace clearly indicates that the idea which will come to maturity in 1975 is indeed seriously threatened by the line of thought which will be fully developed in 1985. Such velocity, even where there is all good will, is intimidating, needs analysis and all possible management in the interest of human beings and social institutions.

ORTHODOXY IN our day has gone underground. The world of college textbooks will serve as an example. The publishing trade faithfully reports the annual spate of scandalous incidents in which self-appointed censors attack first-class books. That problem seems to be manageable; furthermore, such a catalogue of crimes is helpful because it serves to stir the public to a healthy state of fear that it might miss useful knowledge or opinion. But in the meantime the economics of the situation is also possibly lessening the independence of academic persons to a considerable degree. It works this way: (1) the competition among publishers is such that a 2 per cent loss in unit sales can have serious import for survival; (2) that 2 per cent may be represented by the sales potential in the most irritable or benighted state in the Union on some such subject as turnips; (3) what then does the publisher do if the typescript submitted to him treats of turnips in a way likely to antagonize forces in the unhappy state powerful enough to make it likely that adoption will not occur in the public colleges and universities, or even in the private institutions? No one knows what is happening; no one is in a position to observe the transformation of the original bold idea to the ambiguity or silence of the final, printed text. Nevertheless one may suspect, judging by the end result, that some bangs have become whimpers.

The essential difficulty with the present orthodoxy is that it is much too mild and pleasant; it does not display the overt asininity which permits an independent mind to recognize it for what it is and to fight back. In all probability some fundamental thinking will have to be done about academic freedom so that its perceptions can be sharpened, its boundaries extended and its enemies exposed.

Comment upon national and personal wealth, technological developments and the new orthodoxy have in each instance led to a suggestion that a critical state of affairs demands immediate reply and prompt action stimulated and guided by the best imagination available. The prescription—no promise, but at least a hope—suggests that we examine the guidance and leadership being given by the chief organizations whose business is the welfare of higher education and therefore of academic freedom.

The government agencies and national voluntary associations which represent or serve colleges and universities, the workers in them and the values of higher education, show unusually similar qualities. Almost without exception they are devoted to objectivity of approach, high accuracy, sensitivity to human values and, above all, to the maintaining of conditions which will foster the advancement of learning. Their leadership is generally experienced and of good judgment; with particular respect to academic freedom, much is usefully explained, some things are corrected and the spirit of liberty is broadly supported. None of these accomplishments should be minimized.

THE DIFFICULTY with the organizational leadership in higher education is that it has not engaged with three main challenges of the contemporary world: (1) the fact that very little is going to survive in anything like the form we know it and like it; (2) the fact that the forms of society are changing ten times more rapidly in each present year than in previous decades, which means that every function must pay attention to acceleration as a condition of its continuance; and (3) the fact that the minimum price for survival of any organization is the creation of an independent division which will have as its fundamental responsibility immediate responsiveness to the stresses which now affect the structure of the human race, and as its operational responsibility rapid thinking and rapid action with freedom to make mistakes as a necessary price for speed. Whether the educational organizations will consider these challenges is an open question; the inertia of a long history of satisfactory performance can be an obstacle. Probably the best that can be hoped for is that a small revolutionary demand of some kind will offer enough stimulus to cause at least a short jump forward.

Among the somewhat new and developing handicaps to academic freedom in our day, and for the immediate future, are a number of broadly diffused psychological attitudes. Three require comment in even the shortest statement: fear, familialism and the habit of reserved judgment.

THE IMPORT OF fear for a nuclear age requires little exposition. But it may be worth pointing out that professors carry a triple burden. Like everyone else they worry about their personal fate; in addition, they find it difficult to justify a chief function which looks mainly to the future; lastly, they are subject to the heavy strain of asserting to the young that life has some significance other than termination.

The United States is frequently described as a family-oriented culture, excellent in many useful ways but also tinted by a pervasive desire for domestic security and a gourmand appetite for the satisfactions of a warm hearth. To the degree that these urgencies dominate, they can be inimical to any notable spirit of adventure or strong external dedication. Thus, it has been observed that American soldiers complain loudly when asked to take up positions to which they cannot bring their families or their household baggage. And in all walks of life the proliferation of insurances and other fringe benefits has created a marked spirit of stasis. Probably this is all unavoidable; it is even arguable that physical security and comfort will build a firmer base for flight into new realms of thought. However, presently, for most academic personnel, there is apparent some degree of conflict between mundane, agreeable safety and the charge laid upon scholars to practice independence at all cost.

The third in this series of possibly debilitating attitudes, that of reserved judgment, is desirable in itself but difficult to manage well. For many years teachers have been urging students to hold back from judgment until the facts are in. This excellent counsel must, in our day, be related to the universal problem of acceleration which has been referred to earlier. There are constantly arising nice points of accommodation between consideration and conclusion, or even between thought and action. In the colleges and the universities too little attention has been given to the problem of adjusting scholarly methods to the imperious demands of crisis, a problem which faces academic persons as individuals and is of vital concern to academic freedom itself.

The story of the past century, the difficulties of the present, and the likely difficulties of the immediate future demonstrate quite clearly that academic freedom has not yet acquired that gravitational mass which well recognized social principles possess. Academic freedom is an admirable idea but not yet an established governor of public thought. What then can be done to strengthen it?

Three practical approaches can be tried: (1) an attack on a chief cause of confusion which obscures the issues, the accreditation situation; (2) a call to institutional allegiance, and (3) a reaffirmation of the kernel truth which justifies academic freedom.

More than two thousand institutions of higher education serve the United States; the great majority are accredited. But accreditation means only that the minimum standards of educational sanitation have been met. There is no effective guidance to the broad division of these institutions into a group of 300 or 400 which offer adequate to excellent instruction and the remainder which are significantly inferior in their work. Of course, the American consumer is a clever creature, and by some means he does in fact make the separation—if any meaning is to be attached to the enormous demand for entry into the smaller group of institutions and the known empty seats in the large remainder. Unhappily, for the more refined analyses needed in professional studies of education, market demand does not help to fill the informational gap.

The import of the accreditation situation for academic freedom is obvious. A good institution, one whose services are probably the object of enlightened demand, can afford to encourage that strong-willed habit of mind which is at the heart of functional independence. Good colleges and universities not only have more academic freedom than poor institutions, but have so very much more as to be essentially a different kind of social instrument.

The idea of loyalty is old and inescapable. In bad times strong men shine out, and something like this phenomenon is now apparent—except that in higher education the emergent champion is likely to be the institution itself. Members of the academic profession are reasonably well able to judge the degree to which a college or university supports the academic freedom of its faculty and calls on them to use it. And there exists in the United States a surprisingly large number of institutions which have been tested and found to offer both a history and a promise of at least this much: a governing board which will defy unwarranted external pressure, a chief administrator who would resign rather than fail in his accepted duty to lead and protect free scholars, and faculty members and a student body who understand the meaning and method of their work as present and future servants of their fellow men.

It is suggested that a more intense loyalty be given to such institutions by faculty, students and the community. Faculty members should give careful thought to the relative worth of high salaries and high freedom—and the two by no means necessarily go together. And if a teacher has the good fortune to be truly at liberty in Academe, he might well give his best in its defense when occasion demands. Similarly, students might ponder the value of freedom to practice independent, self-disciplined thought as opposed to the indulgence demanded by some of the antic camp followers of our intellectual armed forces. And signs of greater loyalty by faculty and students might be an important stimulus to improved support of good colleges and universities by the general public.

When the findings are in, and history has been written, one must still face the philosophic question of meaning. For academic freedom the question can be put without too much difficulty. Yes, functional independence for the institution and its people, but to what end? Why should one try to serve a chaotic or suicidal world? It is here that one can hope that academic persons and the rest of the race can meet in recognizable unity. We all have our ways of getting on with life—systems of thought, systems of feeling and beauty, systems of God—but the ultimate choice is the same for each man, negation or such truth as he can see use in. It would seem fair to say that the present working term for the rejection of death and the choosing of self-knowledge, in our colleges and universities, is academic freedom.

To congratulate THE NATION *is a kind of impertinence, for it has served for a century, and serves now, as a goad to the consciences of Americans who think about social matters. Without it the country would be the stupider and more complacent. Not congratulations: gratitude, to those whose devotion has given it existence.*

—George P. Elliott

HONOR BRIGHT AND ALL THAT JAZZ

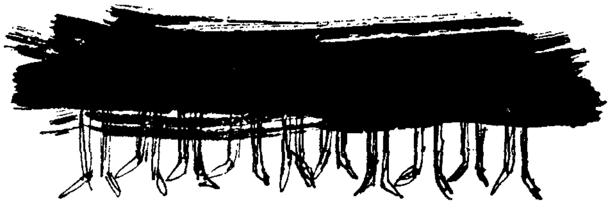
DALTON TRUMBO

Dalton Trumbo is a novelist, playwright and screenwriter. Among his more notable contributions to Hollywood were Kitty Foyle, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo *and the Oscar-winning* The Brave Ones. *Among Hollywood's more notable contributions to Mr. Trumbo was to include him in its Black List as one of the Hollywood Ten.*

In the autumn of 1947, nineteen members of the Hollywood film community were summoned to Washington for political purification before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. They were not the first celebrants of the committee's bizarre ritual, but their motion-picture background made them temporarily the most famous, or—depending on how fastidious you are and what you paid for your seat—the most notorious.

There ensued a week of clamors and alarms the like of which the Republic hadn't known since Mr. Morgan tried to explain why he wanted to marry a midget. He never did get it straight, and neither did the chaps from Hollywood. After the first eleven of them flunked its version of the Apostles' Creed, the committee abruptly dismissed the eight witnesses who remained, and adjourned in dudgeon.

The eleventh witness was Berthold Brecht, who received so strong an impression of the committee's non-benevolence that he grabbed the first Swiss-bound plane out of LaGuardia and never again set foot on free American soil. He seemed to have the uncomfortable feeling, based, perhaps, on earlier hassles over un-German activities, that all those doctors of humane letters who earned their bread by writing about his plays and describing his genius, would forget, somehow, to set the alarm clock on the day he went to jail. The more one thinks on it the more plausible the idea seems.



Those he left behind had no taste for martyrdom and no conception of the storm their conduct would arouse. To this day I suspect there is not one of them who feels anything but pleasure when he opens the morning paper and finds his name not there. They did not ask to play the parts assigned them by the committee, and, like any other group of even passably intelligent men, would have ducked the game altogether had the chance arisen. They were as confused as anybody else, and probably made more mistakes. They were, after all, down there on a ballfield which is error's favorite breeding ground, while Brer Rabbit sat cool in the bleachers and judged form.

What actually happened to them was almost as simple as changing pig to pork, although it took longer. Charged with trying to subvert Hollywood to communism by a gaggle of witnesses friendly to the committee, including George Murphy, then a leading man, now the junior Senator from California, and another leading man named Ronald Reagan, who may be California's next governor and Goldwater's candidate for the Presidency, the Ten took the stand in October, 1947, invoked the First Amendment, and declined to reveal whether they were, or ever had been, members of the Communist Party and the Screen Writers' Guild. In November they were cited for contempt of Congress, a misdemeanor. In December they were blacklisted by the producers in a public statement known as the Waldorf Agreement. The following year saw them indicted, arraigned, tried, convicted, sentenced and released on bail pending appeal.

During the first phase of the battle their principal support came from the film community itself. Those actors, actresses, directors, producers, writers, musicians and artists who formed the Committee for the First Amendment took to the air in a series of remarkable broadcasts and petitioned the House for relief from "the abuse of civil liberties we believe to have occurred at those hearings."

A few weeks later, Representative John E. Rankin, whose parliamentary legerdemain had made the Committee on Un-American Activities a permanent committee of the House rather than a temporary one, and who was himself its senior Democratic member, rose in the House to attack those who dared to critize its conduct. It is impossible to understand the spirit of the times, the quality of the committee, or the issues confronting the Ten, outside the context of what he said, and what no member of the Committee—not even Representative Richard M. Nixon—disavowed or sought in any way to ameliorate:

> They sent this petition to Congress, and I want to read you some of these names. One of the names is June Havoc. We found out . . . that her real name is June Hovick. Another one was Danny Kaye, and we found out his real name was David Daniel Kamirsky. Another one here is John Beal, whose real name is J. Alexander Bliedung. Another is Cy Bartlett whose real name is Sacha Baraniev. Another one is Eddie Cantor, whose real name is Edward Iskowitz. There is one who calls himself Edward Robinson. His real name is Emanuel Goldenberg. There is another one here who calls himself Melvyn Douglas, whose real name is Melvyn Hesselberg. There are others too numerous to mention. They are attacking the Committee for doing its duty to protect this country and save the American people from the horrible fate the Communists have meted out to the *unfortunate Christian people of Europe.*" [*Emphasis added.*]

For almost a year the Hollywood community and the Committee for the First Amendment gamely continued the fight—the bravest, most attractive, most generous, and by far the most vulnerable defenders of free speech the country had yet seen. Whatever position each of them held in the world had been achieved lonesomely, without institutional support or grants-in-aid, and their futures held no hope of tenure. They had sensed the House committee's purpose more accurately than the rest of the country, and were willing, at that time and in those circumstances, to stake their reputations in a fight against it.

What they did not expect, and could not have anticipated, was betrayal at the hands of the same intellectuals who had first instructed them in the liberal credo and the virtues of democratic action. They listened intently to the enormous silence that had fallen over the airwaves, the press, the theatre, the reviews, the universities, the academies. They knew, too late, exactly what it meant. Many of them in later years paid heavily for their misjudgment, and all of them were affected by it in one way or another, but while they lasted they made a light.

By 1949, when the Circuit Court of Appeals, to no one's surprise, ruled for the committee, the Ten had become objects of almost superstitious horror and execration. All channels of communication, aside from an occasional hired hall, were closed off to them, and even the hall was a sometime thing: when it wasn't cancelled altogether, it was packed to the eaves with stormily applauding agents of the FBI. Press relations, never good, turned lamentable, and even personal relations left something to be desired, as evidenced by the writer who jumped to his feet at a meeting of the Screen Writers' Guild, shouted "Beware of the bear! Beware of the bear!" and sat down as irrelevantly as he had stood up.

There were, of course, contrary voices. Bernard de Voto and Archibald MacLeish and Van Wyck Brooks and Prof. Thomas I. Emerson of the Yale Law School tirelessly warned their confreres what the committee was doing, not primarily to the Ten, but to themselves and to the country, while men like Harlow Shapley, Thomas Mann, Albert Einstein and Linus Pauling, in addition to opposing the committee, associated themselves personally with those the committee hoped to imprison.

But personal support, however gratifying, was not the primary requirement. The liberal establishment simply could not be made to understand that the point at issue was not defense of the Ten but opposition to the committee; that it didn't matter whether the Ten were Communists, Nazis, homosexuals or giraffes, what did matter was the committee's assertion of power in areas forbidden to it. They would learn the truth later, and ADA would muster 58 votes against the committee in 1965, but that would be the result of changing generations and different battles. The first generation skipped the one that counted.

William F. Buckley, Jr., finding himself recently at odds with James Baldwin, knows exactly how to resolve these annoying differences of ideology and intellect: "How long," he wonders, "before the Baldwins will be ghettoized in the corners of fanaticism where they belong?" It's a lovely project, but Mr. Buckley himself is scarcely the one to bring it off. For that job you need a *sheep* in sheepskin, not a wolf.

It wasn't the committee or the American Legion or the DAR or Parnell Thomas or Francis Walter or Walter Judd or Joe McCarthy or Roy Cohn or Westbrook Pegler or George Sokolsky or Victor Riesel who convinced the liberal establishment that the best way to fight the committee was to "ghettoize" anyone who did; it was Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s "non-Communist Left" bursting out of the river and crossing the trees in its first wild stampede toward the Center, startling to their feet great herds of creeping Socialists, while Max Eastman and Sidney Hook, riding the flanks and bearing down hard, fired buckshot and bacon-rind at the face of the wondering moon.

They were going so fast they overshot their mark, but toward dawn they found themselves in some pretty fair pastureland slightly to the Right of center. The grass was ankle-high, there was a stream to drink from and defecate into, the horses were winded and they were all bone-tired, so they decided to settle in permanently. Bugles blared, enlisted men stood at attention, and censors swung great pots of diabolofuge, and the chief idealogue christened the place Vital Center. After the songs were finished they proclaimed a new alphabet and sent guerrilla bands fanning out through the countryside in all directions. They had been secretly trained to throw aspersions instead of cast them, their aim was deadly, and whenever they scored a hit they swarmed down on the poor devil and forced him to draw his own conclusions in the mire, while everybody stood around and jeered. By the time they were through you couldn't cross the Charles River without three salutes and a police permit.

The only remaining support for the unwanted and unholy Ten lay in that sorely pressed coalition which emerged under Henry Wallace as the Progressive Party. It wasn't much, but it was enormously better than nothing. The committee and the press took the more sinister view that their sustenance came almost exclusively from the Communist Party, but as usual they hadn't the vaguest notion of what they were talking about. In New York City, which is the money capital of the country for everybody, including political mendicants, the national leaders of the Communist Party were backed up against almost every wall in town, bedeviled by more investigations, indictments, trials and convictions than any dissident outfit really needs. In such circumstances, it didn't overmuch pleasure their hearts to discover some (still) well-suited member of the Ten prowling their precincts instead of his own in pursuit of Yankee dollars that stood in hideously shortening supply. Although they didn't picket the Ten, or gun them down, neither did they take joy in the sound of their approaching footsteps, nor steer them to those secret places where the big money broods on social injustice.

HUAC, too, had its problems. The massive purge it had planned and actually announced obviously couldn't be pulled off until the courts decided whether it had the right to pose the purgative, or $64 question, which the Ten had challenged in the courts. A majority of law faculties and legal reviews predicted a reversal which would free the Ten and forbid the committee to pose the only interesting question it knew how to ask. Then in 1949, as the case passed upward for final disposition, Justices Murphy and Rutledge died in swift succession. The Supreme Court's liberal majority was diminished by two. Yet still the Committee did not move. It turned otherwhere, to be sure, but for thirty-two long months it made not so much as a feint toward the lush lands it had publicly staked out for its own. It was that near a thing. Then, as the summer of 1950 approached, the Supreme Court refused review; the power of the Congress to compel political revelation was legitimized; the Ten were swiftly distributed throughout the federal prison system—and the dam broke.

For a full decade thereafter the hunt raged at blood heat, roving wherever its masters wished, summoning whomever it pleased, demanding answers to questions never before heard in chambers that displayed the American flag—not, as some may have hoped, only in Hollywood (where over 200 decent American citizens, including 44 returned veterans, were humiliated, bankrupted, and driven from their professions), but in every area of American life that dealt with ideas and their dissemination.

WHAT A CURIOUS era it was, and how sad: actors driven from radio, television, film and theatre—their fellow-actors working all the while; doctors removed from the registry of such hospitals as Cedars of Lebanon in Los Angeles—their colleagues never once considering a move *en masse* to more civilized quarters; professors hounded from lecture halls, musicians from recording studios and symphony orchestras, artists from galleries and museums—their brothers contentedly continuing to teach, perform, exhibit; scientists banished from laboratories, ministers from pulpits, students from colleges, reporters from newspapers, editors from publishing houses, craftsmen from unions, lawyers, economists, sociologists and statisticians from government posts; hundreds, perhaps even thousands of civil servants at every level insulted, destroyed, cast aside—and nothing, really, done about it, no cry in the streets that murder was afoot, nothing at all to be heard except a few cranks and do-gooders howling in vain to the rising wind. Colleagues, friends, fellow-workers stepped softly into the jobs of the damned, and the hole which their disappearance left in the fabric of community life was scarcely noticed except when one of them killed himself or required commitment.

The eeriest aspect of a decade that lost its mind because men and women refused to take the national spotlight and swear they were or were not Communists, lay in the fact that a surprising number of those who declined the question had private yearnings to answer it and be damned to everyone.

The idea of compulsion, however, changed everything. For if Congress could compel public confession of political affiliation, it could also compel confession of candidates voted for, which would do queer things to the Australian, or—as we call it—secret ballot. Beyond this, there was the annoying moral quibble that compliance with the committee's request vastly simplified the task of destroying all who would not comply, or couldn't give the approved answer. In such a game the prize for winning seemed scarcely worth the trouble. Or perhaps one thought of all those good German intellectuals and artists and craftsmen who swore so eagerly they were not Jews and never had been. *Hals und Beinbruch!* as the toast goes.

In any event, error and contempt swept the field despite the feeling of many non-swearers that every aspect of a man's life is relevant to aesthetic evaluation of his work; that the more one knows about the life of a painter, the more one understands his painting; that, in fact, to study one and ignore the other is to diminish the available truth by half. Just so for writers: it makes a considerable—and by no means invidious—difference if one knows whether a book about hanging was written by the judge, the hangman, or the widow of a man who was hanged.

Granting that the amount of useful information varies from person to person, it would generally seem relevant to know the author's sex, race, nationality, age, religious belief or lack of it; and, in a time when politics invokes fiercer passions than religion and kills more people, what political group he belongs to. In an open society, a rational society, a society in which diversity is cherished rather than penalized, such information would be known to all as a matter of normal human intercourse.

UNHAPPILY WE DO NOT have such a society in America, and with the exception of something that suggested its possibility during the Roosevelt years, we have not had for more decades than one cares to remember. France has it in degree at least, and England in a larger degree. With local variations, Italy has it, and so do the Scandinavian countries. It is quite possible almost anywhere in Europe to find oneself at table with a priest, a Social-Democratic politico, a journalist of the Right or Center, a Communist novelist, a *rentier,* and an ex-resistance fighter turned salesman, each in lively disagreement with all except his hostess (whose deceased husband was suspected of collaboration) and none concealing the viewpoint from which he speaks or the goal to which he aspires.

Each election year in Italy the banner of the Communist Party hangs in its turn from the battlement of Castel Sant' Angelo, the Vatican's great citadel on the Tiber—yet only a thousand yards away the Pope still reigns, the saints and martyrs atop the Bernini Colonnade still marvelously praise both God and man.

They may not have our form of government, or a First Amendment, or a Supreme Court to interpret what it so plainly says, but most Europeans do have the right to join anything they wish and to shout their opinions and affiliations from the highest hill they can climb without fear of criminal prosecution or professional death. That is what an open society means, and what we do not have in America.

We do not have it because, taking from the Soviet Union a tip that nearly destroyed it and drowned a whole generation in blood, we have transformed our politics into faith, our way of life into a religion, and our national purpose into a world crusade of absolute good against Satan's utter evil. Between such extremes there can be no dialogue, no agreement, and no peace until Satan is annihilated and communism vanishes from the face of the earth. In every area of his life we confront modern man with a choice of our absolute over Satan's. If he declines the choice, we isolate or bribe him until he acquiesces. If he chooses Satan's absolute, we kill him on the spot, or, if that be found inopportune, add his name to the lengthening list of those to be ministered unto at Armageddon. The first commandment of the new secular religion is to hate: its last commandment is to kill. We have heard them repeated so often in schools, churches, government and press that no one dreams any longer of challenging the concept that brought them forth. By rote we have learned the faith and now by rote we believe it.

Beyond mere belief, we worship and fear it, and sustain it with processes more ritualistic than legal, tribal in nature, propitiatory, and sometimes magical. The committee, as inquisition, smokes out the heretic and hands him over to the secular arm of the courts for punishment. Ordeals of purification become mandatory for admission to the higher orders, confessions of faith to the lower. The community of the unbaptized suffers *arcani disciplina;* backsliders do penance through contrition, confession and satisfaction; diaboleptics are exorcised with great regularity, and permanently interdicted from fire and water if the treatment fails. A *Malleus maleficarum* issues annually from the Government Printing Office.

A new language of incantation grows up. Phrases like "international Communist conspiracy" and "slave world," repeated frequently enough and in precise word-order, have great value as spells to confound the enemy. "Free world," "free enterprise" and such function as charms for our side. We no longer confront the external world with ourselves as we are, but with our "image". Images as means of casting spells stand very high in the thaumaturgic lore. Today, however, images, effigies and statues are regarded as generically the same, differentiated no longer by what they do, but by what is done to them; i.e., a statue is looked at, an effigy is more often burned than not, and an image is venerated. The veneration, Webster says, is religious. Clearly, then, we present our image for the world's veneration. If it venerates, our spell has worked. If it doesn't, more powerful magic and better sorcerers will make a new image, one of such absolute bewitchment they'll have to venerate it whether they wish to or not. But stand before them as ourselves? Indeed not. They would steal our mana.

In this curious atmosphere of charms, oaths and incantations, meanings have a way of becoming their opposites, values reverse themselves, tergiversation becomes the rule, and "pragmatic truth"—meaning a lie that works—stands much higher on the scale of virtue than simple truth that hurts. Is it, then, a matter of astonishment that the State Department denied we were making U-2 flights, or that we organized and supported the Bay of Pigs? Of course not. They were telling God's absolute pragmatic truth right up to the hour they were caught. And when mundane rather than theological truth finally stood revealed, it was not the lies we deplored, but the admissions of truth that exposed them.

WITH THE FOUNT of honor thus polluted at its source by a single word that changes everything and packs the killing power of a bullet, the simple act of staying out of trouble requires more guile than most men have on call. ". . . Mother Bloor is an old lady," said the witness to the committee's counsel. "Wouldn't you say an old *Communist* lady?" [*Emphasis added.*] "I certainly would," cried the witness, "I certainly would!" The word had to be inserted into the sentence with great delicacy, but once there it changed the old lady and the witness and the counsel, too.

Just so, they are not ordinary families we inadvertently incinerate in North and South Vietnam, they are *Communist* families (or families saved from communism), and that, somehow, excuses the inadvertence. Occasionally it has to be explained why we can't, or don't kill Communists. President Kennedy, that extraordinarily humane and graceful man, once felt obliged to explain to the press that it was the danger of killing Russian personnel, with consequent possibility of Soviet retaliation, that prevented us from bombing Cuban missile sites. The danger that we might kill a Cuban child wasn't discussed. It wasn't relevant.

Our new faith accounts it a noble act for one to die for all. The idea that it may be nobler for all to die for one—that this, indeed, is the whole meaning of brotherhood—finds no sanctuary in our hearts. If in fighting communism we find it necessary to kill a child, we will surely kill it. We have killed them already in substantial numbers. Exactly how many we do not know because we do not ask. We will continue to kill them as long as the word "Communist" triggers hatred and steels us to murder.

THE WHOLE DEGRADING process of politics-as-magic and incantation-as-intellect will continue until that terrible word, "Communist," is wrested from sorcerers and robbed of its necromaneous power to drive us mad. It will not stop until all the orders and estates of the intellect—education, law, science, art, philosophy, religion—not just a few of them as in the past, but all of them together—rise to their feet and perform at last the function for which they were ordained, which is to speak the truth, the extremely simple truth without which reason and the rational world cannot survive: that there are no absolutes, neither absolute good nor absolute evil, neither absolute truth nor absolute falsehood; that all men partake of good and evil, and all faiths, and all nations; that—and this will be the hardest and bravest because it touches on the word that kills—there is a rational probability that Communists, as individual human beings, have as many (though possibly different) virtues as we ourselves; that just as our society is not completely good, neither is it likely that Communist society can be held completely evil; that in one area, at least—a determination to avoid being bombed from the face of the earth—both societies seek the same goal; and that common ends provide the surest basis for rational discussion of common means.

Even if such an improbable consensus of the estates occurred, the time may already be too late and the steadily diminishing area of allowable dissent too small for it to be effective. Five million voters in the Presidential campaign of 1924, declining a choice between Coolidge and Davis, distributed their votes among LaFollette and five other minority candidates. Forty years later the voters of thirty-six states, including the six most populous, had no third choice at all: it was Johnson-Goldwater or nothing. Three minority candidates got their names on the ballots of some of the remaining sixteen states, although none on all of them. Instead of 1924's five million votes, the minority candidates of 1964 polled fifty thousand. The dissenting independent vote had shrunk from 17 per cent of the electorate to .009 per cent in four decades. The radical Left had disappeared entirely: the radical Right had captured one of the two major political parties, and 26,000,000 Americans had voted for its candidate.

It was not only the radical Left that had disappeared: with it also had vanished the whole vigorous coalition of the general Left that had provided the sinews of four Presidential campaigns, and inspiration for a large body of New Deal legislation. In the area of organized political and legislative action, the ADA stands as far Left as the action goes, and it isn't Left at all, it's a coalition of the liberal Center. There remain only the peace marchers and the civil rights movement. The peace marchers want peace, and the civil rights organizations are out not to challenge the law but to enforce it, not to change the Constitution but to restore it. Neither is a political organization or a left-wing movement (July, 1965), although civil violence and red-baiting could, at a decisive moment, turn each into both. For all practical purposes, however, the Left, as a movement proposing new ideas and decisive social change, doesn't live here any more.

THE HARD-HEADED, rock-ribbed gentlemen of the far American Right had known what they wanted all along, and their methods, though cruder and more brutal than their opponents', were expertly chosen for the job at hand. The anti-Communist campaign they had inaugurated on that cold January dawn in 1920 had been aimed at the entire left-wing of American political life, and only incidentally at Communists. Though the targets changed, the method didn't. The same weapon that blasted the incidental target wreaked such damage on the primary one that its defenders fell silent or vanished in retreat.

The whole campaign had been a fraud, and it still is. The American Communist Party, unarmed, fluid in its membership to the point of instability, outmanned 80,000 to 131,000,000 at its peak, posed about as grave a threat of revolution as the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, which out-manned it ten to one and had much more fun. Until 1945 no one even suggested the possibility of a Soviet attack on the United States, and after that date, unless the military has lied to us for twenty years running, there hasn't been a day we couldn't overawe, over-bomb, over-kill and overwhelm not only Russia, but the rest of the world with her. It is not communism these amiable, soft-spoken, tribal epigones are out to destroy, it is the right of the majority of the American people to legislate in their own behalf. They mean to curb that right and control that majority, and they perfectly understand it will take the full power of the federal government to do the job. They propose to capture that power. They have created the weapon with which to do it, and the climate of insanity that suits it best. They will turn it against anyone who stands in their way. Far from fighting revolution, some of them already ponder one of their own. A legal one, of course. Perhaps something like . . .

Yet everywhere people tell me things are getting better. The sun comes up earlier these days, the blacklist tapers off, and children seem to be growing taller than they used to. Splendid sentiments flower in the most improbable gardens, and there's going to be the damnedest harvest in Appalachia you ever saw. They even let you read from your own books in the White House parlor, and with Hubert Humphrey where he is, there's an outside chance he may have an opportunity as President to fill with Communists the very concentration camps his sponsorship as Senator made possible. Everything comes up roses, the 1964 election was the greatest victory for our side that anyone has ever seen.

It was also the greatest victory *their* side has ever seen. Never before had the far American Right been able to carry its program to the whole people from the platform of a national party; never had a candidate of the Right been so attractive, or aroused such profound devotion; never before had hundreds of thousands of dollars—perhaps even millions—flowed to its cause from the "grass roots," that lost, embittered, isolated army of smallholders driven almost mad by the intolerable thought they were not rich, and never would be, and might, under the horrors of creeping socialism, Godless communism, do-goodism and the income tax, become even poorer.

Neither had it ever before received so many votes. There is an idiot theory abroad that 26,000,000 people voted for Mr. Goldwater in a sort of *crise de coeur,* hating his program but loving the GOP. The reverse seems closer to the truth. Those who couldn't stomach the program bolted; those who didn't bolt were not dragooned, they were either believers or opportunists. Between such there is no choice; their mutual attraction in a happy cause is so powerful that all distinctions vanish.

Each year a constellation of some 250 rich individuals, 100 business concerns, and 70 tax-exempt foundations pours between $25,000,000 and $35,000,000 into such organizations as the American Security Council, Americans for Constitutional Action, the Americanism Educational League, the American Conservative Union, the Congress of Conservatives, the Conservative Party of New York, the Freedom School (all you have to do is put in the word "freedom" and people send you $600,000 by return mail), the Freedom Foundation of Valley Forge, the Christian Freedom Foundation, Young Americans for Freedom, the Free Enterprise Bureau, the Free Society Association, the John Birch Society, the Constitution Party of Florida, the Liberty Lobby, the Cardinal Mindzenty Foundation, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, the Committee for the Monroe Doctrine, the National Defense Committee of the D.A.R., the White Citizens' Councils in the South, the Americanism Committees of the various veteran groups, and innumerable regional societies of young, old, middle-aged, conservative, disillusioned, indignant, resurgent or free Republicans.

Publications like the *National Review, American Opinion, Human Events, The Wanderer,* and the *Liberty Letter* promulgate doctrine for the scores of lesser journals and organizational publishing houses which flood the mails at every level, while *Washington Report, Life Line* (formerly *Facts Forum*), *Let Freedom Ring,* the Deering Milliken Foundation, the Penthouse Trust and others spread or finance the word by radio, television, filmed shorts, and even telephone.

THE VIGOR AND VARIETY and burgeoning health of the movement is somehow reminiscent of the great days of the Popular Front, with the exception that the Popular Front had no foothold in the police and military, and no secret bands of armed auxiliaries. The new Right, of course, has both. The political coloration of most peace officers' organizations, as well as those of the retired military, may be fairly judged by that of the 20,000-member National Sheriffs' Association, which this year elected Sheriff James G. Clark of Selma, Alabama, its vice-president, assuring his automatic elevation to the presidency in 1966. Combine their forces in a time of crisis with such veterans' action groups as fought the labor wars of the twenties, and thousands of their like-minded brethren from the country's organized gun clubs and riflemen's associations, and you have as formidable—and legal—a political army as anyone could wish for.

Deeper in the shadows lurk the real Communist-hunters, the ones who carry guns. They have the special virtue that they can be disavowed or even denounced by their more respectable brethren and still hold firm, since they have no other place to go. They call themselves Councillors, Raiders, Minutemen, Vigilantes, Rangers, Volunteers, Kluxers, Nazis, and other names still more colorful. They are the mountain dwellers, the Scythians, men with hard eyes and emaciated spirits and terrible hungers, bigots, prophesiers, killers, night-prowlers, parading the flag as a hunting license, organizing combat-teams and counter-guerrilla details, spanning the country with counter-conspiratorial warfare schools, secret training camps, hidden ammunition depots, studying *A Handbook for Saboteurs* and *The Secret Principles of Guerrilla Warfare*—violent men fed on the violent words of their betters, and armed: armed with mortars, bazookas, bazooka rockets, rifle grenades, hand grenades, dynamite, guns and hate.

They wait, all of them from high to low, and they prophesy crisis, which is to say they pray for it. They know the power of their weapon, and our fear of it, and even a small crisis is better than none. But what they especially dream of is a profound crisis, that anguished crisis of the spirit which tears us to pieces every thirty or forty years, one that will soften our hearts to the tall fierce strangers who stand outside the door and cry salvation. They are certain the door will open; they have no doubts at all that a time will come when the prevalence of devils will persuade us that freedom is best defended by surrendering it altogether.

AND PERHAPS they are right. Perhaps we don't like freedom any more. Perhaps we have listened so long to the concatenation from the swamp that all unknowingly we have passed our point of no return, and now drift closer and closer to the heart of that thick, nadiral stupor in which men no longer want to be free. The cats have killed all the birds, the swimming pools everywhere overflow, and across the street at the old Bella Union—*che bella* that union was in her time, *che bellissima!*—the bar is closing down. The midnight air stutters with the magic word, and men with pinched white faces steal through the street. They have long memories, and the shortest tempers you ever saw, and they fondle guns instead of girls. Yet I do not dread them as much as I fear the others—the silent ones, the contented, the alienated, the frightened, the acquiescent.

I DREAM THAT for reasons I do not understand angry men are chasing me through the nightscape of a strange city. I duck into a side street and they do not. I come to a closed door and knock on it. There is no answer. The house is dark, yet I sense someone inside, someone standing "shadowless, like silence listening to silence." I hear sounds of the hunters retracing their steps. I cry my alarms to the silent listener inside. I beg refuge. He does not answer. The hunters whirl into my side street. I try to smash the door but it is too strong. The hunters race toward me. I cross to a window that is only partly draped. I cup hands to my brow and peer through it. The face in the darkness which stares so intently back at me is mine. The hunters strike. I waken.

Only then do I understand that I am of my own time. Only then do I fear that I am lost.

First let me say a word of deep gratitude that THE NATION *has lived and prospered for a century and has not escalated into an advertising medium printed on expensive paper and in tiresome colors. Its sheer dedication to simplicity of format and searching for truth is reason for praise. More especially in this constantly shifting political, economic, and social scene, it performs an invaluable service in furnishing a sound basis on which readers may form judgments on the central issues of our day.*

May it prosper even in our all-too-affluent society! **—Clarence E. Pickett**

Anyone actively engaged in the practice of journalist has every reason to say to THE NATION, *"Thank you for the last One Hundred Years."* THE NATION *has proved itself, to me at any rate, not only a source of information but a source of inspiration and influence as well. If* THE NATION *follows its past formula it will probably live another One Hundred Years. That formula has always been the deliberate choice of not living safely but thinking clearly.* **—Harry Golden**

AMERICA'S SCHIZOPHRENIC VIEW OF THE POOR

PAUL JACOBS

A specialist on labor and poverty problems, Mr. Jacobs is on the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and the Center for the Study of Law and Society at Berkeley, Cal. His latest book, Is Curley Jewish?, *will be published next year.*

I

HOW OLD FASHIONED, almost quaint, the word "pauper" appears today! One thinks of Oliver Twist asking the beadle for a bit more porridge or of an aged couple trudging over the hill to the poorhouse. Yet at least 8,000,000 of the estimated 35,000,000 people living in poverty today are actual paupers, dependent solely on public or private charity. But we prefer to speak of these paupers as "the disadvantaged," the "hard-to-reach," the "senior citizens," or as the "long-term unemployed" with "culturally deprived children" who are born, unfortunately, into a "cycle of poverty" which gives them no chance to get out of the "poverty pocket" or "poverty belt." Are these less offensive terms merely euphemisms, or do they suggest that basic changes have taken place in the American attitude towards the poor?

An ideological schizophrenia with a complex history characterizes the American view of poverty. On the one hand, we believe achievement is related primarily to self-reliance and self-help; on the other, we have been forced to concede that failure cannot always be laid at the door of the individual. Both these views are embodied in the constellation of ideas on which President Johnson's War Against Poverty is based. As a result, that program is schizophrenic, too. It assumes that poverty will be eliminated if only society can alter the circumstances which have barred the poor from access to work, the "American way of life." But it does not question whether such a way of life is possible for all in the new technological order, nor does it seek to alter, in any profound sense, the economic and political system. Instead, the existence of poverty is viewed as an impersonal—and soluble—"paradox." The program's cheerful optimism reflects an almost mystical belief in the infinite potentials of American society. Poverty, like polio, will be defeated when the right vaccine is found.

The first American colonists brought with them from Puritan England the comparatively new doctrine which combined the view that man had a religious duty to achieve material success with the concept that giving direct financial aid to the poor destroyed their character.

Typically Puritan was John Locke's proposal in 1697 "that all men, sound of limb and mind, begging in maritime counties out of their own parish shall be seized by an officer of the parish or by an inhabitant and brought before the next J.P. and be sent . . . to the next seaport town, there to be kept at hard labor till some of H.M. Ships coming in, give an opportunity of putting them on board, where they will serve 3 years under strict discipline at soldiers pay." So, too, Locke suggested that paupers' children between the ages of three and fourteen be taken away from their parents and put in working schools where "what is necessary for their relief will more effectually have that use if distributed to them in bread at school. . . . And to this may be added, without any trouble in cold weather, if it be thought needful, a little warm water gruel, for the same fire that warms the room may be made to boil a pot of it."

IN COLONIAL AMERICA, such Puritan doctrines were buttressed by the belief that every man, except the Negro slave, could break through the class barriers that had held them down in aristocratic England and Europe. In this view, the poor were poor only because of some flaw in their character; therefore, not society, but only their families, bore any responsibility towards them. Only the Negro slaves, for whom poverty was considered the natural state, were exempt from this judgment, and their care was given to their masters. The only explanation for any others who were poor was the one characteristically offered by the Humane Society in 1809, when it said that "by a just and inflexible law of Providence, misery is ordained to be the companion and punishment of vice."

The most popular methods for dealing with the non-slave poor who had no families or friends to care for them were to auction off those incapable of working to the persons asking the smallest amount to care for them, to put them in "almshouses," or to "bind out" the able-bodied as indentured servants. This was usually done by state or local governments; no one dreamed of any federal responsibility for the poor.

Such attitudes began to waver, however, in the first quarter of the 19th century, when the vision of an eternally expanding and ever-more-prosperous country became clouded over by recurring economic depressions. Grudgingly, it was conceded that "non-employment" resulting in poverty was not necessarily the fault of the workers. For those "whose cry was, not for bread and fuel of charity but for Work!", as Horace Greeley described them, destitution was often the ugly consequence of unemployment. The popular faith in the American ideals of self-sufficiency and self help was shaken by this kind of talk. Nevertheless, as late as 1854 President Franklin Pierce, vetoing a bill to grant public land for the use of states to help care for the indigent insane, argued that the government could not become "the great almoner of public charity throughout the United States."

The severe depression of 1857-1859 forced changes in methods of dealing with the poor. Private charity funds weren't adequate to tide over the unemployed, and public funds had to be appropriated by cities. Now, for the first time in the country's brief history, the unemployed organized in protest, demonstrating and marching to force local governments to take action. Shortly there followed the Civil War, which left the South as an entire region of poverty. In the wake of the war, private charity and philanthropy developed on a large scale, while there grew a reluctant acceptance of the fact that the federal government had to assume responsibility for some part of veterans' care and provide for the families of dead soldiers.

But no one, except 19th century radicals, questioned the basic assumption that the free enterprise system was created by God to bring about the Kingdom of Heaven, or something close to it, here on earth. Economic dislocations were believed to be only temporary disturbances from which the country could, and would, always quickly recover. The depression of 1873, like that of the late '50s, brought about demonstrations of the unemployed which were crushed by the police. Private charity remained the main form of welfare during the latter half of the 19th century. Public work projects were adopted only reluctantly, because administration of welfare programs by corrupt officials often led to their abuse for political purposes. In the spring of 1894, thousands of unemployed marchers from all parts of the country gathered in Washington to petition Congress. This was "Coxey's Army." Coxey and a few other marchers were arrested and received short prison sentences for "walking on the grass" and carrying banners. The House Committee on Labor refused to hear Coxey's proposals, and before the end of the year, the first national movement of the poor and unemployed had collapsed.

MEANWHILE, THE REFORM and settlement house movements had started focusing attention on the social and economic conditions creating poverty. Even so, these social workers remained committed to the thesis that the dole destroyed the character of the recipients. In 1883, Josephine Shaw Lowell, the great welfare worker, wrote that using public funds to support the poor in their homes was evil because "the principle underlying [the practice] is not that the proceeds of all men's labor is to be fairly divided among all but that the idle, improvident and even vicious man has the right to live in idleness and vice upon the proceeds of the labor of his industrious and virtuous fellow citizen."

Characteristically, Jane Addams poignantly describes her mixed reactions to this policy in the case of a young man who came to Hull House to secure help for his family:

> I told him one day of the opportunity for work on the drainage canal and intimated that if any employment were obtainable, he ought to exhaust that possibility before asking for help. The man replied that he had always worked indoors and that he could not endure outside work in the winter. . . . He did not come again for relief but worked for two days digging on the canal where he contracted pneumonia and died a week later. I have never lost trace of the two little children he left behind him although I cannot see them without a bitter consciousness that it was at their expense I learned that life cannot be administered by definite rules and regulations; that wisdom to deal with a man's difficulties comes only through some knowledge of his life and habits as a whole; and that to treat an isolated episode is almost sure to invite blundering.

The viewpoint of the business community towards the reformers' concern about the "deserving poor" was expressed bluntly by Elbert Hubbard in 1899:

> We have been recently hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizen of the sweatshop". . . . Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with the "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. . . . It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

Gradually, however, needy children, the aged, the blind, the deaf, the mentally retarded and widows with children were exempted from the strictures of social Darwinism. Pensions for the blind were authorized by law in Ohio in 1898 and spread gradually to other states. In 1911, Illinois passed a law providing cash payments to widows with young children, and over a period of years the boundaries of these laws were extended to take in not only children with dead fathers but those whose fathers had deserted them. But the application of these laws was discretionary rather than mandatory, and since the costs were almost always assumed by the local communities, rather than the states, the grants were very often not made or were inadequate.

THE FIRST OLD-AGE ASSISTANCE law was passed in 1915—not in a state, but in the Territory of Alaska. In 1923 Montana and Nevada became the first states to enact such legislation. Only 28 states had such laws in 1934, and even then the restrictions on eligibility were very severe and the amount of aid very limited. During the depression that followed the panic of 1907, and during the depression of 1914-1915, the fate of the able-bodied unemployed was left almost completely in the hands of private charity.

The traditional commitment of the country to laissez-faire capitalism was still very strong in the postwar depression of 1920-22. The federal government took the position that only private industry could solve the problem of unemployment and that the responsibility for relief of the unemployed rested with the local communities.

In September, 1921, President Warren Harding told the Nationwide Conference on Unemployment that "I would have little enthusiasm for any proposed relief which seeks either palliation or tonic from the public treasury. The excess of stimulation from that source is to be reckoned a cause of trouble rather than a source of cure. . . ." Curiously, organized labor sided with the President and the employer class in opposing public relief for the unemployed. The American Federation of Labor had always opposed such relief and continued its opposition to any form of federal unemployment insurance even after the Great Depression of 1929. At its 1930 convention, William Green spoke in ringing 18th century terms: "The American workman, proud of his freedom and his liberty, is not yet willing to make himself a ward of the state and a ward of the government. . . . We cannot deal with such a tragedy in a visionary way."

Even in the following year, with at least 7,000,000 people expected to be unemployed during the winter, the AFL termed federal unemployment insurance as "unsuited to our economic and political requirements here and unsatisfactory to American working men and women." It was not until July, 1932, when 11,000,000 workers were unemployed, that the AFL executive council reluctantly instructed President Green to draft a plan of unemployment insurance.

Social workers, too, opposed the "federal dole." Influenced strongly by Freud, they had moved, during the twenties, from the muckraking role of urging environmental reform to a greater emphasis on the psychological problems of their clients. This new psychological orientation, with its emphasis on the individual solution of problems, blended very well with the older traditions of self-help and social Darwinism. From it evolved a belief that the best way to help unemployed able-bodied workers was not through a federally controlled "dole" program, administered by politicians, but through locally administered private programs over which the social workers could exercise some professional control.

But by the summer of 1931, this re-affirmation of local responsibility was beginning to face strong opposition among social workers appalled by the effects of the Great Depression, and by the spring of 1932, the profession as a whole was united behind the urgent need for federal intervention.

The character of that intervention was set by Franklin Delano Roosevelt while he was Governor of New York, and can be found today in President Johnson's program. In August, 1931, Roosevelt had called an emergency session of the New York legislature, and one month later got a bill passed setting up the Temporary Emergency Relief Administration. TERA sponsored relief programs that were to be administered by local communities: the amounts allocated to each community were to be based both on the community's needs and their effectiveness in drawing upon their own resources. Thus, TERA was, in a sense, a compromise between the older tradition of self-help and the terrifying need for governmental action. It was headed by Harry Hopkins, a professional social worker, who gave the highest priority to work relief, for he was deeply concerned that the recipients of aid not lose the self-esteem which social workers believed would be destroyed by direct aid.

II

The argument over whether or not federal funds should be used to aid the needy had actually ended in the summer of 1932, when President Hoover had reluctantly approved federal loans to finance 80 per cent of all state and local aid to the unemployed (loans which obviously were not going to be repaid). The summer of 1932 was catastrophic for the Republicans: thousands of unemployed veterans had converged on Washington to exert pressure for the passage of a bonus bill, and were driven from the capital by force—an act which outraged the country. Roosevelt, as President, took immediate steps to meet the terrible crisis. In March, 1933, the Civilian Conservation Corps was established to provide work camps for youth; in May, the Federal Emergency Relief Administration was created; in June, public employment offices to be operated by the states were authorized; and in November, Roosevelt issued an executive order setting up the Civilian Works Agency to operate a federal work program. In January, 1935, Roosevelt proposed that Congress set up the Works Progress Administration. But his message to Congress reflected his commitment to the traditional attitude toward the dole: "The lessons of History," he said, "show conclusively that continued dependence upon relief induces a spiritual and moral disintegration fundamentally destructive to the national fiber. To dole out relief in this way is . . . a subtle destroyer of the human spirit."

Roosevelt also asked, at this time, that Congress act in the field of social security by establishing a federal-state partnership to finance old-age assistance, aid to the blind and aid to needy children. In August, the Social Security Act was passed, providing also for a federal tax on employer payrolls to finance unemployment insurance. The passage of this legislation, as well as the establishment of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, formalized the federal government's acceptance of responsibility for social welfare. (The first government job that Lyndon B. Johnson ever held was as a WPA administrator, an experience he obviously has never forgotten, for clear echoes of that experience can be found in his anti-poverty program.)

THE NEW DEAL welfare program changed an essential tenet of American life, but only in a limited way. Responsibility for the economic well-being of individuals was now vested in the government, but the responsibilities were carried out in ways that did no violence to traditional attitudes. Unemployment insurance and social security pensions were not given to all citizens as a matter of right; unemployment insurance was paid only to those who had been working for specified periods of time; payments to the aged were based on a system to which the workers contributed. The amounts paid out varied, too, in relation to the amounts paid in; nor did anyone question the right of the state to refuse unemployment insurance payments to the unemployed worker who refused to accept what was considered a suitable job. States' rights were also carefully preserved, and the emphasis of the program—accepted by the political leaders, the administrative staff and their social-worker allies—was on helping the depression victims adjust to their now somewhat better condition.

The fear shared by reformers and conservatives alike that unemployment relief and unemployment insurance would have the effect of pauperizing the recipient turned out to be groundless. Bakke, in *The Unemployed Worker,* a study of the depression victims, came to the general conclusion that "Unemployment Insurance has not made paupers." Nevertheless, over and over again, the "no handout" theme was emphasized by the administrative liberals running the programs. Together with the social workers, they adopted a kind of progressive paternalism towards the poor in which Roosevelt represented the kindly father figure.

But the establishment of federal work and relief programs also brought about the development of organized groups of the unemployed who, demanding better treatment or increased relief budgets, frequently met with bitter opposition from the welfare administration and from the police. However, some welfare administrators understood that these groups played an important role in dramatizing the plight of the unemployed.

In 1939 and 1940, another and more rebellious voice was raised—that of the Back of the Yards Movement in Chicago, which brought together a variety of community, religious and labor organizations centered in the stockyards. The BYM was overtly a pressure group, committed to tying local actions into programs of larger social reconstruction. In words that have a clear resonance today, for they are echoed by important segments of the civil rights movement, one of their spokesmen defined the organization's aims:

> We are sick of the social-worker aproach. The battle against slum conditions and slum areas is our prime

> objective, as it must be the prime objective of all organizations and individuals who seek to do significant work for social betterment.
>
> Many liberals are disturbed by the Back of the Yards Neighborhood Council because they feel it is a pressure group which fights in a tough vicious way in which no holds are barred. It does fight viciously.
>
> We in Back of the Yards are fighting for our bread and butter, our homes, our families, and for our very lives. . . . These liberals fail to realize that the achievement and constructive use of power can help people better themselves.
>
> The force we rely upon is the power that can only be generated by democratic organizations. The liberals cannot believe this because they are remote from the people and have never seen or felt the vitality of democracy in action.

World War II brought an end to the depression, at least for the white majority, and with it also came a temporary easing of the ideological schizophrenia that the country had suffered during the thirties. The society concentrated its attention on the war efforts, which seemed, as a concomitant, to have brought prosperity to all. In fact, nothing of the sort had happened: the aged, the dependent, and the disabled were only a little better off than they had been during the depression, while the Negroes, the largest minority group, were only in a relatively better position.

At the end of World War II, memories of the depression resulted in the passage of the Full Employment Act of 1946, which again reflected the dual commitment so characteristic of American society. The Act affirmed federal responsibility for providing "conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities, including self-employment, for those willing, able and seeking to work and to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power"; but, simultaneously, it insisted that this responsibility had to be carried out "in a manner calculated to foster and promote free competitive enterprise."

Fortunately, the law faced no real test in the first ten years of its enactment, for employment remained relatively high except for brief recessions in 1949 and 1954. To be sure, some industries revealed a high rate of unemployment, and some groups—particularly Negroes and older workers—were quite clearly at a disadvantage. But only the unions and a few economists raised the issue of unemployment in any forceful terms; the Republican administration and the business community remained optimistic about a future upturn and insistent that the prewar values were still verities. The National Association of Manufacturers bitterly opposed, for example, the United Auto Workers demand for a supplementary unemployment insurance plan that would guarantee income for a longer time. Said the N.A.M.: "Guaranteed wage demands are based on the theory that employment is man's natural state and that when unemployment occurs employers should be held responsible. Actually, people cannot be employed until someone takes positive action which results in the creation of jobs."

III

Beginning in 1956, the unemployment rate rose steadily, from 4.2 per cent to 5.6 per cent. Even worse, inside the overall rate was buried a differential rate for Negroes that was having a sharp effect in the Negro community: Negroes were actually slipping backwards and were relatively worse off than they had been in the immediate postwar period. But now a more aggressive mood prevailed among the Negroes and other minority groups, stimulated in part by the expansion of community and race relations agencies that were often supported by foundation funds.

These agencies were the post-World War II counterparts of the social welfare and reform groups of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. But their focus had shifted to the improvement of inter-group and inter-religious relations, primarily through the establishment of community agencies with broad representation from all segments of the community. Generally, their operations were in the hands of professional staffs, backed by a board whose individual members either had personal or organizational prestige. And although the agencies recognized very quickly that the problems they confronted had to be dealt with in an integrated fashion, involving all aspects of community life, their actual operations involved very few members of the groups on whose behalf they spoke. In this approach they differed sharply from such organizations as the Back of the Yards Movement, with its emphasis on participation in decision-making by as many members of the community as possible.

Inevitably, then, reform became professionalized, and the reformers learned to operate within the context of society, rather than attempting to make radical changes in it. Even more important, the new breed of reformers became the experts to whom society deferred for dealing with community problems—including the one of poverty, which was again being discovered.

THE DISCOVERY WASN'T A sudden one, nor was it complete. In 1958, John Galbraith's *The Affluent Society* divided the "new poverty" into two main components: case and insular poverty. Case poverty referred to those individuals who suffer from some personal disability that prevents them from joining in the national upward trend, while insular poverty referred to an entire area, such as the Appalachians, where everybody was adversely affected by the economic downgrading that had taken place.

But most people were more heartened by the title of Galbraith's book than dismayed by its contents. And the civil rights movement, which was not yet directly connected with, nor concerned about, poverty absorbed the attention of the government and the reformers. Robert Lampman's work on unequal income distribution failed to draw the notice it deserved, and when, in 1962, Michael Harrington's *The Other America* was published, it received equally little attention. But a year later, Dwight MacDonald wrote a long review-article about poverty in *The New Yorker* praising Harrington's book, and the rush was on. Poverty had been rediscovered.

The rediscovery came at a most opportune time for American liberals. Their earlier struggle on behalf of the Negroes had been replaced by the Negroes' struggle on their own behalf—one from which the white liberals were being pointedly excluded. In foreign policy, the cold war consensus had eliminated any real differentiation between the liberal voice and that of the conservative. And the Kennedy administration had brought to Washington a group of people who combined a commitment to *Realpolitik* with a rosy vision of the liberal future. At the same time, the administration grew increasingly concerned with the problem of poverty, especially as it related to the intensification of the Negro struggle; indeed, the Negro became the personification of the poverty problem.

The assassination of the President cut short the administration's plans in this field, and thus Johnson was able to make the anti-poverty program his own.

Johnson's interests in developing the program were manifold. It was one of the first with which his Administration could be identified as initiator, rather than merely as executor. Such a program, moreover, represented a fairly safe political means of dealing with the race relations crisis, for few could openly defend the poverty level in which so many Negroes still lived. To be anti-poverty was certainly good politics in an election year. And finally, Johnson, unlike any other recent President, had spent his formative years in a poor part of the country and so had some direct personal experience with the traumas created by the depression of the thirties.

JOHNSON'S CHOICE of Sargent Shriver to head up the anti-poverty program was characteristic. Shriver, who was a symbol of the Kennedy style, had directed the Peace Corps operation remarkably well. He was an attractive figure against whom very little personal antagonism had developed anywhere in the country. If he knew nothing of poverty either personally or through academic study, he could be expected to learn very quickly, as indeed he did. And clearly, he was committed, sincerely, to the notion that some changes were in order. As a business leader in Chicago, Shriver had been actively engaged in community activities, and was familiar with the agency and foundation approach to civic problems.

The Peace Corps had attracted people to the Kennedy administration who might not otherwise have been willing to join government: liberal professionals with genuine commitment to limited change, and sincere volunteers, especially young ones, who were becoming involved in social problems but who, for one reason or another, were outside the civil rights movement.

The "war on poverty" attracted the same kinds of people—in some cases, the very same people. And Shriver, who was familiar with these types, liked them, and has proved willing to take some risks on their behalf. Under him, the "war on poverty" did not so much professionalize reform as bring professional reformers into the governmental orbit.

But despite manifestly good intentions, the program was handicapped from the start by the schizophrenia that has always marked the American view of the poor. For political reasons, it had to be defined immediately, in Shriver's words, as "not a hand-out program—or an individual case-work program." Instead, the main emphasis has been put on projects which, again in Shriver's words, are "prudent, practical, focused and patriotic." The program is designed to give some of the poor opportunity to participate more fully in the American way of life, through better education and jobs. The basic assumptions were stated by the President's Council of Economic Advisers in their 1964 report: "Americans want to *earn* the American standard of living by their own efforts and contributions."

THUS, NO ATTEMPT has been made to initiate new payments, or to increase the amounts of money now paid, to unemployables—the 4,174,728 recipients of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (whose average payment per family is $138 monthly); the 2,160,943 recipients of old-age assistance (average payment $78.88 per month); the 691,000 people who receive general assistance of $31.36 per month; the blind and the totally disabled. All these groups are still considered to be the "undeserving poor," no matter by what euphemism they are called.

So it is the "deserving" poor who are the main targets of the anti-poverty effort. Its major emphases are on youth education and employment, on planned regional and community development and on vocational training and retraining. But the programs are severely limited, almost all of them merely extensions of older programs. And the "war on poverty" was sold to the American public as a "cheap" war—one that would cost taxpayers very little.

As part of the effort to make the campaign seem a natural extension of society, some programs have been placed in the hands of business groups, especially those in the systems-development field. Computer techniques will be applied to the operation of Job Corps camps and training programs; the latest methods of teaching by machine will be used.

But all the programs are handicapped by the need its administrators feel to maintain good "public relations" and to avoid risking Congressional disapproval. Admission to the Job Corps is limited to young people without long histories of arrests for serious offenses; no volunteers from VISTA, the domestic counterpart of the Peace Corps, can be sent to a local community, except to mental hospitals, unless the community leaders request their presence. And the major portion of anti-poverty funds are focused on community-action programs submitted by broadly based community groups. But such great emphasis on local community support places even nonrisk programs in jeopardy. In a good many cities and areas, conflicts among local political interests and among community groups have held back development of even limited programs.

Only one new dimension was added to the "war on poverty": the poor were to be involved, as much as possible, in making decisions about their own future. But paternalism dies hard, and so the involvement of the poor has been limited—at times hardly noticeable—at the political level. When an organization such as Mobilization for Youth in New York encourages a rent strike, powerful forces rush in on the landlord's behalf to attack the organization. And even if Mobilization for Youth, or a similar body, can survive such attacks, inevitably it becomes more cautious.

The poor are encouraged to find new careers, new work opportunities; but when jobs are created in fields hitherto dominated by professional trade or labor organizations, great resistance is encountered. Unions resist those parts of the poverty program which they believe menace their direct interest; business organizations act similarly; and community groups seek to exploit the program for their own selfish purposes. Too often, the latter regard the "war on poverty" as a kind of "fuller employment act" for their own professional staffs, rather than as an opportunity to the poor to make their own decisions, even bad ones.

THE PROGRAM HAS suffered, too, from conflicting political interests at local, state and federal levels. The mayor wants to control the disposition of the funds in his area; the governor, given a veto authority over the program by the act, may seek to exercise it to further his political interests; the local Congressmen are convinced that they, too, have a stake in how the money is spent. Such political problems become especially acute when community groups are also involved, since these groups tend to support the political interests which provide them the best opportunity for carrying out their program. The poor seem lost, very often, in this tangled forest of politics and private and public agencies.

The basic idea of the "war on poverty" suggests that the enemy is impersonal, a matter of "unfortunate" circumstances like "ignorance" or "disease." But, in fact, there are people and institutions who have a vested interest in the continuation of poverty: employers who pay substandard and marginal wages; agricultural groups that refuse to pay living wages or to maintain decent housing for migrant farm workers; racists who understand the connection between maintaining the fiction of white supremacy and the reality of low wages. Yet, since such groups exercise a strong political influence in the society which is being called upon to support the "war," they go unmentioned in the propaganda.

Still another basic difficulty is that the program's success, especially for the youth, depends upon the creation of enough jobs to employ those who have gone through the training courses. If there aren't enough jobs, then the aspirations of the poor will have been raised without any opportunity for them to be satisfied.

But with all its limitations, this new effort to diminish the number of Americans living in poverty may help at least some people; and from it may flow consequences altogether unexpected by the Congress which approved it. Perhaps stimulated by the program, the poor will organize on their own behalf. If that happens, the country may yet be forced to adopt the kind of pre-Puritan ideas expressed about the poor by our Leveller ancestors in England, who in 1648 petitioned "that the too long continued shame of this nation, viz. permission of any to suffer such poverty as to beg their bread, may be effectually remedied: and to that purpose that the poor be enabled to choose their trustees to discover all stocks, houses, lands, etc., which of right belong to them and their use that they may speedily receive the benefit thereof: and that some good improvement may be made of waste grounds for their use: and that according to the promise of this House in your first remonstrance care be taken forthwith to advance the native commodities of this nation, that the poor may have better wages for their labor: and that manufactures may be improved for the best advantage of our own mariners and the whole nation."

TIME TO KILL
Automation, Leisure and Jobs

ERIC LARRABEE

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THE PARABLE OF AUTOMATION and leisure is that of the sorcerer's apprentice. Half-educated man, lured by the prospect of relief from toil, mechanizes and eliminates his work. The chores get done, idleness is achieved, but the would-be wizard finds that he is drawn into a nightmare where the machines will not stop and his fate is to be their victim.

Man of his nature is a tool-using animal, but a machine—as Lewis Mumford was pointing out thirty years ago, in *Technics and Civilization*—is something different from a tool. It is a tool which can function independently of its operator's skill or expended energy. The difference, Mumford wrote, "lies primarily in the degree of automatism. . . ." Mechanization implies automation, and all self-controlling mechanisms are to some extent uncanny. The dancing brooms and mops of the sorcerer's workshop are only the extreme case; all machines hold possibilities for awe and terror.

Mumford's argument, in his pioneering book, was that humanity had to mechanize itself before it was ready for the machine. People had to be willing to constrict their lives, to adapt themselves to regularity and repetitiveness, before the machine would unloose its power on their behalf. For Mumford the turning point was the introduction of the mechanical clock into Western Europe about the 13th century, since the clock is the type case of automatized precision and order, and since no other machine so permeates and controls our daily lives. The history of mechanization, as Mumford, Siegfried Giedion, and others have told it, is one in which man increasingly makes himself the machine's servant, and fears his master.

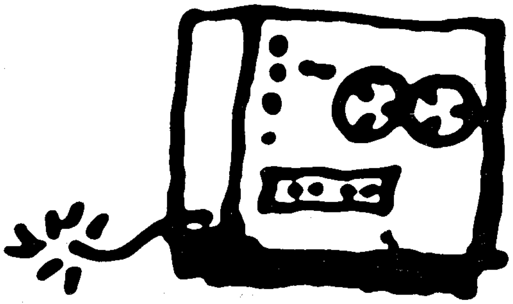
Automation is the currently fashionable object of that recurrent fear. In the past fifteen years, with the application of electronic computers to commercial and industrial tasks, true automation—or what some writers, following Donald N. Michael, prefer to call cybernation—has become a reality. Vast domains of hitherto human handicraft in farm, factory, office and even executive suite can now be invaded and occupied by machines. While the depth and meaning of this invasion are still in dispute, the fears which it arouses are many and natural, most of them deriving from a fundamental fear of being dehumanized: being deprived of identity, deprived of function, deprived of meaning—that is, the fears of bureaucracy, of unemployment, and of empty leisure.

The fear of losing identity is the most individual and immediate. One is vividly made aware of becoming a punched card and a number by one's inability to communicate with institutions except through a screen of coded responses, often inappropriate and always impersonal. Though every number is in fact unique, the sense of being treated as a number is one of being reduced to a common denominator. A mechanized economy, on the face of it, seems to produce nothing but interchangeable objects and demand nothing but interchangeable men and women to operate it. The characteristic posture of youthful revolt, in an incipient age of automation, is understandably one of revulsion and flight from the prospect of stereotyped lives: identical jobs, identical cars and consumer goods, identical houses, and virtually identical spouses and children—like a row of little boxes, in the words of the modern folk song, all made out of ticky-tacky and looking just the same.

THE FEAR OF UNEMPLOYMENT is the most general and traditional. It is general in that a threat of vanishing jobs produces the only organized response to automation, that of organized labor, whether in defiant resistance to all change or in grudging accommodation to the inevitable. It is traditional in that the arrival of automatic machinery in the textile industries of Germany, Holland, and England caused riots and brought on prohibitory edicts as early as the 17th century, and eventually reached a symbolic climax in Yorkshire with the Luddite riots of 1812, which have given their name to an attitude of hatred for machines and the desire to smash them. So deeply does this history permeate the world of learning that C. P. Snow, in his *Two Cultures and the Scientific Revolution,* was constrained to describe all humanistic intellectuals as "natural Luddites."

The fear of leisure participates in these other fears, but it is neither so impingent nor specific. It is, by comparison, a fear one feels on behalf of others. Leisure is a recent arrival on the agenda of officially defined "problems"; as long as there was not enough of it to go round, it could be regarded as an undoubted good, as indeed the rare but indispensable ingredient of art and high culture. Leisure in this context is not merely inactivity or time free from labor, like the unoccupied but unusable time of the prisoner or the peon sleeping in the sun. It is disposable time, time paid for by work, whether your own or someone else's. Leisure is the luxury and the burden of conscious choice; it compels a statement of what you would do if left to your own devices—a definition, for yourself and others, of who and what you are. The machine has democratized this type of leisure, making gifts of it to many who never before possessed it, until one can now legitimately speak of Mass Leisure, an unprecedented phenomenon in which enormous numbers of people have not only free time but the resources to do with it what they will.

The fear of leisure is at base the fear of boredom, of what the medieval monks called *acedia* or what Robert M. MacIver has called "the great emptiness," the restlessness that comes upon us when we have time and nothing to do with it, or when we look inward and find nothing there. Modern experiments in sensory deprivation (in which the subject spends as much time as he can tolerate at rest in a sightless, soundless cubicle) have emphasized the obvious: that if you force a man to do literally nothing he will eventually go mad. Deprived of variety, the mind begins to oscillate and empty itself until a new message, whether in brainwashing or a mystical conversion, comes to it radiant with ineffable truth. Multiply individual boredom by the millions and you have all the unattractive attributes of mass culture: the worst of the mass media and the ever present possibility of mass hysteria. "When men and women find nothing within themselves but emptiness," in the words of the *Report of the Commission on the Humanities* last year, "they turn to trivial and narcotic amusements, and the society of which they are a part becomes socially delinquent and politically unstable."



When leisure was limited to a minority class the burden of it could be borne, so to speak, vicariously. What Veblen called conspicuous consumption by that minority had to be conspicuous in order to allow the majority to watch, to derive that paradoxical pleasure the employed multitudes have always seemed to get from the spectacle of the idle rich being ostentatiously unemployed. Envy is not eliminated, to be sure, so that people at any given level of social stratification—given the chance—tend to adopt the leisure styles of the strata immediately above them, with the regrettable consequence that the 20th century middle class exhausts itself (and strains the available facilities) trying to behave like the landed aristocracy of the 19th. Also, it is a question whether vacations for recreation (which is to say, recovery from work) can properly be defined as leisure at all, and the frantic exhaustion which characterizes them is a telling weapon in the debating armory of those to whom mass leisure is a contradiction in terms.

Old-fashioned optimism about the indolent paradise which automation will bring, as you might expect, is more likely to flourish today in the Soviet Union than in the United States. Mihajlo Mihajlov, a Yugoslav teacher of literature who published in the Belgrade monthly *Delo* an account of his visit to Moscow during the summer of 1964 (reprinted in translation in *The New Leader*), tells of how surprised he was to find even a Westernized intellectual like Ilya Ehrenburg completely doctrinaire and inflexible about the coming future in which machines will liberate mankind from work and "people will read a lot, listen to music, conduct intelligent conversations. . . ." The American experience with a declining work week (from sixty-six hours in the mid-19th century down nearly to forty by the mid-20th) has already been extensive enough to induce profound doubts and, where an even shorter work week has been tried for any length of time—in Akron, Ohio, for example, as described for THE NATION by Harvey Swados in 1958—the most notable result is moonlighting, an increase in the number of men who hold two jobs at once. Perhaps the only reasonable balance between naïve hope and premature despair is the point so clearly and forehandedly made by the Canadians E. W. Leaver and J. J. Brown in their *Fortune* article "Machines Without Men" in 1946, one of the earliest announcements of automation's imminent arrival. "The new machines," they wrote, "will force the issue, force society to find better use for men than to make them the mechanical operators of machines."

BUT WHAT ARE THE alternatives? The potentiality of leisure for self-cultivation is one that, historically, no more than a minority has been allowed to exploit. Though no evidence exists that this limitation is ordained by natural law, since lifting it has not been tried, writers of an elitist persuasion have traditionally maintained that it was—that culture of necessity had to be supported by a few, and those happy few supported by the rest. "On inequality," as Clive Bell bluntly put it in his little book *Civilization* (1928), "all civilizations have stood." Now that such outright snobbery is no longer respectable this view is less often heard, but similar reservations about mass leisure are entertained by those to whom true leisure seems unattainable in a society organized around work, as ours still is. Leisure in a civilized sense is a form of inner equilibrium and grace which cannot simply be ordered up as part of a three-week holiday package. As long as people define themselves in terms of their work, in work will their deepest satisfactions lie; and the image of unlimited leisure will be inseparable from a threat of self-deprivation and loss. "What we require," as Michael Harrington has said, "and this is particularly difficult for English-speaking countries, is an end to the Protestant Ethic that a man establishes his worth in the eyes of his neighbor and his God, and works out his eternal salvation, by doing drudgery and engaging in saving."

It is no accident, if the phrase may be used, that Michael Harrington is the author of an influential book on contemporary American poverty and that he spoke these words (over the Chicago radio station WFMT) as a member of the Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution, a private group which is trying to generate public concern over automation (along with civil rights and thermonuclear war) as part of an interlocked crisis for our times. Members of the committee vary in the emphasis they put on one aspect or another, but in outline they hold that automation is coming on a great deal faster than any preparations being made to meet it, and that a major social disaster is implicit in the efforts of the dispossessed minorities, especially the Negroes, to move upward into those very jobs which automation will destroy just before they get there. The economist Robert Theobald, one of the committee members, took the extreme position on the same radio program that within the present decade "most of the new factories, the new public works, will employ machines rather than men and that it will be absolutely impossible to give everybody a job."

THE CONSEQUENCES WOULD be so far-reaching, if this conclusion were accepted as a base for public policy, that the conclusion itself is naturally being challenged. Charles E. Silberman, in a *Fortune* magazine series on "Technology and the Labor Market," has said of the Ad Hoc Committee's predictions that "nothing of the sort is happening," that no fully automated process for any major product exists anywhere in the United States, and that employment of manufacturing production workers has actually increased by one million in the past three and a half years. At a national conference on automation in March, 1965, sponsored by the American Bankers Association, the popular viewpoint seemed to be that no one really knew how many jobs had been destroyed by automation, since those industries which had automated the most had also been expanding the most in employment. Yet Charles Silberman himself willingly agrees with his adversaries about the long-term trend. "Sooner or later," he writes, "of course, we will have the technical capability to substitute machines for men in most of the functions men now perform"—a confession which carries weight, coming from this quarter, even if it seems to imply that the future is clearer than the present.

The conclusion Robert Theobald draws from this minimal possibility, and from the economy which secular increases in productivity have already brought about, is that we must immediately start reconciling ourselves to the inevitability of paying people merely to exist. Theobald's latest book, *Free Men and Free Markets,* ends with a ringing demand for what he calls "an absolute constitutional right to an income." This concept, he says, "would guarantee to every citizen of the United States, and to every person who has resided within the United States for a period of five consecutive years, the right to an income from the federal government sufficient to enable him to live with dignity."

THEOBALD'S PROPOSAL has the qualities of clarity and excess. As Leaver and Brown said of automation, it forces the issue; there could hardly be a more concrete reduction to cases of what it means to substitute a Keynesian doctrine of consumption for the Protestant Ethic. Anyone who wants to argue with Theobald has got to propose some better solution of what to do with economically no-longer-necessary people, or else propound some competitive morality to the mild humanitarianism which has shaped the present, almost worldwide welfare state. One can take the position that humanity is simply not ready yet to stop working, that it has not yet found anything remotely suitable as a substitute. As William Faulkner told an interviewer from the *Paris Review* in 1956, "One of the saddest things is that the only thing a man can do eight hours a day, day after day, is work. You can't eat eight hours a day nor drink for eight hours a day nor make love for eight hours —all you can do for eight hours is work. Which is the reason why man makes himself and everybody else so miserable and unhappy." But to differ with Theobald one has to be as categorical, if perhaps not so ironic, as Faulkner.

To be sure, when Faulkner spoke of work he spoke as an artist, knowing full well that what he did as an artist for eight hours a day was in fact hard work. In principle, there is no reason why the challenge and satisfaction he derived from the craft of novelist could not be found by the multitudes in similarly uneconomic activities, from the arts as such to the more mundane and less honorific arts of daily living. For the individual's well-being it is the struggle rather than the goal which matters, provided only the goal is defined as admirable by one's own standard and that of one's peers. Theoretically, again, we can conceive of a society superficially not too different from our own in which self-respect could be based on personal achievement of a purely aesthetic or even spiritual kind, but the word "achievement" itself is a booby trap packed explosively tight with traditional Western assumptions about virtue and individuality. A truly Keynesian aesthetic would be built around the ephemeral experience, since this is the only thing we can all consume indefinitely, and it would therefore put as high a value on a dew-tipped blade of grass as on Beethoven's Ninth. There is just not room enough, either physically or psychologically, for everyone to be Beethoven all at once; we would have to be seeking fulfillment in self-expression while denying ourselves permanence, and to say as much is to ask for a reversal of inherited criteria in art as wrenching to individual ego and integrity as the economic idea of becoming a permanently de-pauperized ward of the government.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF denying mankind the one thing it can do eight hours a day are not likely to be manifest immediately, since they are so various and interrelated as to resemble a generalized psychic malnutrition of the body social rather than the onslaught of any single disease. But certainly it requires no tight certainty about cause and effect to observe that industrial democracy needs a number of incentives spread through the population in order to function properly, and that it functions very poorly without them. For one thing, the whole machinery of upgrading deprived social classes, such as the immigrants to America, has called for ambition and discipline on their part which today's deprived, for good and evident reasons, no longer share. Character is hard enough to come by even in the awareness that it generally profits a white, upper-middle-class male to apply himself and behave decently; take away that awareness and a decay of morale sets in, spreading inescapably into education and the formation of coming generations. The sense of hopelessness which pervades the New York Public School system, as Martin Mayer has described it in the *New York Times Magazine,* is but the mirror image of hopelessness in its pupils' future. "We have just got to accept the fact," a junior high school principal told Mayer, gesturing at an assembly of nine hundred Negro and Puerto Rican students, "that half of these children will never hold a job in their lives."

Their misfortune is to have been born into an overdeveloped society engaged in the headlong pursuit of economic goals it has long since left behind; all of its habits are organized around the struggle for material sufficiency and it doesn't know how to break them. These several hundred children are not useless by any objective measure; they are merely classified as useless by contrast with the energy and sophistication of a world metropolis. In any other surroundings there would be plenty for them to do. Remove them to a South Sea island or Siberia and they would reveal all the motivations and resources which New York City has bred in them but will presently deny them the scope to exercise. They learn as victims what it means to belong to an insufficiently utopian society. The fault is not in Manhattan Island's dynamism but in the failure of its aspirations to keep up with its capabilities, so that surplus human energies are left unengaged—surplus, that is, in the sense of being the most convenient to disregard. In an unequal race for a previously awarded prize most of the contestants are superfluous, and the vulnerable minorities—in pain, in public disgrace, and mainly in ignorance—have but the honor of being first to make the discovery.

For it is absurd to suppose, given the amount of ugliness and suffering the world still affords, that we have run out of work; what we have run out of is a set of organized connections between purposes crying out to be achieved and people crying out for purpose. Utopianism is one of the names for a connection between aims and efforts. It has to be a serious fantasy in that means must exist for pursuing it, but it must nonetheless remain fantastic to the extent of picturing a future worth extravagant risks to win. Automation is not the villain of this parable but only the occasion for it; there is so far no disequilibrium caused by increased productivity which could not be restored to balance by raising social goals. Automation forces the issue, as Leaver and Brown might have said, by compelling a given society to decide what its goals are going to be. It is a weapon put in man's hand like the dagger of the Gurkha: once drawn, it must be used.

IF A REVERSAL of the Protestant Ethic seems too much to ask, or an America given over to culture and contemplation is unrecognizable, then the reader should at least remember that utopianism is a national habit of long standing, and that the nation was in part created by men who expected sound institutions to nourish prosperity, and prosperity in turn to nourish art. "I must study politics and war," wrote one of them, "that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy. My sons ought to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce, and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture. . . ." The prophecy was John Adams's, and the last portion of it has yet to be realized.

The amount of fact modestly offered as opinion by THE NATION *goes a fair way toward counterbalancing the quantities of opinion disguised as fact in the rest of the public press. Without the valiant efforts of* THE NATION, *I don't know how we would go about trying to assess just what is fact. I hope that the profound respect in which it is held by some part of the public will sustain* THE NATION *for many years to come as it has for so many years gone by* **—Ben Shahn**

Hearty congratulations to THE NATION *on its hundredth birthday. For over one-half of this period I have read it sporadically, being at times made ecstatic, at times irritated by its authors' views, but never bored.*

May it always remain in the thick of controversy. **—Henry Cowell**

ALFRED KAZIN

THE LITERARY MIND

A noted American literary figure, Mr. Kazin has taught at many universities, here and abroad, and is now Professor of English, State University of New York (Stony Brook). His latest book, Starting Out in the Thirties, *is about to be published.*

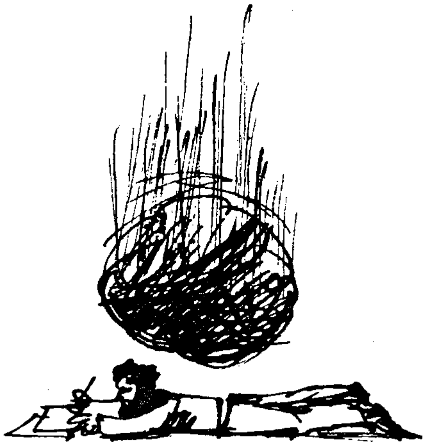
THE NATION was founded by an Irish-born Englishman in order to strengthen the influence in his adopted country of what E. L. Godkin called "the educated, moral and religious portion of the community." Godkin firmly believed in the political promise of the country; this had brought him over at twenty-five; but he doubted its capacity for cultural and moral development without the help of such intellectuals as himself and those he was able to enlist for THE NATION. He felt that a review of the English type was needed to help create "an educated class amongst us, to be the guardians of the traditions and feelings and aspirations of high culture." An "atmosphere of thought and study" was "a kind of barrier against the growing materialism of the time, the growing tendency to estimate the value of everything in dollars and cents." He felt that the absence of this "educated class, and the apparent failure of the universities to hold out even any promise of it, and of society to approve or call for it, furnish to most cultivated Americans a standing theme for lamentation." In 1867, making "A Plea For Culture," he calculated that there were only thirty-seven thousand people employed in the publishing and manufacturing of books in this country and found his theme in this insignificance of the book industry: "That the people of our country shall acquire knowledge easily is of paramount importance. Compared with the question of education all other questions of our time sink into insignificance." He pleaded with the politicians in Washington to advance "the interests of authors and readers . . . the class who keep civilization alive and make progress . . . possible." "The movement of the world towards purer manners and nobler laws; toward larger liberty, deeper insight; its growth in faith and hope, and in moral and material power, is due to the labors of a comparatively small number of thinkers."

Godkin was of course interested more urgently in reform and political-economic questions than in belles-lettres; he condescended to the novel in this country, supposing that all the available plots were based on country houses, and had been used up by the English. But he was himself a literary man in the style of nineteenth-century editors, he had close friends among the leading writers, and he was much admired by literary men and able to enlist their collaboration with THE NATION; his belief in the moral leadership to be exercised by men of letters certainly corresponded with theirs. Charles Eliot Norton and James Russell Lowell thought THE NATION simply "the best periodical in the world." Lowell even thought "the paper sometimes too good for the world." "What a sanitary element in our affairs THE NATION is," rejoiced George William Curtis.

The new "realistic" writers were coming up just as THE NATION was being founded; Henry Adams, William Dean Howells, Henry James and Mark Twain were the natural spokesmen in imaginative literature, especially in the significant new form of the novel, for the "educated class" whose reform politics, dislike of the overbearing new rich, and fear of the embittered South's violence Godkin expressed in THE NATION. As compared with Godkin and many other liberal intellectuals, mugwumps and genteel idealists making their protest as they bobbed up and down on the new wave of power, the important thing about Adams, James, Howells and Mark Twain is of course their commitment to literature, their sense of themselves as literary professionals. The last three were devoted to the novel; even Adams wrote two. There had been no school of modern novelists in this country until James and Howells met through their common interest in realistic fiction. But these writers were in the orbit of Godkin's NATION because they all had a marked incapacity for religious belief and made a fetish of "culture," on models English, French and Italian. "Civilization," Anglo-American, had replaced both religion and nature; American Victorians definitely lacked the spiritual tension that can make a sentence by Thoreau, Emerson and Whitman so cutting in its spiritual edge.

WHAT NO ONE ever says about all these charming and gifted figures is how much they liked and approved of themselves as a group. Unlike so many twentieth-century writers, for whom imaginative expression is a making up for life, many of the leading literary presences of the time thought of each other as the best company of the time. Charles Eliot Norton once wrote to his friend Leslie Stephen in England: "I wonder whether you would agree with me that the set of men of letters, and their kindred, whom we have known, is a good deal the best that the world has seen . . . the pleasantest to live with, the best-intentioned and the honestest." Introducing Howells at a program of "Authors' Readings" in 1887, Norton said that "a true realist in fiction" must be "one who sees clearly with the vision of imagination. He must be primarily an idealist . . . More than this, the realist is the deepest of moralists, for he teaches his lessons after the manner of life itself. I present to you the moral writer, the idealist, Howells."

They were "beloved authors," cherished by their audience and in close touch with it. Even Henry Adams, paying Scribner's to publish his great *History of the United States,* was astonished by the number of people who bought the set. No doubt the pleasure these writers found in each other reflects the pride in the old stock that possessed many Americans during the eighties and nineties. But Norton's expressed satisfaction in his "set of men of letters, and their kindred," reflects faith in "letters" at a time of ever-growing technical specialization and a marked relief at the vast number of disturbing and unsettling questions about human experience that he and his friends were able to evade. Norton strongly urged a "holocaust" of his friend Ruskin's letters, when they betrayed his disordered sexual emotions; Adams burned his diaries after his wife's suicide, could make no reference to his wife in the *Education* (first privately printed for his friends), and asserted his cult of "woman" by proclaiming the natural superiority of the wives he knew to their husbands. Sex, the Bible makes clear, brought guilt into the world; Adams, James, Howells and Mark Twain were not willing to introduce into their work the conscious pain that was to give such a special cast to the writings of Hardy, Housman, Conrad. The moral order that American writers represented to themselves could not be allowed to suffer disorder; these writers had to think well of their own moral ideas, for they could no longer think well of society, "their" society.



Representatives of the genteel tradition had a certain responsibility to the moral office expected of themselves by themselves, their friends, and much of the country. When Mark Twain got up at the Whittier birthday dinner in 1877 to josh the literary idols of New England, he embarrassed his New England friends so deeply that he had to regain his credit with them. New England was already painfully conscious of being historic, the American museum; the native worthies could not admit what the isolated and sardonic Santayana was soon to notice at Harvard—that the cultured in New England were a minority, out of touch with the experience of most people; the mutual approval of the local intelligentsia was a form of escape. Henry Adams had a passion for his friends, a uniquely gifted set; but they alone were what he could approve; everything else about society spelled catastrophe, to which he felt chained by his instinct for historical analysis—the end of his world was clearly marked on his graphs. He had no hope. Howells became a Socialist and took off for New York; James settled in England, where no one would get mad at him for writing sardonic portraits of desiccated New England reformers, like those he put into *The Bostonians*; Mark Twain was, with increasing fury at the meaninglessness of existence, mounting up to his final denunciations of the "damned human race." But while the sense of privilege remained with them, they knew that *they* were not helping to direct the thinking of the country, much less its social destiny. They merely amused each other.

YET WRITERS LIKE Mark Twain and Henry Adams were still connected, through their friends and their own natural appetites for the great world, to the main line of power in this country; they were always near the powerful, they knew about power, they fretted about the wrong people—Roosevelts and Morgans—having power. Stephen Crane, who did all his living and writing as if he were specially marked for destruction, knew that whatever he might think about power, *he* could have no share in it. Crane was the first American writer to base a whole *oeuvre* on the creed that man and the creation have no moral connection with each other. An advance sentinel of twentieth-century dogmas of absurdity, he saw that from now on the writer's perceptions would be always eccentric to the social order, subjective in content, and personal in their truth. "An artist, I think, is nothing but a powerful memory that can move itself at will through certain experiences sideways, and every artist must be in some things powerless as a dead snake." "When I was the mark for every humorist in the country I went ahead; now, when I am the mark for only 50 per cent of the humorists of the country, I go ahead, for I understand that a man is born into this world with his own pair of eyes, and that he is not at all responsible for his vision—he is merely responsible for his quality of personal honesty. To keep close to this personal honesty is my supreme ambition." To Crane the writer is always a bystander, a reporter by trade, a percipience into the tragic cast of things made more acute by the writer's refusal to commit himself to any value judgment of the universe whatever—that being a form of sentimentality. Where the literary men of Howell's type had found their associates among the bookish men easily made comfortable by the trappings of culture, Crane gravitated to the outcasts on the Bowery, the private soldiers, the victims of war and of every mischance in the streets of New York. He had a special vendetta with the New York Police Department; only the lost were ever right. Even the great love of his life was the madam of a brothel in Florida; for the writer's dispossession from all cultivated and established values, Crane as easily made a symbol of his life as he did of his work.

* * *

Is this where it began in our literary consciousness—the twentieth-century writer's belief that truth is always private and subversive, that the writer always stands apart from the social order even when he is admired by it? Crane, I think, is prophetic of many writers today, more so than the satirists of the twenties and the angry realists of the thirties, because he was our first *poète maudit*, the first to make a career out of the incongruity between man's imaginative consciousness and the forms of culture and society. The characteristic themes of twentieth-century literature—and never more so than now—revolve around D. H. Lawrence's realization that "man has his excess always on his hands." To a writer like Crane, as to many a writer today, man is always imaginative man, and imagination and society are unrelated. In the age of Godkin the connection between writers and the public had been a common belief in culture, in civility, in "the right values." The writers of the polite tradition had defended these values against the upstarts of plutocracy, for they had believed in these values. Crane does not. Society—along with many other externals—cannot express the necessary range of the human imagination; only the cosmic drama does that, as he showed in his great story of *The Open Boat*. Human creativity can fulfill itself only in confronting man's fate as a whole—in showing the contrast between man's feebleness and the force of the creation, which can crush him at any time, by accident, without design. Against this overriding sense of his fate (which we have learned to call existentialism), the artist, now man's only hero, puts forth the power of language, the force of his wit—not to avail but to express, to situate, the immediacy of what it means to exist.

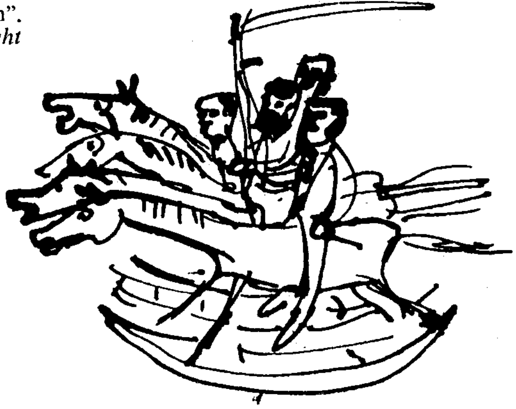
MORE AND MORE the historian of twentieth-century literature is compelled to recognize the power over writers' minds of the Romantic faith in the supremacy of "mental events." That is Blake's phrase, and Blake now means as much to us as Freud does. We exist in our minds, and if we hold fast against the dominating circumstances that our minds have built, it is only by finding imaginative recourse in our minds. It is symbolic that the hero of Saul Bellow's *Herzog* should be an expert analyst of the Romantic consciousness. While liberal historians and critics were busy determining the "influence" of society on writers and the importance of "commitment" to political ideals, the writers were themselves getting more and more absorbed in the drama of human creativity—a plastic stuff, seemingly limitless, fierce in its insistencies. But it must also be said that now that many a prosperous bourgeois is as cynical about the satisfactions of well-being as only poets and other wild men were seventy years ago, the passion to be an "artist," to follow the dictates of "imagination", permits a dream-like confidence in the "absurdity" of everything else. Art has become too easy, a gratification of the self—and the self is terrible in its demands on our taste. Surely it is not just terror of the Bomb and resentment of racial inequality, militarization and widespread poverty that leads so many commonplace and merely fashionable minds to echo the disgust with civilization sounded by Genêt, Beckett and other genuinely idiosyncratic writers. From the inflamed consciousness of one's own creativity, everything else looks absurd. The devaluations proceed too rapidly. The more the raw American ego becomes conscious of having *its* excess on its hands, the more these marginal irritabilities can be taken for creativity and genuine concern.

Admittedly, many value traditions have broken down and art must minister to our condition. But we are also propelled by the dissatisfaction created by too many easy satisfactions; an uninhibited fantasy like Norman Mailer's *An American Dream*—and that is just what it is—can be taken as evidence of unlimited "boldness" and of a heroic striving to reach "the outermost limits of the Ego." Still, Mailer is not only fascinated by his exceptionality; he is exceptional. I open the Sunday paper and learn from the author of a new comedy hit on Broadway that he, too, belongs to the theatre of the absurd; "three characteristics of the theatre of the absurd," he informs us, "are language used in other than its literal sense, the fantastic made commonplace, and the focus on man as an isolated, unredeemed individual confronting his own destiny in a pitiless world." I open an academic journal specializing in contemporary literature and am told by a camp-follower that the only real art in America is pop art, that the only literature equal to our age is to be found in the mass media; the writer asks "only that we abandon our game of categories . . . an important first step toward a re-evaluating of all sorts of new writing forms, in which I include even journalistic sociology, picture books, cartoon books, and all the other 'non-books' now so easily disdained, and so infrequently grappled with, by our serious critics." I open a Sunday book supplement and read in an article by the editor of a "girlie" magazine that the United States is "monster-land," and that "the nightmare of sheer survival in a culture of such murderous indifference to the individual being" has made a new generation of writers, "neo-lunacy literary jive-bombers like Joseph Heller, Terry Southern, and Jack Gelber, coldly aggressive about converting art into electric shock to awaken the conscience of a puppet-like, things-oriented, mass-minded enemy. . . . It is America's artists who love her the most because they love beauty, and what its ideal symbolizes, and they feel that the land of their fathers has turned them out with its commercialism, callousness, opportunism, unimaginativeness, stupidity and honesty." One fears, says the editor of this book supplement, that "the curtain is falling on the American Dream to the sound of canned laughter." I go to a Greenwich Village symposium and am told by the Negro playwright LeRoi Jones—who obviously has no subtler way of getting publicity—that the "revolutionary theatre" for which he speaks "hates whites" and "is a theatre of victims."

TO HEAR ALL such commentators, one would suppose that they care about nothing but the "victims," that they are possessed night and day by the fiercest moral indignation about all the injustice and ugliness in our society. And of course many of them are concerned about the issues that do press down on us every day and that are mounting toward violence that we cannot permit. But I believe that behind all the vehemence now become commonplace among writers is a cult of the artist, who has been released from many conventions and many hardships, and who is excited and maddened, as in times past only the greatest writers have been, by the disproportion between the writer's own consciousness and the external world. Just as some minds have been released to bombard the stars and others to expand the possibilities of the nervous system, so literary minds, the gifted and the ungifted alike, are excited by what they have discovered of creative possibility in their own inner space. They must therefore collide with a society which they think of as backward, but which is actually exciting to writers, as it is to us all, because it is the most consciously dramatic age in history. The age has finally turned *all* our dreams into books. And it does not matter to most of us if the books are bad, for our dreams are now more important to us than our books. We are in love with human possibility, and we will surrender our sense of ourselves to nothing, not even the limitations of art.

I have watched the soul, Ferdinand, give way bit by bit, lose its balance and dissolve in the vast welter of apocalyptic ambitions. It began in 1900. That's the date! From that time onwards the world in general and psychiatry in particular frantically raced to see who could be most perverse, salacious, original; more disgusting, more creative, as they say, than his little next-door neighbor. A first-class scramble. Each strove to see who could immolate himself the soonest to the monster of no heart and no restraint . . . The monster will scrunch us all, Ferdinand, that's how it is, and rightly so . . . What is this monster? A great brute tumbling along wherever it listeth. Its wars and its droolings flood in towards us already from all sides. We shall be swept away on this tide—yes, swept away. The conscious mind was a bore, apparently . . . We shan't be bored any longer! We've begun to give Sodom a chance and from that moment on we've started having "impressions" and "intuition".

—Louis-Ferdinand Céline, *Journey to the End of Night*



THE NEW APOCALYPSE

EUGENE GOODHEART

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THEY ADVOCATE PASSION over the intellect, exalt the body over the mind, prefer the perverse to the normal, the spontaneous to the habitual, the risks of violence and disaster to the security of our ordinary modes of existence. They can perhaps best be described as apocalyptists, because they exist in a condition of expectation of some event of a demonic or catastrophic kind that will transform their lives. They are often politically radical though the old conception of political struggle (its Marxian version, for instance) is superannuated. ("The long rejected bastard brother of the proletariat," says Jean Malaquais, "of marijuana-soaked hip.") They might concede the importance of social reorganization, but the reorganization would presumably follow the revolution in the body and the consciousness of men. Religious idea and image loom large in this literature of expectation. ("I think there is one single burning pinpoint of the vision in Hip: it's that God is in danger of dying. In my very little knowledge of theology this never really has been expressed before." Mailer, of course, is naïvely echoing Nietzsche.) The apocalyptist appears in the familiar guises of the bohemian, the hipster, the beatnik and the militant homosexual. His artist-heroes are Nietzsche, Whitman, Rilke, Lawrence, Genêt, Henry Miller. (Norman Mailer has been the outstanding American publicist of the Apocalypse.) In a less familiar aspect, the apocalyptist has produced a body of "philosophical" work: the writings of Wilhelm Reich, Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown.

In common with other "movements" there is a certain amount of internecine warfare. The purity of doctrine must be preserved from its deductive variants. Thus Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* dissociates himself from the "primitive" genital psychology of Wilhelm Reich (Reich would have undoubtedly repudiated Brown's "religious mysticism") and "the paradoxically conservative sexuality" of D. H. Lawrence, when he declares for the abolition of repression and the reconstruction of the Dionysian ego. Brown is an extreme left-wing Freudian, who believes that the New Jerusalem is embodied in his interpretation of psychoanalysis. As Brown understands psychoanalysis, the New Jerusalem is no metaphor, for in his heretical interpretation of Freudian thought, psychoanalysis rejoins religion—the mysticism of the body—and thus transcends its original atheism.

The apocalyptists are, of course, hostile to orthodox Freudianism. Psychoanalytic therapy, except in the most reactionary and ignorant view of it, is hardly radical. It is a therapy motivated by a desire to help the patient accommodate himself to "reality"; it presupposes a conservative view of reality as a given, alterable only within narrowly defined limits. And yet it is psychoanalysis that illuminates most vividly the source of apocalyptic thought and feeling. Freud had systematically argued that our civilization as well as our individual lives is a history of the sublimation of sexual energy. By sublimation, a term Freud took from the romantic poet Schiller, he characteristically meant a channeling of sexual activity into nonsexual activity. The part of Freud that was committed to civilization (and it is the major part) valued sublimation, and psychoanalytic therapy is an outcome of that commitment. But it is possible to argue from psychoanalytic premises that the "reality" of therapy is no more than a complex of illusions, a masking of libidinal energies. Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* and Herbert Marcuse before him in *Eros and Civilization* have recently attempted this transvaluation of psychoanalytic values.

MARCUSE'S BOOK is rooted in German political and social philosophy. A scholar of Hegelian and Marxian thought, he justifies his use of "psychological categories" by asserting that they have become "political categories." Whether Marcuse's book is genuinely concerned with the political is moot, but it is clear that *Eros and Civilization* is the response of a man who is deeply committed to the idea of political "salvation" (the metaphor is mine) and who is trying to supply the old political categories with the sophisticated psychological content of Freudian thought. Brown, on the other hand, speaks of "the superannuation of the political categories which informed liberal thought and action" and the quasi-mystical atmosphere of his book suggests his greater kinship with current apocalyptic thought and feeling.

In the concluding chapter of his book, Brown addresses himself to the possibility of resurrecting the body and thereby finding a "way out" from the dilemma of a civilization whose progress is based on the attenuation—i.e., the repression—of human energies. Brown admits that he is engaged in utopian thinking; earlier in the book, he speaks of the "mad consequences" in which his argument issues. But he defends his "madness" as the only way "of affirming faith in the possibility of solving problems that seem at the moment insoluble."

Brown advocates the abolition of repression; that is, the recovery of "erotic exuberance" and narcissism that man had possessed in a mythical golden age. This erotic exuberance (Freud calls it "polymorphous perversity") entails the destruction of the mind-body dualism and a new, completely sensualized body in which Eros has moved outside of its "normal" genital zone and reconquered the whole body. Reconquered because polymorphous perversity is paradise regained, infant sexuality recovered on a higher plane. The goal of life, in Rilke's phrase, is to live out all the "unlived lines in the body." The resurrected body that Brown celebrates is the risen body of Augustine, the body electric of Whitman, "the greater life of the body" of Lawrence. Brown's characteristic instances are from the mystical tradition (Jacob Boehme) and visionary poetry (Rilke).

The consequences of the resurrection of the body are social, political and moral. In the New Jerusalem, repressive work is banished. Work would be transformed into play and the aim of bodily activity would be instinct-gratification. The society of abundance that Marx envisaged in the formula "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need" is, of course, a precondition of this vision. This new psychology of consumption and pleasure would destroy our anal-oriented and self-destructive connection to money, permit the conquest of the fear of death ("only those who have unlived lines in their body are afraid of death") and subvert the regime of time (the past and future are real only to the impoverished body and the dissatisfied self).

BROWN'S ANTIPATHY to civilization, its past as well as present, is total. His "dialectical" view (in the Hegelian mode) makes it impossible for him to repudiate the history of civilization, but he sees it as ultimately negating itself. (He quotes approvingly Stephen Dedalus in *Ulysses*: "History is a nightmare from which I want to awake.") The history of civilization is a history of sublimation, in Brown's "dialectical" version of it, and is its own undoing. For Brown, sublimation is an unequivocal negation, "The dehumanization of man is his alienation from the body."

Brown does not confront the fact that even in his own terms there is an unbridged (perhaps unbridgeable) gap between our actual bodies and the resurrected one he envisages. If we abolish repression, then we may permit our disordered bodies to act in terrible ways, for there is no guarantee that the abolition of repression would mean a new body: it might mean nothing more than the old body acting without restraints. To achieve a body worthy of the freedom Brown conceives for it, something more is required than merely abolishing repression. About that something more, Brown has nothing to tell us.

Moreover, Brown (and other apocalyptists) tend to confuse repression with oppression or suppression. If repression is unconscious, as Freud maintained, then it cannot be "overthrown" by the will. The rational and conscientious psychoanalytic will can mitigate some of its more painful effects, but repression permeates the mind-body too thoroughly and too subtly to be regarded as an ephemeral tyrant. Brown cannot tell us how repression can be overthrown or how the body becomes deserving of a new freedom.

How to bridge the gap between our disordered bodies and the resurrected one is the unsolved (perhaps insoluble) problem of the apocalyptist. Narcotics, liquor, criminal self-abandonment, disease (like tuberculosis), perversion: these are the traditional ways of release. Norman Mailer has called the new body psychopathic, and Jean Genêt, the archhipster of Europe, and a greater artist than Mailer, has made the most elaborate chart of the adventures of the rebellious body.

But the kind of demonstration that Genêt makes, for instance, emphasizes rather than solves the problem. For perversion, for all its advantages of intensity and vitality, is a cul-de-sac. To say, as Mailer has said in the notorious essay "The White Negro," that the psychopath "may be indeed the perverted or dangerous frontrunner of a new kind of personality," is to beg the question. The evidence is against the possibility. To pass beyond the psychopath, one must make a detour: to go through it is to come smack against a wall. Perversion, as Freud and Dostoevsky before him taught, is slavery, not freedom. To be driven by a murderous impulse, or by the compulsion to be beaten, may produce an ecstasy of pain and pleasure. But it is not to be confused with the repossession of one's body that one would expect in the resurrection.

DOSTOEVSKY'S *Notes from the Underground* (written in 1861) is the *locus classicus* for the connection between perversity and the dream of the resurrected body. Throughout most of the story, the underground man asserts his freedom from the "laws of nature." One law of nature—as conceived by the utilitarians, the scientific psychologists of the 19th century—is that the enlightened man pursues pleasure and avoids pain. The underground man will suffer, and with full consciousness, if only to prove his freedom from the tyranny of psychological law. However, in his relations with his friends and with a prostitute, he shows himself to be sado-masochistic. He moves between gestures of self-abasement and self-humiliation, on the one hand, and gestures of superiority and insult on the other. We soon come to realize what we may have suspected throughout: that the underground man's freedom is illusory, that he is the most driven of men, that his actions proceed from terrible compulsions about which he has some understanding, but about which he can do nothing. Our own realization is confirmed by the underground man himself who at the end acknowledges that he too knows his freedom to be illusory, that in having invidiously distinguished himself from others by asserting his uniqueness he has come full circle to the knowledge that in his perversity he is no different from anyone else. The paradox of the perverse rebel is that he is the most complete victim of the order against which he is revolting, that his revolt is itself a mark of his enslavement and that even knowing this, he has no choice but to continue to revolt.

Jean Genêt knows this, but he doesn't permit it to darken his celebrations. *Our Lady of the Flowers* (a "novel" which is really a series of fantasies involving a cast of characters that Genêt has invented to satisfy his masturbatory appetites) and *A Thief's Journal* (a book devoted to the new trinity of Treason, Theft and Homosexuality) are extraordinary efforts at an aesthetic transvaluation of values. Genêt celebrates what I think is a general truth about the erotic apocalyptist: that he is an onanist, seeking in the love object not *another,* but himself. The apocalyptic hero is the sexually volatile hermaphrodite, the creature capable of becoming man or woman or both. Genêt also affirms the sado-masochistic character of his imagination. "If I continue, he will rise up, become erect, and penetrate me so deeply that I shall be marked with stigmata. I can't bear it any longer. I am turning him into a character, whom I shall be able to torment in my own way. . . ." The ultimate reach of this perversity and suffering is "saintliness," which Genêt defines at one point as loving what one hates. This is of course a rather playful perversion of the religious tradition. Genêt is like a Dostoevsky character who has preempted the moral authority of the novelist.

AS MORAL SPECULATION, apocalyptic "thought" is unconvincingly abstract and disturbingly inhuman. One can sympathize with Philip Rahv's recent complaint that those who should know better have been taken in by "the moral idiocy" of Genêt. Genêt, of course, is a more interesting counterpart to our own hip ethos, and the current interest in Genêt reflects, I would imagine, the fact that the hip ethos has fully penetrated intellectual culture. But it would be wrong to regard this phenomenon merely as a fad or as a symptom of cultural pathology. The apocalyptic vision is an important element in our cultural life, but its strength is in its poetry (and Genêt is, among other things, unquestionably a poet), not in its manipulation of categories.

The poetry of Whitman, Lawrence and Rilke is an effort to extend the boundaries of the ego, not to be confused with the task of psychoanalysis, as Freud understood it, which is to insure the domination of the id by the ego. The visionary poets do not want domination at the expense of energy. They rather seek constantly to extend the ego beyond the area of safety, to create the adventure of the "spirit" in which even the destruction of the self is risked.

Self-dissatisfaction is the condition of the visionary poet's soul, and any resting within an area of safety is experienced as a kind of atrophy or death. The restlessness of the visionary poet is as much a curse as a blessing; half in love with easeful death, he yearns for a surcease of striving. (The negation of history, in Brown's view, is the end of striving and restlessness, which, one might add, would be the end of visionary poetry.) The visionary poet seeks the unattainable condition of divinity. It is no accident that he is apocalyptic, that his characteristic vocabulary is so often religious.

The current versions of the Apocalypse (its beat and hip manifestations) suffer from comparison with the really great instances. In "Song of Myself" Whitman declares:

> I am the teacher of athletes,
> He that by me spreads a wider breast than my own
> proves the width of my own
> He most honors my style who learns under it to destroy
> the teacher.

But Whitman's students (e.g., Ginsberg) are weak-chested. They have largely imitated the slackness, the stridency, the shrillness. They are not without gifts, but in the light of the largeness of their claims, they come off as unwitting parodists of the Apocalypse, confusing inspiration with slackness, automatism with spontaneity. Thus Allen Ginsberg in "Howl" imitates the Whitman catalogue, the least interesting and most vulnerable of poetic "devices." To be sure, the monotonous incantation is somewhat relieved by genuinely powerful and witty images: "angelheaded hipster burning for the heavenly connection," "ashcan rantings," "radiant cool eyes hallucinating Arkansas and Blakelight tragedy." But these images never coalesce into significant event. Whitman's best poems, "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" are poems of spiritual adventure and discovery: the journey into the "delicious" darkness of death in "Out of the Cradle" and "Lilacs," the epiphany in "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry" that the poet is suspended in "the eternal float" of community with other human beings. The egotism of Whitman and Lawrence is offensive and strident when they merely flaunt their vitality against the squalid world. In their best work, the "vitalism" is conditioned by their humanity. They know loss and impotence and guilt (see Lawrence's superb poem "Snake," for instance, or his novel *Women in Love*). The shout on the rooftops—Ginsberg's characteristic utterance—is the rhetoric of vitalism, not necessarily an expression of vitality.

Of the writers of the Apocalypse, Norman Mailer has perhaps provoked the most attention. Mailer, it seems to me, has betrayed or mistaken the nature of his gifts. He is essentially a naturalistic writer in the tradition of Dreiser and Dos Passos. (Some of his best writing has, significantly, been reportage.) His justly admired short novel *The Man Who Studied Yoga* is strong on the observation of a semi-bourgeois, semi-bohemian life that Mailer knows so well; it is weak on dream and fantasy. (He need only be compared with Genêt, a genuine fantasist.) When Mailer tries to be a fantasist, he almost always becomes strident. His recent novel, *An American Dream,* is violent in plot and rhetoric, but it is curiously without visionary power, or without sufficient visionary power to redeem the book from its dross: arbitrary situations, inadequately realized characters, bad prose. It is very hard, if not impossible, to believe that Mailer's hero, Stephen Rojack, has sailed into "the harbors of the moon," that he is in communion with the demons of the universe and that the murder of his wife is authentic, so unreal are the emotional consequences of that murder. Crime without punishment, a Nietzschean transcendence of guilt and responsibility: above the genuine suffering and torment, Mailer is playing with abstractions barely disguised as fantasies. Mailer is a writer of considerable energy and talent, but an energy and talent that belong to the inspiration that produced *The Naked and the Dead*: the inspiration of realism.

IN MAILER'S RECENT career and in the public and imaginative career of some of the other apocalyptic writers, there is a strong element of buffoonery. It is hard to know when the buffoonery is intended or unconscious. But the comedy is often the most attractive side of beat and hip writing. It is almost as if the writer knows that he is not serious enough for his claims, or he is serious enough to know that the kind of gesture he makes is extravagant and ludicrous unless informed by genius and heroism—so he mocks his own gestures. There is a touching and amusing moment in *An American Dream* in which we get a glimpse of this kind of honesty—unfortunately only a glimpse, for Mailer prefers the frenetic and ultimately dull contortions of his "existentialist" fantasying.

> "I can't get over the way you look," Deborah [Rojack's wife] exclaimed. "I mean you really look like some poor peddler from the Lower East Side."
> "I'm descended from peddlers." [Rojack replies]
> "Don't I know it, honey-one," said Deborah.
> "All those poor materialistic grabby little people."
> "Well, they never hurt anyone particularly." This a reference to her father.

Shortly afterwards, Rojack murders his wife. The peddler is forgotten or denied, and authenticity becomes gratuitous acts of violence.

Immoralism has traditionally been linked to the aesthetic attitude (see, for instance, Genêt's invoking of the standard of elegance), and the value of that link was that art—with its emphasis on order, control and beauty, although a more flexible order than that of social morality—supplied a check to the excesses of the perverse imagination, a way of ordering it. The aesthetic justification may not be necessary for a genius of the order of Whitman and Lawrence (though we know what price they pay for such absolute trust in the power of their daemon), but it is necessary for minor talents. There is in fact an admission of this necessity in the hip ethos currently fashionable in some highbrow circles. Originating in a profound dissatisfaction with the forms of life available in contemporary America, hip has converted that dissatisfaction to a narrow belief in a particular style called swinging, which always verges on affectation: a style that is world-weary, cool and at bottom cynical.

THE APOCALYPTIC VISION is necessarily lonely, aristocratic and tragic. It requires an authentic vision, fidelity in communicating it, a capacity to live in a permanent state of expectation, for no transformation would really satisfy. In its democratic *cultus*, as a "movement" of adolescents, dope-pushers, shrill solipsists and minor talents, we have a caricature of a valuable element in our cultural life.

Down here in the Southwest a short while ago, a good man, J. Frank Dobie, died. In my University of Texas days, Professor Dobie taught me a favorite expression of his: 'He will do to ride the river with.' Well, old Pancho Dobie's expression applies to THE NATION *on its centennial anniversary because* THE NATION *will do to ride the river with. And ride it has—for the right of dissent, for what my father called 'liberty and groceries,' and for the family of man.* **—Maury Maverick, Jr.**

As a frequent reader of THE NATION *during the past third of a century and a sometime contributor to its pages during the nineteen thirties, I have been impressed year after year by the unfailing honesty of its editorial leadership. After all these years,* THE NATION *continues to be, in my opinion, the supreme American journal of social, political, and literary contemporaneousness. The generations to come will probably be as appalled by its iconoclastic proclamations as many generations in the past have been—but likewise be awakened and enriched by its unrelenting campaign against myth and stupidity.* **—Erskine Caldwell**

THE NATION and ITS POETS

ALEXANDER LAING

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THE NOISIEST EPISODE in THE NATION'S long and concerned involvement with poetic values began as the issue dated February 11, 1925, reached its readers. More than a thousand contestants and their well-wishers were eager to know who had won the fifth annual "NATION'S Poetry Prize" of $100. The editors themselves were a bit edgy. For the first time they sought to forestall expected criticism. A column-deep editorial offered the "guarantee that nothing beyond their instinctive preference has operated to decide their choice. This year they chose 'Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana' because it seemed to them the most passionate and interesting poem that came in." Some representative lines:

Montana, thou art, and I say thou art, as once monks
said of God,
And thought, too: Thou art.
Thou hast Kansas on thy side;
Kansas is in the newspapers, talked of by men;
Idaho thou hast, and far away, Singapore, Alabama,
Brazil.
That bird over this green, under that sun, God, how
sweet and graceful it is!

The author, Eli Siegel, aged 22, had been quite unknown. The vigor of THE NATION'S influence was demonstrated in an immediate editorial uproar across the country, commenting upon prizes in general and upon the lunacy of this particular award. Much of it assumed the form of raucous parody. Literate columnists—there were some in those days—had a gay time with "Hot Afternoons."

The disturbance reached inward. Maxwell Bodenheim—a poet whose death by shooting in 1954 provided copy for magazines that had done little to keep poets alive—wrote a furious letter. Claiming that THE NATION, in the four years preceding, had printed more of his poems than of anyone else's, he announced that it would never have another chance. His reckoning was not quite right: twelve of his poems had been used in the four-year period, but Ann Hamilton had nosed him out with fourteen. If translations were to be included, both were far outnumbered by Witter Bynner's thirty-one.

Smouldering still from the earlier insult, as he saw it, of a mere honorable mention in the 1923 contest, Bodenheim apparently did not read far enough past the 1925 prize winner itself to observe that he had been sullied again: honorably mentioned a second time. (His rage presently drifted into forgiveness. One of his poems appeared in THE NATION in 1932.)

Ludwig Lewisohn, himself a contributing editor of the magazine, wrote a letter of dissent. This is notable because the award to Siegel helped to dramatize, for a large audience, a transition in the perception of literary values which at this midpoint of the 1920s was already evident, although still arcane. If THE NATION'S choice, "Hot Afternoons," is thought of as nothing more than a catalyst, the magazine's willingness to stand up for the unorthodox in poetry was symbolically important. It had not always done so. Siegel published a few more poems in little magazines. Then he vanished for a quarter of a century, until the vastly kind and angry William Carlos Williams was persuaded by a mutual acquaintance to take another look at "Hot Afternoons." Writing in 1951, Williams declared, "Only today do I realize how important that poem is in the history of our development as a cultural entity. . . . I say definitely that that single poem, out of a thousand others . . . secures our place in the cultural world. I make such a statement only after a lifetime of thought and experience, I make it deliberately. . . . On that rock and only on that rock can we in our cultural pattern build."

The declaration from which these lines are taken helped Siegel to a brief renaissance. A number of his poems appeared in good magazines in the early 1950s, and "Hot Afternoons" at last came out in a book in 1957. If Dr. Williams was right (I doubt it), the editors of THE NATION chose, in "Hot Afternoons," something of absolute seminal importance, not merely a first-rate catalyst.

"THE NATION'S Poetry Prize" was first announced on Dec. 1, 1920, for bestowal in the ensuing February. It was last awarded in 1927. All of the winners were young—the oldest, Roy Helton, was thirty-five when he divided the original award with James Rorty, four years younger. No previously eminent poet took first place, although Stephen Vincent Benét, who won the 1923 prize in his twenty-fifth year, was already the veteran author of four books, including two successful novels: *The Beginning of Wisdom* and *Young People's Pride*. Counting split decisions and deducting repeaters among the honorable mentions, we have a total of thirty-five poets called to special notice during the seven years of competition. Ten of these now seem figures of some importance in the history of American poetry: Benét, Babette Deutsch, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, John Gould Fletcher, Alfred Kreymborg, William Ellery Leonard, Siegel, Genevieve Taggard, Allen Tate and Elinor Wylie. In nearly all of these cases, recognition was a forecast of fine accomplishments ahead. The established poets may have been reluctant to compete, even for what was then a substantial award, but the editors seem to have been in favor of youth.

AN EDITORIAL commenting upon the second contest noted that nearly 2,500 poems had been submitted by nearly 1,000 poets; that there was more rhyming than in the first year; that young women excelled; and that most of the poems were either "compact studies of mental states" or "more extended, realistic comments upon current affairs." Benêt's "King David" did not fall into either handy category. It provoked some shocked responses because of the lusty tone in which the poet faithfully retold the facts of the Biblical original:

Bathsheba bathed on her vine-decked roof.
(The Lord God is a mighty God.)
Her body glittered like mail of proof.
(And the Lord is King above all gods.)

Her body shimmered, tender and white
As the flesh of lilies in candlelight.

King David forgot to be old or wise.
He spied on her bathing with sultry eyes.

A breath of spice came into his nose.
He said, "Her breasts are like two young roes."

One school supervisor retaliated, curiously, by removing the entire back file of THE NATION from the student library. While it is not clear that the Siegel controversy influenced the work of other poets, Benét's prize-winner probably did. Without referring to "King David," a NATION critic perceived, some years after its appearance, a strong resurgence of Biblical themes in contemporary American verse.

During the bestowal of its seven annual prizes the attitude of the magazine toward poetry was being reformed. For a long time its interest had been expressed only in academic criticism of new volumes. One might argue that when creativity itself was in the doldrums, its editors had the good sense to refuse all of the derivative stuff that pretended to be original. Evidence in the back file suggests a more complex condition which raises the old problem of poetry and politics as well as the more recently stressed aesthetic question of the use of poetry. The inspection that follows grows from my own assumption that poetry is the central, the most profound and durable, therefore the most important, activity of the human spirit, rightfully drawing through all perceptions from all circumstances, outer and inner. Every subject is suitable, but each can find for itself only one perfect form, however strict or free. (Go away, Plato. I haven't the room, here, to explain you away.)

THE NATION'S steady subject, throughout a century, has been, of course, the nation—in all its turbulent complexity. The publication's journalistic device has been unremittingly political: to encourage the people to use government virtuously in their own crisscross interests. If there had been enough poets of an all-embracing perception of circumstance, THE NATION'S business could best have been done entirely in poetry, at a wonderful saving of space. The fact that there were not, the likelihood that there will never be, enough poets of protean ability, should not be inflated into arguments for the thesis that poetry and politics have no connection. In the great hours, poets have always been as political as they felt like being. It is one of the uses of poetry to focus intensities of insight upon problems leading to political choice; but such problems are made less soluble than ever when the offered means is not poetry, but merely false logic residual in a deft jingle:

Take up the White Man's burden.

Something more to the point was being reached for by the editors who chose Martin Feinstein's "In Memoriam" as one of the joint prize-winners of 1922. Here is the vernacular ballad's ending:

It took a shrapnel shell.
Spat from the jaws of hell,
To bust the color line,
Till even a fool could tell
A nigger's a man, and a man's divine.

This raises a miserable question: if the ballad had been written by an able poet—if it had had the skill which was perverted into Kipling's atrocious, unforgettable line—would we have had to argue the same point during most of a second World War? Would THE NATION, at the end of its century, still be engaged in a prose monologue, pitched toward Alabama and Mississippi, which repeats the same lucid arguments it sent in the same direction in 1865? This unanswerable question brings us to the beginnings of THE NATION'S involvement with poetic values.

II

In its first issue, the mingling of poetry and politics began with Aubrey de Vere's two strong, conventionally phrased sonnets on "The American Struggle." A few weeks later, in a facile, over-long poem, "The New Exodus," Julia Ward Howe admonished Southerners to learn to do honest work. John Greenleaf Whittier followed with a more discerning plea, "To the Thirty-Ninth Congress," for compassion toward the defeated and for legislation that would make reunion possible:

. . . Cancel all
By one brave, generous action; Trust
Your better instincts, and be just!

Make all men peers before the law,
Take hands from off the Negro's throat,
Give black and white an equal vote.

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To Labor's utter nakedness.

Should the poet perhaps have addressed himself to the *Eighty*-Ninth Congress?

There was also a long but curiously effective political poem in Volume 1, entitled, "The Street Commissioners to the Cholera. Invocation." Its anonymous author, impersonating neglectful officials, coaxed the disease to visit New York, where the filth in the streets would give it an ideal environment. The conclusion:

. . . the dull wheels of the hearses that creep,
Harnessed to nightmares, trouble the sleep
Of the great city we deck for thy home!
Cholera, cholera, cholera, come!

The remaining six "poems" in the first volume were conventionally sentimental and derivative. One was signed Marah, pseudonym of the woman who later, as Helen Hunt Jackson, wrote compassionate if still sentimental novels in the interest of justice for the Indians. Her verse generally was signed H.H. THE NATION, in its first four years, printed fourteen unhappy examples of it, which made H.H. its favorite verse writer at outset. None was as dreadful as "Noli Me Tangere," C.B.C.'s contribution to Volume 3, which begins:

Luscious and sorrowful, bird o' the roses. . . .

If it seems unfair to exhume this lamentable anapest, I do so only in evidence that early political verse in THE NATION stands up much better than the consciously literary examples. Perhaps the latter were chosen by the staff writer of an unsigned review, a few issues farther along, of *Dana's Book of Household Poetry*. "We . . . have not as yet been able to detect the omission of a single shorter poem of value which we have ever lighted on and admired elsewhere."

James Russell Lowell contributed three poems early in 1866. The first indicates that he had been reading the recently published "Rabbi Ben Ezra." The second was on reconstruction in the South. The third and longest, "Mr. Worsley's Nightmare," assumes itself to be a passage from Aristophanes. Philip Stanhope Worsley, a young English translator of part of the *Iliad*, had dedicated his work to General R. E. Lee "as the best living representative of its hero." This was too much for the Yankee classicist of "A Fable for Critics":

FROGS
Brekekex! Brekekex! Who goes there?
WORSLEY
Please, your Frogships, Homer's last translator.

Bacchus and the frogs give Worsley an unsettling time on the bank of the Styx. It turns out that the translator is to be ferried across with a vast crowd of American ghosts. A hearty spook named Smith presents the first three thousand hand-shakers to Hector until the hero cries:

By Jove! I feel like an old town pump.

But Smith has one more request:

That's to present my friend, Mister Worsley,
I made his acquaintance on the boat:
I rather guess it's likely you know him—
Author of "Homer," a first class poem.

Hector, to the alarm of Worsley, indeed knows of him:

My staff has been longing, these three months past,
To measure the back of that dedicator
Who likened me to the double traitor,
False to his country, false to his oath,
Me, who'd have given my life for both!
. . .
You insulted my soul without reason,
Coupling my name with a broken trust,
Dabbling my fame in the lees of treason.

Worsley presently "awakes in terror, but gradually composes himself by reading a few pages of his translation of Homer."

This, and others among THE NATION's early examples, suggest that political verse is likeliest to succeed when it is satiric. E. L. Godkin and his associates must, however, had had cumulative misgivings about the aptness, for their purposes, of any sort of verse. In the first year they printed thirty-one varied examples, in the second year eight. The number for the third and fourth years dwindled to five apiece, and in the fifth year to only one. Beginning in 1870 the evident policy was no verse at all. It was broken on a few occasions for Lowell's mortuary pieces and political epigrams. Half a dozen of the latter enlivened the Presidential campaign of 1876:

DEFRAUDING NATURE

Skilled to pull wires, he baffles nature's scope
Who sure intended him to stretch a rope.

These were unsigned, but in the following year Lowell acknowledged four sequential sonnets that began in memoriam, bucolically, and ended with a political thrust. His sprawling comment on "infant industries," written in the last year of his long life and published on May 1, 1890, put an end to "purely original verse" in THE NATION for twenty-four years.

Throughout its first half-century, the magazine maintained toward poetry, as it did toward the less central subjects of high consequence, an attitude closely critical. If it published very little verse, it evaluated a great deal. For its unsigned reviews it soon developed the virtuous practice of focusing a single critical intelligence consistently upon a particular category of writing. From 1877 to 1903, for example, clustered volumes of new poetry were considered in more than fifty contributions by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the "Dear Preceptor" who salvaged Emily Dickinson. A year later Oscar W. Firkins assumed the task for a similar period. Both, along the way, wrote more extensive reviews of significant single books. They were men of classical education, far more competent in the task of critic than the genial noddy who, in Volume 3, had copied forty-eight lines to show "how narrowly Mr. Niles can escape doing well" with the comment, "It is senseless stuff, we may as well confess, but who is not pleased with it?"

HIGGINSON AND Firkins both knew what it feels like to want to write good poetry. As critics, they were adventurous only to the degree in which the trait occurs among good teachers who try hard to keep their minds pried open. Too much should not be inferred from a narrow sampling, but there is some hint of THE NATION's earlier standards in its successive comments upon two differently revolutionary poets who startled the world of letters at about the time of its own origins: Algernon Charles Swinburne and Walt Whitman. A review of *Atalanta in Calydon* in the magazine's first volume praised the newcomer generously as having "powers which, if wisely employed in the production of poetry of modern style, would secure him a place among the popular poets," but it chided him for not reflecting, in a drama upon such a theme, the orthodox Greek attitude toward the gods. In the following issue a review of Walt Whitman's *Drum-Taps* began, "It has been a melancholy task to read this book; and it is a still more melancholy one to write about it. . . . It exhibits the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself into poetry." The long and acidulous piece concluded: "This democratic, liberty-loving American populace, this stern and war-tried people, is a great civilizer. It is devoted to refinement. If it has sustained a monstrous war . . . it is not to put up with spurious poetry afterwards. To sing aright our battles and our glories it is not enough . . . to be aggressively careless, inelegant, and ignorant. . . ."

In these unsigned reviews, Swinburne was being welcomed by Charles Eliot Norton, and Whitman by Henry James. When *Laus Veneris* was published, two years later, the unacknowledged critic—Russell Sturgis—wrote a review that was in many respects remarkable: "It is foolish and useless either to abuse or to ignore this book, for what Mr. Swinburne has written is now a part of English literature. . . . Blasphemous these poems are not; for blasphemy consists not in the mere expression, but in the intent of the words. . . . Insincere books are necessarily immoral . . . but may not a work be at once immoral and sincere?"

Swinburne, more outrageous than Whitman to the Victorian proprieties, was given a serious hearing as an objective artist: it could be inferred that the song was not of himself. Moreover, his style shimmered with elaborations upon the admired archaic orthodoxy; it had nothing of Whitman's strong, plain lunge into the vernacular future. It took the Supreme Court almost a century to catch up with one phrase in the Sturgis review: "The immorality of a book is not, however, to be judged by its effects on any chance reader, but only by its influence on the average moral mind."

Swinburne continued to receive fair treatment in THE NATION throughout his lifetime, with an occasional knuckle rap when he probably merited it, but few chances were missed to take a remorseless swing at Whitman. A few months after Henry James's surly review, a famous pamphlet entitled *The Good Gray Poet* was noticed. "Mr. W. D. O'Connor asks us to make common cause with him," in objecting to Whitman's dismissal from his government job. The editors cheerfully sided with the government. In attempting, a few weeks later, to explain the British attitude toward the self-exiled Victor Hugo, they say he was regarded as "the type of the grotesque and abnormal and vicious, a sort of Walt Whitman." The animosity obtrudes again and again. When Whitman died in 1892, the writing of an obituary was assigned to the usually gentle Higginson. The five or six columns resulting are at points almost frenetic: ". . . a bad influence—we speak from personal observation—on the lives of young men"; "Those who thus claim to be Nature's darlings end as Nature's warnings . . . paralysis, insanity, premature old age are the retribution for 'the drench of the passions' in youth"; "Compare this premature senility of the poet of 'life coarse and rank' with the old age of the chaster poets—with Bryant's eighty-four clean and wholesome years. . . ."

After the critical balance had turned strongly in Whitman's favor, old Henry James, the originator of the long process of rebuke, was given the opportunity to examine his memories of fifty years earlier, when he was a twenty-two-year-old staff member of the new NATION. He did not think to adjust his view of the poet, but instead wrote a maudlin piece about "fairies"—the quotes are his—that presided over the magazine's origins.

III

The issue of March 12, 1914, presented thirteen "Features to be Introduced" under Oswald Garrison Villard's new editorial policy, These included:

> 5. POETRY. Greater attention than heretofore to contemporary verse. "The Nation," which first published many of the works of Lowell, Whittier, and other eminent poets, is peculiarly fitted to encourage and guide modern aspirants for poetic fame.

"A Lay o' the Day," by Jefferson B. Fletcher, was chosen as peculiarly fitting to end the years of poetical famine. Other dismaying efforts were interrupted in midsummer by Stuart P. Sherman's angry polemic, "The White Slave." Then Europe took to its guns. The ensuing attempts to make political use of poetry failed. Poetasters reached into an ordered past for image and form, missing the needed violent immediacy. "The Victory," poor busted statue, was pondered by Marion Couthoy Smith up to a last line revealing her as

The flaming soul—of France!

There was some awareness of a strange orchestra scraping discords. In 1915 Professor Firkins discussed "The New Manner," pointing out that "oddity, to be respectable, must be necessary. In this point, Mr. Lindsay's verse is inconclusive." Later in the year Firkins amiably faced up to his own problem with, "The New Movement in Poetry, the Self-Exposure of a Reactionary Critic of the Imagistes." He conceded to imagism "its own modest place in a tolerant and balanced commonwealth; its mistake was to unfurl the banner of revolution."

AS THE WAR ended a change was evident. Babette Deutsch, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and Edwin Arlington Robinson made their first contributions in 1918, followed by Edgar Lee Masters. In 1920 THE NATION at last did what was indispensable to realize the aim of the Villard manifesto of 1914: it appointed a specific literary editor, Carl Van Doren. He and his successors, chiefly Mark Van Doren from 1924 to 1928, honored the stronger established poets and took well-calculated risks with many newcomers. Criticism kept pace. "The Waste Land" was promptly explored by Gilbert Seldes, who gave prior attention to T. S. Eliot's prose criticism as "the clue to his poetry. . . . 'The Waste Land' is, in a sense, the inversion and complement of 'Ulysses' . . . each has expressed something of supreme relevance to our present life."

Robinson, between 1918 and 1924, contributed several poems including one of his finest, "Mr. Flood's Party." His *Children of the Night* had been cordially reviewed in 1897, first of seventeen of his books to be respectfully criticized. Carl Van Doren noted that *The Three Taverns,* 1920, "unites the fullest courage of innovation with . . . unhurried wisdom. . . . It is not of course by being topical that Mr. Robinson achieves his immense pertinence to the moment"—a hint of the surest way in which verse, beyond aesthetics, can find its most effective political use. Mark Van Doren also suggested this when he said, of *The Man Who Died Twice,* "the whole will sing where Mr. Robinson intended that it should sing, in the depths of the brain."

The crossrips of politics and poetry tumble persistently in THE NATION's consideration of Ezra Pound, first noticed in 1911: "the few bits of really good comment" in *The Spirit of Romance* "are too rare to be worth hunting for." When his early cantos were appearing in *Poetry* and *The Dial,* the only notices here were of his prose. Gaudier-Brzeska (in 1916) "deserves a better fate than to be maundered about by an unvenerable *Imagiste.*" *Pavannes and Divisions,* 1918, was shrugged off. *Instigations,* 1921, was called by Mark Van Doren "a mess, if an agreeable and often erudite mess." The complete response to Pound's *Poems 1918-1921* was, "Now witty, now pretty, now dull, now absurd." None of Pound's verse ever came out in The Nation, but it did publish his articles, in 1927 and 1928, on the witlessness of passport officials and the sins of American libraries and musical foundations.

On June 10, 1931, the full phenomenon of Pound was confronted at last in a long review of *A Draft of XXX Cantos* in which Allen Tate called him "probably one of two or three living Americans who will be remembered as poets of the first order." Three years later Kenneth Burke deftly dissected *The ABC of Reading* in which Pound, perhaps unawares, borrows the sentimental Marxist distortion of the word "science" without the comfortless rigors of the accompanying dialectic. The accumulating cantos were noticed from time to time.

A prophetic cartoon of 1936 portrayed the poet "Interrupted in his Daily Devotions" before busts of Mussolini and other idols. In 1939 Louise Bogan epitomized *Guide to Kulchur:* "He likes to fiddle around." She regretted the lack of "real, as opposed to hysterical, breaking through into new thought." Perhaps the first of many attempts to wish half of the schizoid anomaly away came in John Peale Bishop's reminiscence of 1940: "no man can be a consistent admirer of fascism who holds John Adams in admiration." Then came the treasonable broadcasts and Eliot's defense of his mentor. The Nation responded to both with Gilbert Highet's long lampoon, "Homage to Ezra Pound." Some passages:

> though ole T.S.E. proclaimed his maestro
> and in *such* prose, my God
> constipated but dignified like an elderly cat
>
> . . .
>
> So he took to damning his own country, living in
> Rapallo and Rome
> among the black shirted brown bottomed yellow
> hearted Heroes

When the question of a condign fate for Pound arose, The Nation held to a clear principle in defense of poetry. "It is an unwarranted slur on the poet to maintain that he is less responsible for his actions than other men."

Four years later Margaret Marshall printed in her column a letter signed by eighty-four writers condemning the way in which a contributor to the *Saturday Review* had used the Bollingen award to Pound as a device for discrediting poetic experiment, a protest rejected by that journal. Again the issue was not the behavior of one man who happened to be a poet, but The Nation's insistence that poetry itself should not be dabbled in the lees of anyone's treason.

In April, 1956, The Nation appointed its first editor exclusively for poetry: M. L. Rosenthal. For his first critical piece he chose Pound's *Section:Rock Drill. Cantos 85-95,* referring to all the cantos as "this great experiment . . . which seeks to extend the spirit of poetic art in an enterprise so daringly complex that it risks losing the main chance in a wilderness of multiplicities"—a careful effort to concentrate upon the poetry apart from the politics.

In the following spring an undergraduate poet, David Rattray, hoping to make a good report, visited Pound in the mental hospital. There he found representatives of a ring of neo-fascist disciples that included John Kasper, the renegade segregationist. Rattray's disillusioned piece, "Weekend with Ezra Pound," was secured by Rosenthal for The Nation, but he took care to imbed in the text Ramon Guthrie's nostalgic tribute, "Ezra Pound in Paris and Elsewhere," which perceived amid inexorable tragedy the remaining debt of so many writers to the poet's early generosities:

> The frowsy slut
> you would have breathed
> —forsooth—a soul into
> has got
> her teeth snagged in your jugular.
>
> . . .
>
> *'So few drink of my fountain'*
> (although the *best* did
> and came away changed men)

When old friends at last forced the political question to an issue, a Nation editorial, noting that Pound's "anti-Semitism is one of the running sores of modern letters" recommended the release of the "sick and vicious old man—even if he were not the brilliant poet he is." Two years later with "The Pleasures of Pound" Rosenthal concluded upon a note of balance: "Pound represents the best and the worst in our civilization."

IV

After an editorial reorganization in the mid-thirties The Nation's interest in poetry varied. Forty-six poems appeared in 1933, twelve in 1939. The World War II poets were much abler than those of World War I: W. H. Auden, John Berryman, Robert Penn Warren, William Carlos Williams, and others. Noting in 1945 a "New Genre," F. W. Dupee praised Jean Garrigue, Randall Jarrell, John Frederick Nims, Karl Shapiro, and most of all, the newcomer Robert Lowell. When John Ciardi edited *Mid-Century American Poets,* 1950, he introduced Lowell's section with a nine-page reprint of Jarrell's Nation review of *Lord Weary's Castle.*

Interest sagged again. Only sixteen poems were printed in 1955, but with Rosenthal's appointment the number zoomed to the highest level ever: about one hundred a year. The new editor outlined his views in several witty articles. For example, "experimentation in verse is largely a matter of adjustment between personal motivations and available traditions." He ranged widely, seeking distinctive combinations of motivation and tradition, not content merely to see what the mailman would drag in. The five poets whose work he printed most often are warrants of his adventurousness as well as of his respect for both freedom and strictness when used with skill. He chose twenty-two poems by W. S. Merwin, his successor as poetry editor; twenty-one by Dilys Laing; thirteen by Howard Nemerov; eleven by Richard Eberhart; ten by Paul Blackburn. Rosenthal's success in swiftly advancing THE NATION to the forefront of generally distributed magazines that include poetry was partly the outcome of his willingness to annoy poets by pointing to weak passages, requesting their improvement. Harriet Monroe used to bring poets up to their own best performance, in spite of themselves, in the same manner.

Rosenthal also employed the device of calling a specific poet strongly to attention by publishing several poems, not in a single gust, but in a quick sequence. In this way he recalled Ramon Guthrie from his long reticence, publishing four of Guthrie's poems in separate issues between October 26 and November 30, 1957, and two others a bit later. These were the nucleus for Guthrie's *Graffiti,* which justified Rosenthal's judgment by becoming much the most successful volume in the new paperback *Macmillan Poets* series, begun in 1959.

THE REMARKABLE POLICY established for THE NATION by Rosenthal was continued by a series of interim editors: Merwin, Blackburn, David Ignatow, A. R. Ammons, until the appointment in October, 1963 of the present poetry editor, Denise Levertov. The measure of her editorial acumen cannot yet be taken, partly because she stresses so generously THE NATION's now traditional welcome to newcomers. Unless the new criticism has freed all poems from their creators, as it has tried to do for the poems of Pound, the scores of new names in the magazine, introduced by Miss Levertov, will have to be attached to more poems before we can know whether she has been as successful as Mark Van Doren and M. L. Rosenthal in fixing upon consistently able new talents. A year or so ago, when she was conversing with a group of undergraduate poets, I asked her to describe her principles of selection. Her reply, as I recall it, was simply, "I choose the poems I like." Those with formulated justifications of their liking probably do the same.

Rosenthal's imaginative care in securing a Guthrie poem to publish in counterpoint with Rattray's article on Pound has been the pattern for some of Miss Levertov's editorial arrangements. Adrienne Rich's long review of John Berryman's *77 Dream Songs* was confronted by a full page given to three additional dream songs written after the printing of the volume. With this and a number of other full pages she has succeeded in returning the magazine to its earlier laudable practice: one more warrant that poetry is thought of as something more than a convenient spatter of type to fill out a column after the prose is all used up.

Is there any way of characterizing poetry that has appeared recently in THE NATION, by comparison with the general nature of contemporary American verse? To get some idea I have scanned Ciardi's anthology of fifteen *Mid-Century American Poets* who "came to prominence" in the nineteen-forties; the Donald Hall-Pack-Simpson collection of thirty-six poets under the age of forty in 1957; Donald Allen's *The New American Poetry 1945-1960,* with forty-four contributors aged up to fifty-one years; and the *Beatitude Anthology,* ages not given, forty-two poets, "edited on a kick or miss basis by a few hardy types" in 1960. Only Lowell and Richard Wilbur, from the Ciardi volume, survive into the Hall-Pack-Simpson. No poet in either of the earlier two volumes appears in either of the later two, and these have only seven in common. Here then are 128 poets selected by editors varying between the mildly conservative and the distinctly radical.

Under Miss Levertov's editing, 20% of the poets in the first anthology, 17% of those in the second, 23% of those in the third, and one poet from the fourth, have appeared in THE NATION. Since the lonely one from the *Beatitude Anthology* also appears in Allen's, THE NATION's interest in the phenomenon of the beats has come to the vanishing point, replaced by another kind of newness that perhaps will prove less transient. If I had to choose one poet to represent this kind of newness, he would probably be Miss Levertov's own favorite in the number of poems printed—Wendell Berry, who appears in none of the above anthologies. To characterize his poem "My Great Grandfather's Slaves" and another in the same recent issue, "Nuns at the Dali Exhibit . . ." by Beth Bentley, I find scribbled in my copy's margin, "hopeful signs of a new poetry combining classic straightforwardness with modern idiom, insight, problems." The same statement will do for most of the poems that I myself like, among Miss Levertov's choices.

Politics? Still present, but unobtrusive, as in some of Berry's poems. They already sing, a little, in the depths of the brain. Another aspect is the terse discipline of many of the newcomers, who seem to be recovering an awareness that it is always the poet's task to reverse the expanding universe, to compact experience into its significant essentials: into a form which will expand again, of itself, creating new experience in the reader.

N Y C

There now is your insular city . . . commerce surrounds it with her surf. . . . Look at the crowds of water-gazers there.
—*Melville*

1
Gray to the marrow, pale as tall smoke
across the East River
the boneyard of Queens burns

Into my window charred letters fall
from the grim incinerators,
some still legible, with lovers' initials

and the brown reek of fire

2
Pools of blue children under the haze
under the sailing hats of nuns

3
Private darkness strays into rubble
where the Catholic god and the Jewish god
grow weak stems in cinders

Terror is private
A woman is murdered in 38 windows

Everybody is nobody's keeper
Ask mercy of stray cats

The dim roar of traffic over bridged burroughs
comes savage and sad

4
On an island staked out by stolen car aerials
professional liars in glass canyons cross
Madison Avenue and disappear
in secret Connecticut

Marcantonio's city of shattered wine bottles
and brown cut flesh rings Columbia in

In the midnight streets I hear
young whores cursing

5
The smiling girl who committed suicide,
mistress of gem thieves, hid a black eye
under polaroid glasses
She screamed the length of her lover's coffin
She rode in a Cadillac long as a whore's dream

Lover, tell me the best hate
Murderer, tell me the best love

6
The cold wind shines

A train clicks quietly under the iron grating
where, with axle-grease on a lead sinker,
a coatless man fishes for lost coins

I watch raw-knuckled care for all trivial, all small

And here

7
Banks whisper money

Male whores reply

Oiled locks slide free

8
Aluminum trucks bleat like lambs
hauling barrels, crates over the cobbles

Streets grow long with vegetables and messengers

Near dawn I walk among fishnets and
boatloads of coffins

And where the streets move, treeless,
I hear pawnshop trumpets

9
The ferry rides under gulls crying
in high monotones the water's given names
over Crane's forgotten bones

And wrecks passed without sound of bells

Acropolis builders, stand with me here,
see how you failed!

—Robert Hazel

A Man

'Living a life'—
the beauty of deep lines
dug in your cheeks.

The years gather by sevens
to fashion you. They are blind,
but you are not blind.

Their blows resound,
they are deaf, those laboring
daughters of the Fates,

but you are not deaf,
you pick out
your own song from the uproar

line by line,
and at last throw back
your head and sing it.
—DENISE LEVERTOV

Two Elegiac Poems

Harry Erdman Perry, 1881-1965

I

I stand at the cistern in front of the old barn
in the darkness in the dead of the winter,
the night strangely warm, the wind blowing,
rattling an unlatched door.
I draw the cold water up out of the ground, and drink.

At the house the light is still waiting.
An old man I've loved all my life is dying
in his bed there. He is going
slowly down from himself, his body dwindling
to the bone, as an old field on a hillside
weathers finally to the native rock.
In final obedience to his life, he follows
his body out of our knowing.
Only his hands, quiet on the sheet, keep
a painful resemblance to what they no longer are.

II

He goes free of the earth.
The sun of his last day sets
clear in the sweetness of his liberty.

The earth recovers from his dying,
the hallow of his life remaining
in all his death leaves.

Radiances know him. Grown lighter
than breath, he is set free
in our remembering. Grown brighter

than vision, he goes dark
into the life of the hill
that holds his peace.

He's hidden among all that is,
and cannot be lost.
—WENDELL BERRY

THEATRE: THE LAGGARD ART

HAROLD CLURMAN

Mr. Clurman, well known stage director, has been THE NATION'*s drama critic since 1953. He has directed plays by Odets, O'Neill, Hellman, Williams and Giraudoux, among others. His latest: Miller's* Incident at Vichy.

> *The best things come, as a general thing, from talents that are members of a group.*—Henry James

> *By losing traditions, we lose our hold on the present . . . The great ages did not perhaps produce much more talent than ours; but less talent was wasted.*
> —T. S. Eliot

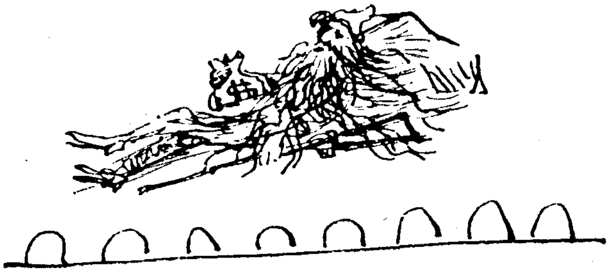
WRITING IN 1869, Walt Whitman in his *Democratic Vistas* complains: "Of what is called drama, or dramatic presentation in the United States, as now put forth at the theatres, I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionary and public dinners, or the arrangements of curtains and hangings in a ballroom—no more no less."

Seven months after the assassination of Lincoln in April, 1865, the "hit shows" were the delightful actor Joseph Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Black Crook,* the first of our big musicals in which "one hundred beautiful girls in short diaphanous skirts and flesh colored tights provided an unprecedented sensation."

This at a time when our literature had already bequeathed to us *Moby Dick, The Scarlet Letter, Leaves of Grass,* not to speak of Emerson and Thoreau. We can sympathize with Whitman's reaction. But we are less astonished. The theatre is almost always a laggard art.

A single reader may be said to constitute an "audience" for a poem or a novel; one viewer may be sufficient to encourage the solitary artist who shows his painting. Theatre requires a larger number of people to convene at the same set time. The theatre is both a public and a composite art, *social* in the nature of its creation as well as in the circumstances of its manifestation. A history of the theatre must comprise not only a study of dramatic texts but an examination of acting, the mechanics and economics of production and, inseparable from all these, a consideration of the audiences to whom the art is addressed and from whom it derives.

After they had passed through the primitive state of tribal rites the great theatres of the western world emerged as forms of civic and religious celebrations. State and church—in effect the entire community—supported them. Later, when the theatre was no longer an organic part of governing bodies, when indeed it was frowned upon and its suppression urged by those who held it to be immoral, the theatre still managed to survive through various devices of aristocratic or royal protection. Despite all the vicissi-



tudes of its history the theatre was recognized as a social benefit meriting special privilege. In a word, *a tradition* developed in Europe which bestowed care for the theatre.

This tradition was lost in the settlement of America. The Puritans thought the theatre sinful. With a civilization to be built there was no time for such frivolity. By the time the educated minority was able to provide for them, a few playhouses were put up in the main cities of the eastern seaboard. Plays and actors were usually foreign. The best fare consisted of mutilated Shakespeare. There was practically no native drama and hardly any native actors.

When preoccupations beyond those of material needs could be entertained, schools and universities were established, important writers appeared and a few signs of original theatrical creation. One of these was Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion* (1845), a satire on the American parvenu, which in our present estimation is hardly more than a chromo. Yet Edgar Allan Poe found it praiseworthy.

That Poe should have welcomed so slight a piece, though he probably would not have deigned to notice its literary equivalent, may appear paradoxical. But this paradox repeats itself constantly. (William Dean Howells in 1891 referred to James Hearne's *Margaret Fleming,* a crude and creaky bit of claptrap, as "epoch-making" because it was the first of our realistic plays.) We may discover a clue in this to the peculiarity of our theatre's progress.

"Hardly anybody listens in the theatre," the Irish dramatist Denis Johnston had said, "to anything he doesn't know already." For a play to prosper it must unite its audience—which to begin with must be homogeneous. A minority attitude, a heterodox premise are divisive, and the theatre's life depends on popularly recognizable interpretations of a common experience. The cultivated handful who were able to appreciate the Brahmins of our literature couldn't have filled the tiniest theatres of their times.

It has been said—and it is perhaps true—that the liveliest and most representative "theatre" of the period immediately following the Civil War was to be found in the riverboats, in the saloons, in the minstrel shows on the Mississippi and westward. These frolics possessed the rough vigor of their audiences, the hardy folk who were opening the country.

The situation in the East, as we have seen, was that which made Whitman exclaim: "Do you call that perpetual, pistareen, paste pot work . . . American drama?" Still clinging to his faith in the American dream he was dismayed by a society ever more dominated by money values. Capitalism was set on its roaring course of empire building. Fortunes were being made by and for a most fortunate people. It was the Gilded Age. Theatres attracted folk eager to ease themselves with entertainment inducing the minimum of mental strain. The really poor never went to ordinary playhouses and thus poverty was never made the subject of any but the cheapest tear-jerkers. A large part of the audience was beginning to free itself from some of its Puritan inhibitions, though the "upper crust" in press and pulpit hypocritically persisted in upholding the Puritan code. Only the smiling aspects of American life or titillating melodrama were suitable material for such audiences. So rage as intellectuals might, the theatre between 1865 and 1890 was in its own distorted way a mirror of the times.

EVEN THE INTELLIGENTSIA does not go to the theatre for literature alone. Native acting during this period improved steadily. If America did not see any good plays (Shakespeare, remember, was bowdlerized), it had the opportunity of catching glimpses of such luminaries as Edmund Kean, Rachel, later Salvini and Duse. Edwin Booth refined the red-necked robustiousness of Edwin Forrest, America's first tragedian (1806-1872).

The actor-manager Lester Wallack, who beginning in 1864 ran a stock company for twenty years, was patronized by New York's gentry. His theatre was something like a London theatre in Manhattan. He never produced an American play because he found none that was good enough. After Wallack the big "name" producer from 1879 to 1899 was Augustin Daly who had a sound sense of integral play production. Though he produced Shakespeare with excellent actors, the fare at his theatre was more frequently trash. Daly's "discovery," Bronson Howard, the first writer for our stage to become rich from his work, was the author of *Shenandoah* (1889), a Civil War saga which one can't read today without indulgent laughter.

The theatre prospered, but because of the advent of realism the playhouses were built smaller. Playgoing became respectable; the social elite or "carriage trade" made it customary. Shows toured the hinterland. The theatre became industrialized. Henry James writing in 1885 found that "scenery and decoration have been brought to the highest perfection while elocution and acting, the interpretation of meanings, the representation of human feelings have not long been the subjects of serious study."

To appreciate the frame of mind of theatrical leaders at this time one may cite the fact that in 1893 the dignified manager Daniel Frohman rejected Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* (about a woman who had been kept by four men before marriage) because it was "too frank." When it was produced the reviewer of the *New York Herald* spoke of the play as being "for audacity surely without parallel in dramatic literature." Even as late as 1905 when Shaw's *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was produced (and suppressed) it was said by the *New York Sun* "to glorify debauchery."

Clyde Fitch, the most highly regarded dramatist between 1889 and 1909, was entirely sincere when he wrote: "I feel myself strongly the particular value of reflecting absolutely and truthfully the life and environment about us." He had the impulse to confess himself as much as to reveal the environment, but his play *The Truth* (1906), about a compulsive liar, and *The City* (1909), about the corrupting effects of the Big Town, are rather rickety contraptions. After all plays, like most of the novels of the day, had to please the Ladies or they would incur the censure of the Gentlemen.

While Edward Sheldon may be credited with bringing social themes to the stage—the destitute in *Salvation Nell* (1908), the "race problem" in *The Nigger* (1909) and politics in *The Boss* (1911)—the plays themselves are sophomorically inept and timid. (Stephen Crane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser had already written most of their stories and novels.) Sheldon's true vein was that of *Romance* (1913), about the love of an Episcopalian minister for an Italian opera star. A play which harks back to New York in its Age of Innocence, it is chiefly memorable as a vehicle for the glamorous Doris Keane, rapturously admired by Stark Young. There *was* artistic substance in the American theatre of the day—not in the plays but in the players. Otis Skinner, Laurette Taylor, Maude Adams, the Barrymores, and later Pauline Lord, Alfred Lunt and numerous others brought life to the boards.

One notes other progressive signs. The actor Arnold Daly champions Shaw, the intrepid actress Mrs. Fisk and the exotic Alla Nazimova do much to convince the retarded, including the shocked William Winter, the *New York Tribune's* drama critic from 1865 to 1909, of Ibsen's worth.

Most indicative of the community's steadily growing sophistication is the effort sponsored in 1909 by J. P. Morgan, John Jacob Astor, the Vanderbilts, Thomas Paine Whitney and Otto Kahn to establish a "permanent national art theatre." A sumptuous house was built on Central Park West between 62nd and 63rd Streets, at this time an exclusive residential section for the well-to-do, and a remote suburb to citizens of more modest means.

Chosen to direct the ambitious New Theatre was the Harvard-educated Bostonian Winthrop Ames, a man of ability and taste. He enlisted an admirable company and produced Galsworthy's *Strife* (capital and labor), several plays by Maeterlinck (among them *The Blue Bird*) and Shakespeare. It was difficult to find American plays of corresponding calibre (only three, including Sheldon's *The Nigger,* were offered) because few American plays, with only such possible exceptions as Langdon Mitchell's brightly written comedy *The New York Idea* about divorce among the rich (1906) and Percy MacKaye's imaginative *The Scarecrow* (1910), were anything better than hack work.

The New Theatre collapsed after two seasons. Apart from the auditorium's unsuitability for the presentation of modern drama, its poor acoustics, its high prices, its inconvenient location, the reason for the New Theatre's failure was the absence of an audience great enough to sustain a serious repertory theatre.

YET FORCES WERE AT WORK to bring about a distinct change. Contact with Europe began to exercise a marked influence. The culturally alert became acquainted with stimulating and still unfamiliar dramatists (Tolstoy, Hauptmann, Gorky, Andreiev) on New York's Lower East Side—in both Yiddish and German. Little theatres were spreading all over the country so that by 1915 there were nineteen hundred. In 1916 the attractive comedian John Barrymore proved himself an actor of immense emotional power in Galsworthy's *Justice*. New manager-directors like Arthur Hopkins, inspired by overseas example, ventured into new fields which yielded fresh ideas, unusual plays employing the talent of that fine artist Robert Edmond Jones. A number of discriminating critics—their columns full of intriguing foreign references—began to clamor for a theatre in touch with art, literature and life. Chief among them was George Jean Nathan.

Most important, though little noticed at first, were the activities centered in the vicinity of Greenwich Village. The year 1915 witnessed the formation of the Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street, The Washington Players (transformed into The Theatre Guild in 1919), the Provincetown Players, who were to reappear in the early twenties as a triumvirate of the critic Macgowan, the designer-director Jones and the dramatist O'Neill. These new groups planted seeds from which a proud harvest was soon reaped.

In 1920 we became conscious of the flowering with the production—cautiously introduced at special matinees—of O'Neill's first full length play *Beyond the Horizon.* That event marks the *birth* of American theatre as a conscious art intended to contribute to our inner life what we expect of the best literature.

This "birth" in the theatre corresponded with a rebirth in American letters generally. For while the years between 1835 and 1850 gave evidence of our native genius in poem, essay, short story and novel, the fortune-hunting years between 1865 and 1913 had very nearly destroyed vital literary expression. During this interval Dreiser, on the one hand, and Henry James, on the other, dwelled in limbo. This is also true of Whitman, Melville, Thoreau, whose work was known to a rare few only. They came into their own just before and immediately after the First World War.

WHAT MADE THE twenties a feverish and wonderful time was our coming of age in prosperity, in power, in self-confidence, as well as in self-consciousness. This made it possible for us to recognize our character and to acknowledge our shortcomings. Our desire to learn and accomplish things as a great nation lent a tremendous impetus to all endeavors. We became cocky and at the same time self-critical. We were prepared to look at ourselves with unrelenting realism. We were rediscovering ourselves as Americans.

Many thought us fooled by the holiday of our success. Others declared our iconoclasm adolescent. The superficial traits of our Puritanism were raucously shed. Freud began to be read by the literati. We rerejoiced in our afflatus and jeered at our rejoicing. Some said America had become a jungle of competition; others read that Western Civilization was doomed. But whether the diagnoses and prognoses were rosy or black everything took on a jubilant air.

New York playhouses doubled in number. One hundred ninety-six productions opened in 1920-21; two hundred seventy in 1927-28. The Theatre Guild assembled a loyal body of subscribers which assured its productions a minimum run of five to six weeks. The Guild did many unusual and stimulating plays by foreign authors as well as by some Americans. After a while it clasped O'Neill to its bosom. Eva La Gallienne at the Civic Repertory Theatre produced Ibsen, Chekhov and other "standard" European dramatists at popular prices.

Musical comedy, the one theatrical form in which we undoubtedly excel, with truly gifted tunes by Kern, Porter, Gershwin, Rodgers and others, sweetened the surrounding clamor. The Ziegfeld Follies, glorifying the American girl in gorgeous dress and suave undress, served as emblems of our high spirits. Among the lovely faces and the lush furnishings a parade of comedians close to genius cavorted.

The shadowy side of the picture was painted by the uncouth master figure of Eugene O'Neill himself. Apart from his concern with the complexities of personal psychology, O'Neill brooded on the drama of man's soul in America. Something had gone astray. The poet who yearns to explore realms beyond the narrow confines of his job fails to follow his bent and as a result wastes his being. The simple laborer proud of the strength which turns the wheels of our magnificent civilization finds himself scorned and adrift in a mechanism in which he is merely a cog. The artist wishes to attain the effectiveness of the man of affairs; the businessman envies the artist's imagination. Both suffer a sense of incompleteness. The would-be aristocrat from the Old World with his dream of grandeur is rendered absurd in the factory of a materialistic democracy. But without that strain of grandeur the dignity of a true manhood is somehow damaged. The son has little of his pioneering father's grit; the father in his struggle to master the soil of his farm (America?) impairs his capacity to love.

O'Neill dramatizes himself and us as people cut off from but still seeking some principle of coherence. For want of it everyone feels isolated and frustrated. O'Neill's strength lies in the persistence of his quest for a wholeness which has been shattered in the new world. We sicken in detachment from some age-old secret of sanctity. O'Neill is committed to its recovery. He told friends that his never completed cycle of nine plays would be an epic of America's failure to realize its promise.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE thirties exposed the moral as well as the social lesion in the national body. Having been wounded where we believed ourselves invulnerable we began questioning ourselves in new ways. The plays of the depression were not depressed. (Depressed plays appeared in the fifties in a time of prosperity.) The depression was a time of hope. Youth would not accept defeat, take "no" for an answer. It condemned the illusions of the previous decade which had exulted in the fun principle. The thirties sought and found a solution to our dilemma in collective action for social betterment.

The theatre was struck a bitter though not a fatal blow. The number of productions shrank; playhouses were sold for use as grind movie emporia and for burlesque shows. Actors left for Hollywood which prospered because the disconsolate wished to flee the gloom of impoverished homes and streets. The disease wrought its own healing. As Roosevelt aroused the country with his New Deal, so Groups, Collectives, Unions of the theatre were formed. What characterized most of them was the attempt to present plays confronting the times: the condition of the unemployed, the dispossessed, the unprotected worker, the dispirited middle class, the desperate farmer, the threat of fascism. All this was to be done in a new fashion: through organizations which would commit themselves on a *permanent collective basis* to a disciplined practice of theatrical craft.

The theatre of the thirties was thought to be political—a mistaken opinion. Its impulse was moral—even moralistic. That is the essence of Odets' work. He was the era's representative playwright just as The Group Theatre, of which Odets had been an actor-member, was the representative theatrical organization. That is why after The Group Theatre's dissolution in 1941, it still remained an influence in the ensuing years through its former actors, directors, designers, teachers.

One particular contribution to theatre technique made by The Group was a way of work which was the heritage of the Moscow Art Theatre's New York visit in 1923. This was the Stanislavsky System which in time—through the Actors Studio founded in the forties—came to be known as the Method. While the Method is presumed to have narrowed the scope of American acting, though this is not at all its aim or necessary effect, it added a certain vibrancy and density of feeling to our actors' endowments.

WITH THE SCATTERING of forces during the Second World War and its immediate aftermath, in which not only The Group Theatre but the inestimably valuable Federal Theatre Project (the Government's first entrance into the domain of the arts) disappeared, a subtle change took place. As business as usual resumed there followed a cooling of social fervor which soon turned into a freeze.

This was hardly noticed at first since Arthur Miller's early plays and even those of Tennessee Williams sounded a more subdued and introverted variation on the mode of the thirties.

Social reform had failed to "save" us. Many suggested panaceas had proved delusive (or so it was thought) and some were considered positively treasonable. The source of our ailments, it would appear, lay in our unsatisfactory relations with parents, wives, children. Our traumas—our traumas were to blame! Though Tennessee Williams' work always had discernible social connotations, what public and press chiefly responded to was its private and especially sexual aspects.

The age of conformity and of McCarthy terror drove men of sensibility into themselves. Young folk exiled themselves in the ghetto of their egos. The faceless world, all perpetual motion without any core of meaning, was to be shut out. "Contact" as someone has said about the new dancing, "went out in the fifties."

Connection with the outside world, now threatened with annihilation, became attenuated. Some solace (or drug) which might alleviate the pain of aloneness or sink us more deeply into forgetfulness was craved. To be "beat" became an ideal by default. This laid the ground work for the dramaturgy of the maimed.

The plays of Beckett, Genêt, Ionesco, Pinter—usually presented at some distance from the theatre's supermarket—which were expressions of not altogether similar but of equally disabling stresses, became models for American writers. Edward Albee's "permanent vagrant" disturbing the complacent gent on the park bench is a youth who prefers contact through his own violent death at the hand of his neighbor to total neglect. At this moment Albee seems as representative of the early sixties as William Saroyan and Thornton Wilder were in embodying the spirit of benevolent reconciliation (or "national unity") in the early forties. Albee testifies to the agony of a society no longer real in which we try to live on debris of exploded faiths, a state which renders us savage.

Though, retrospectively, we may realize that since O'Neill our theatre has turned in earnest to the contemplation of our existence in a manner unthinkable a hundred or even sixty years ago, we remain dissatisfied. Broadway as the hub of theatrical activity has become an electrified desert. We still go there though its game is crooked because it is the only game in town! Seventy-five productions a season constitute the norm. At the moment of this writing only musicals and skimpy comedies are produced with much chance of public support.

MOVIES AND TELEVISION are not the cause of the downfall. It is show business itself which is destroying the theatre. Its arrangements are anarchic: the costs of production are too high, the price of tickets prohibitive. The greedy exactions of the stage hands' unions are not the sole cause for this. They do what all the others do: treat the theatre as a business, which means every craft for itself, every man for himself. This inevitably becomes destructive to an art, the very nature of which depends on the planned and enthusiastic integration of its entire personnel. We have lost the tradition—indeed have never established one—of the theatre as a service, a social need. When business ceases to be profitable it has lost its reason for existence. There is "no foundation all the way down the line," in Saroyan's words, and it will take more than the Foundations to supply one.

Are we to end with a whimper? On the contrary: we may yet see a new beginning. Observation on my travels convinces me that the country is full of talent and appetite for theatre. Young folk are trying to rediscover a true theatre tradition.

The decentralization of the theatre is not the result of any special "idealism" but the response to a need for using all our unused gifts. In San Francisco, in Seattle, in Minneapolis, in Houston, in Washington, in Philadelphia and elsewhere new professional theatres have been, or are about to be, established. This trend is bound to grow.

These theatres aspire to be more than show shops. We are becoming aware that there are other "classics" beside Shakespeare. Many world famous plays —ancient and modern, in foreign tongues and in our own—are still unknown to our stages because they do not sit well in the maw of commerce. One hears of productions in university and community theatres as well as in cafés, of plays so "advanced" and "experimental" that even off-Broadway (now being assimilated into the stream of running rats) dares not undertake them. We are also beginning to get free theatre in the parks and on the very streets of certain cities—both in the South and in the North.

New York itself is now endowed with ambitious new theatre organizations. A heavy load of disdain has been hurled at the first two seasons of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—some of it merited but most of it misguided. To found a theatre is not the same as setting up a series of productions. A considerable time of preparation and at least three years of performance are required as a preliminary test. The demand that these new organizations immediately satisfy our hunger for genuine innovation and artistic achievement is a way of applying the old hit-and-flop criteria of Broadway to enterprises with very different objectives and entirely different problems. The sheer fact of the repertory theatre, of Lincoln Center's having come into existence, is a step forward. We must hope that the prolongation of its life, no matter under what auspices, will fulfill its serious artistic function.

If it is correct to speak of our theatre as having been "born" only forty-five years ago we must agree that compared to the long years which went into the making of the Elizabethan, the French neo-classic stages, the recently founded British National Theatre, our theatre is in its infancy. It is part of our immaturity to expect immediate consummation. The misfortune of our theatre history—due to the absence of a tradition—is its fragmentation. We always seem to be starting from scratch. But perhaps this after all is not the case: there may be a continuity which we don't readily perceive because in our juvenile impatience we are forever grumbling "Yes, but what have you done for me recently?"

Of course I am delighted that THE NATION *has reached its centenary, and I am happy to congratulate it and (even more) its readers. But I should not like to confine my pleasure to its mere longevity. It is a delight to read a journal which is so consistently literate on every page; and it is a special delight in a journal whose main purpose, after all, is not literary. That seems to me a true contribution to culture.*

—J. Bronowski

TV: THE 21″ BORE

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Mr. Aurthur has written more than a hundred original TV plays, a half-dozen films, two Broadway plays, short stories and a novel. For many reasons, some of which appear below, he is now concentrating on films.

EARLY IN 1950, on an icy winter's night, your average non-TV Viewer, me, hurried along Manhattan's East 57th Street. I was just a short sprint from my destination, the apartment of friend and painter Jimmy Ernst, and the thought of being deflected was inconceivable.

There was little traffic on this usually busy street, and I was literally the only pedestrian. It could have been the cold, but it wasn't. Older Viewers will grasp the significance of the fact that it was 8:25 P.M. on a Tuesday evening.

Turning into Third Avenue, I became suddenly aware of a brightly lighted store window, and in front of it, huddled together for warmth, a large knot of people. Never one to pass up a disaster or two midgets making love (for what else in that window could hold the rapt attention of two dozen people in 26°F?), I edged my way through the crowd for an unobstructed look.

Need I tell you? The store sold radios and those new-fangled television sets, and centered in the window was the newest-fangled of them all, a Louis Quinze-Georgian box with a ten-inch eye. And there, soundlessly, in full, glorious close-up, a man, dressed like a chicken, was dancing.

Never before having seen Milton Berle on television, I had, of course, heard of his phenomenal impact. I knew that from 8 to 9 P.M. every Tuesday night not only were the streets empty, but restaurants, clubs and movie houses as well. In 1950, television was exclusively an urban privilege with about ten million single-set homes clustered around the larger cities (now there are over 62 million homes equipped with heaven knows how many sets, and not a single region of the country out of reach), and of those ten million homes Milton commandeered 90 per cent every week. No one since has ever matched Berle, the closest being the night Lucy had her baby when *I Love Lucy* scored a single rating of about 75.

There were a lot more people addicted to dancing chickens, relatively speaking, in those days than now. Today a hit show is one with a rating of 30, and a smash is a special like the 1965 Academy Award Show, which Mr. Neilson reported had a rating in New York of 42.9. Against the Awards, the two other networks combined rated a mere 11.2, indicating that in 1965 almost *half* the potential audience in New York didn't even have their sets turned on! It is possible that mass boredom has gripped you Viewers, or does it mean that it is time to bring back Milton Berle?

Needless to say, the entire Yugoslav Army under the command of Joseph E. Levine could not have dragged me from that store window fifteen years ago. It was ten after nine when, frostbitten and in desperate need of brandy, I burst into the Ernst apartment on 58th Street with the stunning news that I had just witnessed a man, dressed like a chicken, dancing. No one cared. Bill Baziotes was talking quietly in a corner with Bob Motherwell; Peter Grippi whirled Inez Ferran around a Max Ernst totem pole to the tune of Jelly Roll Morton's *Dr. Jazz;* John Latouche was humming an entire ballet; and Jackson Pollock was in the center of a large group at the bar being hostile.

At the time I reasoned that no one responded to my news because in this corner of the art world people very often dressed like chickens, even when they weren't dancing. Much later it occurred to me, however, that of all those people, many of whom were to be immortalized by Harold Rosenberg as Abstract Expressionists (and who would have heard of them otherwise?), I was the only one to become rich and famous in television. Draw your own conclusions.

In 1950, television was very much in its Model T stage. The two coasts had not yet been linked by the coaxial cable; thus, a program could not be beamed live from New York to Los Angeles. Now, of course, we get pictures "live from the moon," and even as you read, Early Bird satellites whirl in synchronous orbit 22,000 miles per hour above the earth which can bring instantaneous pictures into your home from anywhere on the globe.

I was one who sat and thrilled in October, 1964, when from 1 to 3 A.M. I watched over NBC the program transmitted live from Tokyo at the opening ceremonies of the Olympic Games. This was truly a miracle. Certainly, man's hope for progress rests squarely on his ability to communicate—to inform and educate; and television now provides us with the ultimate. What man does with this great power is something else. Those who control television somehow always manage to tarnish their miracles, if not destroy them completely. Because it was only 10 P.M. on the West Coast, NBC chose not to interrupt their prime-time programming, and so Pacific Time Viewers saw their Olympic miracle on tape a couple of hours later. Video tape, though itself a minor miracle since 1955, is not quite the same thing as "live from Tokyo" via satellite for the first time in world history. The lesson here is never plan a giant step in the progress of man if it is necessary to interrupt a commercial.

Commercial television today is a medium of advertising, and that's all it is. They can say it's a lot of other things, and often do, in license applications or in public hearings, but They lie.

AGAIN BACK IN 1950, Hollywood was just a minor contributor to the art, with over 80 per cent of production originating live from New York. Because the enormous bonanza of network repeat showings and subsequent world-wide syndication was not even yet a dream, film was far too expensive a means of production. Today, the ratio is just about reversed, with over 80 per cent of programming produced on film in Hollywood.

In case anyone asks you—and you never know when someone will—the one reason that most television entertainment is on film from Hollywood, produced by the same people who for so many years produced so many bad movies, is not because it is better, not because it is easier, but because there are vast profits in film residuals. An hour film series in its fourth year brings a gross income of over $8 million to a network just in its first-run and network repeats, and subsequent profits in non-network syndication are inestimable.

To date, with the possible exception of functioning oil wells, no one has yet come up with a more certain profitmaker than television. In 1965, total advertising billing on the networks reached $1,610,000,000, and it is projected that this figure will better two-and-a-half billion by 1970. In 1964, CBS reported a *net* income of $49,655,739 on sales of $638,076,567—an increase over the previous year of over $7 million net.

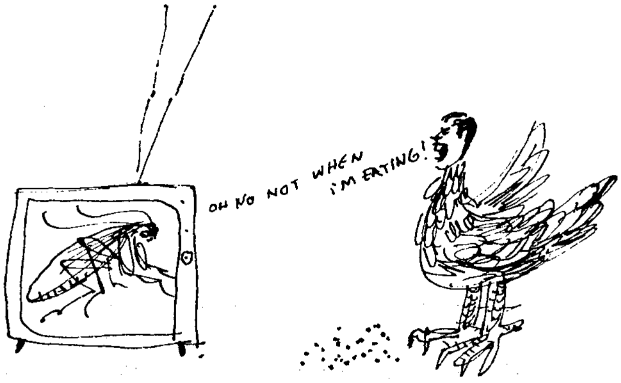
The really incredible thing about the figures is that some of the biggest money-earning shows on television require the least effort to produce. Huntley and Brinkley, those two charming fellows who just sit there, will earn $27,300,000 for NBC in the season 1965-66, and the same network projects a weekly two-hour, prime-time feature film show (where they simply buy a product in a can, like soup) that will gross $44 million.

One could go on, but what's the point? The stunning fact in all this is that these fantastic profits have literally nothing to do with quality. Huntley and Brinkley can continue to bring us bad news, the feature pictures can be just awful, and the film series can be rehashes of rehashes, yet the millions will continue to roll in. Why?

Well, it's really very simple. Television, like other advertising media, charges on the basis of cost per thousand; i.e., the more people you reach with your message, the more you are charged for it. This simple fact accounts for the desperate dependency on ratings. In order to support the continually rising charges, the networks must deliver the largest possible audience. A minute commercial today costs the advertiser about $40,000 as opposed to around $10,000 fifteen years ago; and, as the potential audience grows, so will the cost of time.

In the dear dead days when television was a little more daring, when it would still experiment with new forms and new talents, it was a great deal less expensive. The Philco Playhouse, where I did my duty for some five years as writer, script editor, and ultimately producer, never cost more than $35,000 a show to produce. The sponsor, Philco, paid an additional charge of about $30,000 for time, in return for which there were three two-minute commercials and two "billboards" at the beginning and end of the show, all adding up to six minutes and twenty-five seconds. There was no half-hour station break.

Today, the average hour show will have six one-minute commercials at $40,000 each. The "billboards" will add another forty seconds, and at the


OH NO NOT WHEN I'M EATING!

half-hour the network and local stations will surround the station break with forty-five seconds of commercials (recently increased from thirty-five seconds) for additional income.

Yes, Viewers, there's gold in those airways (leased and licensed by law for "the public interest") as a certain former Texas janitor, now in more prominent surroundings, his broadcast holdings temporarily put away in trust, can easily attest.

Of course, that same Philco show today would cost about $75,000 a week to produce because of increased costs on every level, but that is still less than the average hour film show budgeted at $140,000 a week. Not that the film shows cost all that money to produce, but you have to figure things like 10 per cent to a "packaging" agent [a fellow who (1) knows someone in power at the network and can get him on the phone, or (2) a fellow who represents a star the American public can't live without, like Cara Williams or Paul Ford], furnishing network officials' apartments, limousines, suites at the Beverly Hills Hotel, etc. The show, or what you see on the screen, may actually cost $100,000. That's a lot of icing in there, Viewers, but then, you Viewers buy a lot of deodorants, cavity-preventing toothpaste, dandruff destroyers and supportive underthings.

AS BAD AS television is today, and it is generally pretty awful, I am not about to beat the old drum about how much better it used to be. It really didn't used to be that good, and if you think it was you are dealing from a jaded appetite. In the earlier days, the medium was controlled mostly by the advertisers and their agencies, and there was a terrible censorship of ideas, a dread fear of any controversy.

Very early in my television career, desperately casting about for a story to adapt (this was just before the advent of original television plays), I suggested the possibility of doing Kafka's *Metamorphosis* which, in my naïveté, I thought ideal for the small screen. I submitted my proposal to a leading producer, and in a subsequent meeting it was suggested to me that the story was a possibility—". . . But couldn't you have him change into a dog?" I could barely croak out a "Why?" and the producer said, "Well, you see, we go on the air here in New York at nine P.M., which means we're on the West Coast at six, and the Mountain States at seven. The thing is, a cockroach is very distasteful. You have to understand, on the West Coast people are eating. . . ."

"People Are Eating" television lasted a long time, until the networks took over control. Now they have abortions, hysterectomies and murder most vile and varied, and no one seems to care what you Viewers are doing at the time.

It must also be said that during the so-called Golden Age of television there existed the political blacklist, initiated and perpetuated by the advertisers, in which literally hundreds of actors and writers were banned from the airways. The basic morality of any kind of blacklist is debatable, no matter what the "crime," but even accepting the fact that an admitted Communist should not be permitted electronically into your living room, it was certain that of the hundreds punished all but a handful were completely free of any real political taint. I was once threatened with the loss of my livelihood by the Borden Company (which had a White List of "acceptable" artists) because I was accused (1) of once having been a sponsor of a meeting that supported Red China (not true—but then no one asked me), and (2) of having written a novel that got an excellent review in the *Daily Worker* (true—but the book had also gotten a better and bigger review in The Chicago *Tribune*).

Most victims of the blacklist, by the way, discovered themselves mysteriously out of work and never knew why. The fact that I found out in time and beat the rap was only because my friend and sometime employer, David Susskind, went to someone high enough in the agency and successfully fought my case. I was one of the few lucky ones.

AND SOME OF us survived, though no one is particularly proud of having worked through such an era, and it was finally the networks, by taking control, who broke the blacklist. Not that the networks deserve many bravery medals, but television has always been a seller's market; thus the networks are less susceptible to the kinds of pressures that make weak men weaker.

The fact that a recent ruling of the FCC intends to turn control of half the prime-time programming back into the hands of the advertisers in order to lessen the absolute power of the three networks brings no cheers from those who have been controlled by advertisers. Nothing in the past gives any indication that sponsors will select programs that are better or more experimental or more varied than the networks do now; indeed, all evidence is to the contrary. But perhaps the move has less to do with programming than it does with economics. Why should the networks alone get all those millions?

It is a matter of continual astonishment that there is such a furor about the "Wasteland" of television, that anyone actually expects it to be better than it is. Consider the simple fact that *twenty thousand* hours a year need to be filled on just the three networks, and who has the audacity to expect these hours to be filled with excellence? Television does an increasingly superb job in covering sports and news events, the realities of our society, and perhaps that's all it's really designed to do well. As for the entertainment side, as long as there are just three networks, as long as the powerful lobbies led by Congressmen with interests in existing television stations limit the number of outlets and prevent other systems like Pay-TV and Community Antennae-TV from coming into being, then the general level of entertainment will be gauged to the lowest popular taste. It is, after all, the business of the networks to make the most money possible, and to do this they must reach the widest audience possible. If most of you Viewers prefer *Peyton Place* to Shakespeare and the *Beverly Hillbillies* to Molière, and there is more than ample evidence that you do, then that is what you will get.

The thing one must always remember is that television is no different from any other medium of mass communication. Where is it better? On Broadway Jean Kerr succeeds; Brecht isn't produced. You don't see publishers throwing Irving Wallace or Herman Wouk out of their offices. The *Reader's Digest* sells just a few more copies than does THE NATION, and Fellini can make pictures as long as they don't cost more than $700,000.

Ah, *but,* you say. . . . *But* there is an off-Broadway where Brecht is produced and is acceptable; publishing isn't just limited to the best-selling Wallace and Wouk; THE NATION is on the newsstands; and Fellini *does* make pictures.

AND YOU WOULD be right. There *is* a difference between television and the other media in that television is the only one where *absolute* control is in the hands of only those who go for the biggest buck. This will change not by trying to raise the general level by some mystique whereby the public suddenly rejects *Peyton Place* for *Son of Godot,* nor will it change by handing the choice of programs back to sponsors. And it certainly won't change by vocal minorities like parent groups or education committees or even FCC chairmen crying for better product. It will only change when the monopolistic practices of the combined force of network and advertiser are broken, when Pay-TV or its equivalent allow independent producers to reach smaller audiences and still make a real profit.

It happened in films when the large studios were forced to divest themselves of their theatres. Until then an independent could not get his product booked, just as today an independent television producer finds it virtually impossible to book his product onto a network without network ownership or control. It also happened in publishing, when means were devised to distribute paperbacks wherever there are readers, and it became possible to make a profit on esoteric books by little known writers. It happened in the theatre when playwrights found audiences in small houses not controlled by the Shuberts or the City Investing Company, who book only potential hits into their houses.

The power structure in television will resist any attempt to widen the outlets by any means possible, from millions spent to swing an election in California that outlawed Pay-TV, to Congressional fiat, to FCC foot-shuffling. And why not? A dollar diverted is a dollar lost. A certain former Texas janitor would not be worth an estimated $14 million today if he had not legally been awarded a monopoly to control a large television market.

At present, what you Viewers see (or don't see) on television is controlled for all practical purposes by the three networks. Anyone with a new show idea, even if he has the money to produce a "pilot" sample himself, submits his idea to the network and proceeds only if he has a reasonable guarantee that the network will look upon the final product with favor. This favor is usually won by making the network a partner. There are, then, no more than a dozen men who ultimately decide what goes on the air, mainly because they control what is offered for sale.

A COUPLE OF years ago I spent a stunningly unsuccessful season in the employ of United Artists Television as a creator of new programs. UA is one of those companies that develop shows as so-called independents, but always eventually in partnership with the network. As a result, I had a few brief brushes with the network power structure as it exists today, and I'm a much poorer man for the experience.

James T. Aubrey, now a semi-retired millionaire, was then president of CBS, and he was something to behold if you happen, as I am, to be a student of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie. When Big Jim walked into a room, you never saw so many highly paid people reduced to so many shambling wrecks. I mean, that man generated terror. He owned the joint, and he was *fierce!* Nothing went on the air over at CBS that Big Jim personally didn't approve. You had to check him on every line of the script, every piece of casting, every item on the set. He was the *boss!*

Among my various projects that year was a half-hour comedy written by a very gifted man named Harvey Orkin that I thought was one of the really funny pieces of our time. It was wild, yet it was sophisticated. Its protagonist was a New York lawyer who dealt with the legal profession from the standpoint of the Marx Brothers. It was submitted to CBS and was subsequently reported to me that "everyone" loved it, thought it as funny as I did. Did "everyone" include Big Jim? We would find out at a meeting.

Jim Aubrey looks something like Jack Kennedy out of Jimmy Stewart. He was graduated from Princeton *cum laude,* has lived and worked in big cities all his life. He is not a hick. He has an ingratiating smile and sits mostly with his feet up on his desk. At the meeting to discuss the Orkin project we were joined by five vice-presidents, all of whom had, before the meeting, told me the script was incredibly funny, that we had a real winner.

Since the meeting was only about the Orkin project, the hope was that at the end Jim would give us a go-ahead to make a pilot film. I was told to make my sales pitch. Not that it needed any selling; the script did that, but it was the way one did things in such meetings.

And so I pitched. Ignoring all the vice-presidents, knowing where the power was, I spoke directly to Big Jim. I told him how funny the script was, how Harvey Orkin was perhaps the most original comedy talent since Aristophanes and a lot more acceptable for the home screen, and how we had incredibly detailed plans for episodes that would keep America laughing for years to come. Jim listened carefully. He never stopped smiling.

I pitched for twenty minutes, and then there was no more to be said. When I fell silent, Jim said, "Finished?"

I nodded. Then he nodded, got to his feet and paced the room twice. As he did so, I took out a cigarette and three vice-presidents leaned forward to light it for me, indicating I was a smash. Jim was still smiling as he turned to me.

"I've got to tell you," he said, "nothing you said made any sense. *Not one thing*!"

There was absolute silence, like at my funeral just before the man gets up to give the eulogy.

"The script is terrible," Jim said. "There isn't one funny line in it. Not one joke, not a smile. I don't think either you or Orkin understand the first thing about comedy."

This from the man who put the *Beverly Hillbillies* on the air.

Jim went on: "What the hell makes you think that one person in the United States gives one goddam about some guy, some flip clod, who wisecracks his way through life, whose only real problem is what bar he bellies up to at night? Grass-roots humor—that's what the people like. And that's what they buy. Not this crap."

That was the beginning of what he said. There was a lot more, but it all added up to the death of me, Harvey Orkin and our project. Oh, I did put up a little struggle; I even, in desperation, turned to the vice-presidents who had helped light my cigarette. One said it was the worst script he'd ever read, the second said he personally had seen nothing at all funny in it, and the third indicated great surprise that a man with my track-record for taste would even come around with something like that.

Jim accepted this surprising support for his position with aplomb, then said in a very kindly way, "Don't look for comedy in the lives of guys like you and me. Nobody really gives a damn about what happens to us."

When Aubrey left CBS he took with him about two-and-a-half million dollars in stock options. I tell this story not because I like to kick a man when he's up, but because I've been proved right and Jim wrong. When Jim was fired, the story made front-page headlines in newspapers all across the country including *The New York Times,* so you Viewers out there *do* care what happens to guys like us. And a lot of people (but not me) *did* laugh.

It is strictly a coincidence that a year later I found myself wandering, alone, in a foreign country. It was a very cold Sunday night in late January as I walked down O'Connell Street in Dublin. Pubs were closed, movies sold out. Ahead of me, a lighted window, a crowd. Sure enough, pressing through the people I found myself peering through a thick glass at a 21″ screen. Telefis Eirean is very primitive and concerns itself mostly with earnest men who talk in Gaelic to convince people that *everyone* should talk in Gaelic. Not many people own television sets, and those who do are centered around the cities. There is only one channel.

This, however, was not the usual political panel show. A man, dressed like a chicken, was dancing. I swear it's true. Fifteen years later, almost to the day. The people standing around me were laughing, and when the man took off his chicken head he looked just like Brendan Behan.

Well, what were you expecting—Milton Berle?

THE NATION *has always inspired respect for its intellectual integrity. I look upon its praise as a most valued endorsement of an artist's effort, whether of the arts, of the theatre, or of the films.* —**Charles Chaplin**

NOTES ON THE NEW STYLE

WILLIAM PHILLIPS

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IT'S ALL ANTI THESE DAYS: anti-literature, anti-art, anti-morality, anti-society, anti-ideology, anti-matter. Some people, mostly those with one foot in the past, are *for* something, but the young, and those who have jumped on the bandwagon of youth, are busy inventing new forms of rejection and secession. It's called cooling it or copping out—depending on whether you're in or out.

This is the new sensibility. Usually a new sensibility is a new literary style which reflects a new life style. At present, the life style is so strong that it has taken over the functions of art. Perhaps the new attitudes are too dramatic and uncompromising, or have not settled sufficiently to support works of literature, or perhaps the new writing still is not able to stand on its own. Anyway, new fiction has been itself part of the scene, which explains why it is so sprawling, and why it is so difficult to fit it into the old frames. Burroughs, Genêt, even Beckett, to some extent Mailer, do not have their niche in the history of the novel the way, for example, Faulkner, or Bellow, or Flannery O'Connor or Nathanael West do—a situation obviously confusing to those teachers and critics who would like to keep up with new beliefs by holding on to their old ones.

Some of the new fiction must then be seen as a break with the past. There was an earlier break with tradition that brought the literary exile back into the fold. Both these changes have been played down, however, because literary history, which takes to similarities more than differences, tends to flatten out the past. Even criticism, which should know better, has done the same thing, because the kind of criticism that goes in for theory and historical connections usually abhors discontinuity and has a weakness for traditions which have been academically certified. For some critics, to question the lines of tradition is as unthinkable as to question the idea of heredity or history. Hence the common version of what happened to the novel fails to explain why the figures of what might be called the Golden Era—Proust, Mann, Joyce, even Kafka, who falls outside most schemes—seemed to mark the end of a line.

THESE NOVELISTS, who dominated the early part of the century, were sustained by two beliefs: that society had a certain shape and direction; and that, though they were outside it, in some mysterious, often perverse, way they represented its ideals and its possibilities. They were in and out, but comfortably so, nestled in the tradition, going back to the Romantics, of an intellectual aristocracy that acted as both rebel and prophet. When Joyce made his famous pledge "to encounter . . . the reality of experience and to forge the uncreated conscience of my race," he was not so far out as he seemed at the time. Earwicker, after all, was Everyman. Nor was Mann way out when he created the artist-bourgeois hero, who had it both ways. Kafka, I think, broke out of this essentially aesthetic view of society, because he was impelled more by his own morbid experience and his own feelings than by the myths of belonging and not belonging. In his indifference to society and hence to conventional motivations, Kafka was closer to the current sensibility than some of his more explicitly *avant-garde* contemporaries. But even Kafka was not free of the bruised humanism behind the panoramic and allegorical fiction of Joyce, Mann and Proust. The *Waste Land* tradition in the novel seemed to require these big, suggestive themes, roaming through time and space, for only on such a scale could the agonies of the hero be blown up to represent man's fate.

As we know, this culture-hero has had a long literary career. He began as an English Romantic, as an angel who doubled as a devil. Nietzsche and Dostoevsky played up his morbid and diabolical side. He appeared in some movements as the alienated man. He turned up at one time or another as a symbolist, a dadaist, an exile. He was also a political rebel, sometimes a revolutionary. On the whole he was nourished on the idea that the forces making for a better society were to be found in society itself. Hence he opposed the values it practiced, not the values it professed.

IN THE FOLLOWING PERIOD, the novel came down to earth. It took its place in society, but without a theory of society, or of art. It lost its ambition. The novel became smaller, less symbolic, less self-conscious, more like the ordinary idea of ordinary experience. Not only was the tradition of the big brooding novel played out; more important was the fact there was no longer a main tradition. Instead, there were many little traditions that lost their power over new writing and broke down into vague conventions and influences. The novel took off in many directions. Thus we got genre novels, regional novels, novels of manners, exotic novels, academic novels. The shift could be seen in the early Hemingway and Faulkner, for whom the narrative was more important than the theme. But even more typical of the new era were figures like Kingsley Amis, Iris Murdoch, Katherine Anne Porter, Mary McCarthy, Bernard Malamud, Saul Bellow. They were all novelists of manners—social, moral, and sexual manners—all committed to a genre in which the writer stakes out his claim in a society that is taken for granted. They were not morbid, or apocalyptic, or angry. The cold war between the writer and his society was over.

The most representative novelist of the period is Saul Bellow, perhaps because he is one of the most gifted and self-conscious writers today. His first novel, *The Dangling Man,* which seems to have been forgotten because it falls outside the pattern of the later work, comes out of the tradition of the heroic anti-hero. In its scale and its conception, *The Dangling Man* reflected the new adjustments to more modest views of the world. But he was still a marginal man, an artist-intellectual set apart by his values and his anxieties. In fact, reviewers who did not believe in alienation were quite hostile to Bellow's novel, despite the fact that the dangling man had both feet on the ground.

Obviously, the young Bellow was if not an alienated man an alienated writer. But his later writing shows a steady de-alienation. *The Victim,* a novel about anti-Semitism, seems to be a transitional work, for the transformation of the Jew from the alienated man to the victim of injustice meant that the conflict was now situated in social conventions and institutions. But the two later, more expansive novels are more explicit. Augie March still had a little of the old freewheeling, self-assertive, and self-pitying quality of the dangling man. This could be a self-portrait, a mixture, as in most writers, of what Bellow feels and what he thinks he should feel. But Augie's drifting was no longer on the metaphysical edges of society; he was a wanderer on the inside, a borer-from-within. As Augie made his way into the experiences of the average man, with his charm, his wit, and the jauntiness of his sufferings, he grew into a picaresque hero. Augie became a Tom Jones of contemporary America: a little less roguish, a little more self-conscious, still an adventurer within his own time and country—an American.

THE OUTSIDER WAS now the insider. But it took more than ideology to make this reversal; it was accomplished, as it always is in fiction, by bringing what one saw together with what one looked at. It took a certain literary insight to connect the peculiar footloose, sharp-eyed quality of American life with the legendary traits of the alienated man; and no doubt much of Bellow's appeal comes from his domestication of the wanderer to fit in with the new sense of America.

Herzog completes the process of de-alienation, though the dangling man seems to be here again. But he returns through the back door, through sex, which makes him a case rather than a symbol. Like all the earlier heroes, Herzog sighs and sags, but this time he reaches the end of his rope and not the end of existence. He can't make it because he has lost his grip and because he has bad luck with his women. This is a story of maladjustment, not the allegory of a dropout. Clearly, Herzog has the inside track to understanding as well as to suffering, and if he has trouble—who hasn't? The end is ambiguous because Bellow recognizes that ambiguity is the most certain form of reality, at least in fiction. Still, one is left with the feeling that Herzog will probably make it.

And if he does, it is because he exemplifies the optimism, made more explicit in various essays and reviews, that Bellow apparently needs to overcome his doubts. Otherwise, you would get only the whining of the dangling man, who makes us feel sorry for him because he thinks he is smaller than his fate and larger than his lot. The letters Herzog writes to famous men and to the world at large provide the clue: they are nutty and absurd and full of the folklorish wisdom of people who have nothing to do with practical things, but they are the letters of someone who is always playing the game.

Bellow's fiction also shows a formal break with the earlier tradition. It is relaxed, discursive, almost like a throwback to the beginnings of the novel, when the plot hung on the meanderings and fortunes of the hero. Yet Bellow did not invent the style. It was in fact the prevailing one, though it naturally took a different form in such different temperaments as Mary McCarthy, who has an eye for cant and social immorality, or Bernard Malamud, whose civilized passions are those of a Jewish epicure, or Henry Miller, who confuses his dreams with his frustrations. Most of the novels of the period were worldly in tone as well as in theme and situated in a particular locale. In this respect, Mary McCarthy was perhaps most typical: her concern with the observable world fit right in with the breakup of the big novel, while her sophistication kept her away from naturalism.

BUT MAYBE MORE important than individual temperament was the national temperament. The new turn was largely American, and the reason, I think, was the native bias against monolithic traditions. It was much more American to believe in the present than in the past, and in geography rather than history. If there was a dominant myth it was that America existed in its constant rediscovery of itself. In the period after the war this anti-myth took the form of feeling that big ideas were played out, that the novelist now had the job simply of writing about the things he saw and felt.

The very diversity of American life made for a diversity of fiction. But a similar mood existed abroad and European writers were quite receptive to American influence. In England, where the native bent for empiricism and urbanity had usually kept the novel from becoming too inflated, a rash of easy-going, talky, comic novels by writers like Henry Green, Kingsley Amis, John Braine appeared after the war. And even more socially-minded writers, such as Doris Lessing, or Alan Sillitoe, were more concerned with recording than with generalizing their observations. In France, the national weakness for the rhetoric of ideas naturally persisted. But for the leading figures of the period, for Camus and Sartre, for example, the novel was mostly a comment on contemporary life.

After almost a century of philosophical speculation and literary experiment, the novel had come back to more homely subjects and the novelist no longer thought of himself as the moral conscience in exile.

NOTHING LASTS VERY LONG these days, and now the tide is all the other way. The new sensibility is a swing away from civilization, a kind of de-civilization, and not in the name of some higher civilization. The key figures are Burroughs and Genêt, supported, as any new style must be, by lesser writers like Selby, Rechy, and Blechman.

But the transition to the extremes of writing today was made by Norman Mailer, whose first novel was a documentary of his observations, and whose latest was a documentary of his dreams. It has been pointed out that Mailer reversed the usual development of novelists, transforming himself from a conventional and popular novelist to a dissident one. Only recently, however, has the extent to which Mailer has gone back on his past been recognized, and mostly by his critics, who have been ranting against the new immorality. The accusation is not original: it was made against Joyce and Lawrence, as it always has been made against any innovators in sex or morals. And the answer to such indictments, as Leavis said, is that the business of literature is to raise moral questions, not to answer them. If Lawrence broke the rules, it was because he was interested less in sexual conventions than in fulfillment. The same obviously can be said for Mailer. But what concerns us here is that Mailer, in stretching the limits of experience, has come close to the anti-world of Burroughs or Genêt. I say he has come close, because even in so wilful and self-indulgent a book as *An American Dream* Mailer shows he cannot give up the established liberal world with its old-fashioned concepts of power and justice and heterosexual love. Even in his sexual forays, the messianic Rojack, who is out to save women from civilization, is himself trapped in the traditional opposition between work and play, fulfillment and frustration.

In *An American Dream,* Mailer's inability to accept or reject all of society is resolved partly by psychosis, a common form of adjustment by people half-in, half-out. The explanation—that escaped most reviewers—for much of Rojack's inexplicable behavior lies in his failure to connect with what he expects of the other characters or what they expect of him. The murder itself, the odd behavior of the police, the foxy calculations of Rojack, all add up to a fantasy as consistent and illogical as psychosis.

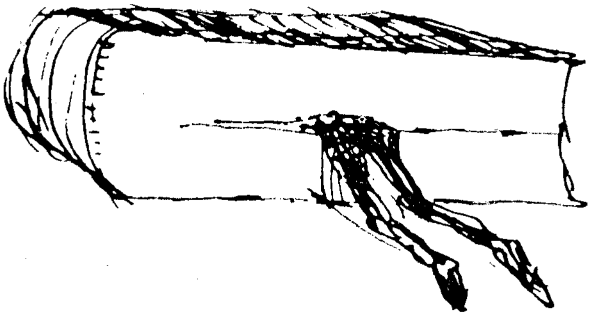
But the psychotic character in the novel cannot be thought of simply as deranged. The use of psychosis is a means of creating a new system of motivation that would not work in ordinary life, but does in a novel. Such a self-contained system of motivation was used, for example, by Gide in *The Counterfeiters*. In fact, motives in fiction are never real motives, since an imagined character has no existence outside the story, and there is no "person" to which his actions can be related. For this reason, extreme behavior can be given a literary form resembling psychosis. In the past, this was done to make murderers or sex criminals plausible—for example, Stavrogin, Lafcadio or Merseult. Lately, however, dreams and dissociations that border on the psychotic have become a staple of the new sensibility.

Mailer's efforts to flagellate himself into more extreme positions showed up earlier in his essays, though one tended to think of them as shock-waves to neutralize the opposition and not to take them too seriously. "The White Negro," the articles on Kennedy and Goldwater and the self-advertisements all show Mailer constantly straining to get beyond the conventions even of advanced thinking into a cooler, more neutral state of being. In this kind of world, you do not solve things, you experience them; you step up your personal life while cutting down on your involvement with society. But unlike Burroughs, who doesn't know where he ends and the world begins, Mailer is still preoccupied with politics and social causes, that is, with the idea of humanity which lies behind any belief in change and improvement, even self-improvement. No matter how hard he tries, Mailer cannot attain the state of historical amnesia or total personal detachment required to make one's inner life entirely self-sufficient. But the fact that he can't make it gives him much of his strength as a novelist—at least as far as those who haven't gone overboard for the latest in dissociation are concerned.

The contrast between these two major figures, Bellow and Mailer, is quite suggestive. Bellow, who started out as a loner, a moral prowler, has reached the ripeness, the mellowness, the confidence of the established man of letters. Mailer, on the other hand, after an assured career, now acts like a young writer, cocky, nervous, and unpredictable. Bellow is admired as a novelist; Mailer has become, particularly for younger people, a messianic underground figure.

AS WRITERS KEEP OUTDOING each other in destroying the past, each new breakthrough trumps the last one. Compared with Genêt or Burroughs, Norman Mailer sounds almost normal. He is, it is true, a little perverse. But with the help of Norman O. Brown, and some reinterpreting of Freud, perversity can be assimilated to the idea of normality. What we have in Genêt and Burroughs is something else: it is not the extension of "normal" experience to include what used to be regarded as abnormal experience, but a different kind of life, out there, in which dope, and crime, and sexual experiment are taken for granted.

Genêt is by far the most gifted and interesting figure, and for this very reason no longer seems so exceptional or so extreme. As with most outstanding writers, his genius justifies his aberrations, and connects them with more traditional ones, particularly in the plays, where the madness of his associations is made natural and plausible. Still, the life represented by Genêt is not the life most of us live, certainly not the outer life and only in part the inner life. Nor is Genêt saying it is a better or a worse life; it is just his. I am not here concerned with judging Genêt or his values. But, I should say that what we call morality is a constantly shifting and unpredictable combination of old and new values. Nor is there any rule tying us to certain more conventional subjects and putting others beyond the pale. It must be said, too, because of the sudden boom in moralizing criticism, mainly on the part of aging critics, that it is sheer cant to pretend one's real or fantasy life is free of the things that are dismissed as too extreme or immoral.



Nevertheless, the fact remains that Genêt, like Burroughs, is writing about a life we associate with the underworld. And the question naturally arises how the underworld became the basis of the new sensibility, which, after all, is taken to be suggestive of contemporary life in general. The answer, I guess, is in the youth, the advanced youth, not all of it, obviously, just those forceful and flamboyant enough to impose their style on the period, particularly on its writing. But this can't be the whole story. The new sensibility can't be just the style of a new literary generation, saying no not only to the world as it is but also to the idea of changing it. Even the most extreme spokesmen must be reflecting more than their own boredom or their own brand of fun. They must be expressing, the way extreme literature has always expressed what a period means, the fact that we are all in some sense cool and disengaged today. Don't we all play with the notion that the very madness of the world is what holds it together?

The new sensibility gives a purity of form to this type of madness by fantasizing institutions out of existence. Neither in Burroughs, nor in Selby, nor in some of the other advanced novelists, are there any social or moral institutions, any psychological norms, by which people measure themselves and against which they rebel. In fact, there is no rebelling; only abstaining and resigning. Hence violence becomes personal, and, given a bent in this direction anyway, sexual. In Burroughs we actually get a kind of sexual cannibalism, that doubles as a homosexual and a social symbol. In this sort of free-for-all, the family naturally disappears, too. In fact, the only place I know where Marx's prediction of the breakdown of the family is actually fulfilled is in the novels of Burroughs and Genêt. Generally in the fluid world of the anti-world, in which there are no recognizable boundaries, all the people act like orphans, as well as drifters. As I recall, there are no sons or fathers in Burroughs, only spacemen on leave from reality. Hence all relations are incestuous and patricidal and all distinctions of age or authority tend to disappear. Selby's tough adolescents, too, though always in motion, do not seem to be coming from or going anywhere.

It is interesting to note that many eighteenth and nineteenth century heroes and heroines were real orphans; one thinks of Tom Jones, Becky Sharpe, and Jane Eyre. Their rootlessness, like that of the modern orphan, made for mobility. But this was a device used by the novelist to create characters who were not bound by the stability of society, while the symbolic orphans of today come out of a sense of instability.

I have talked mainly about the more established and the more dramatic of the new novelists, because they have set the tone of the new style. But, of course, there are many others, quite gifted, though less formed. (I have not discussed John Rechy, who is very much like Burroughs, but not so good.) One of the most accomplished is Selby, who creates an imaginary violence, mostly sexual, that is made to look real by means of a stylized naturalism. Perhaps the two most original talents are Pynchon, author of that remarkable novel *V*, and Susan Sontag, who is better known for her criticism than her fiction. Miss Sontag, I think, is the most intelligent of the new writers, and paradoxically, the most traditional, though she has been taken as a spokesman for the new style.

Some of the writers associated with the new sensibility have not been able to make a complete break. But in the more extreme figures de-civilization has gone a long way. Fiction, particularly, has gone so far one can't imagine what else could be coming. The old development of character, which takes for granted that it is possible to grow up, is out. We now have instant realization, and instant destruction. As in science fiction, characters will have to be invented instead of being created.

I have been trying to think what I really get out of reading THE NATION. *I think it's this: I cannot believe much of what I read in the papers. It is not even a question of whether they are venal or not, it is rather their accepted mode of presenting the news, a blank undigested recital of actions. These actions don't become facts, they don't take on the color of truth until they are put into some kind of perspective.* THE NATION *has been publishing long enough to have identified itself with one of the major traditions of this country, a liberalism that does not operate by fiat but one that has experienced enough trials to take into account all the actions and digest them and present them in the light of an honest concern for the public welfare. Thus, when I read* THE NATION *I think am getting something pretty close to the truth, give a little, take a little. This is a great satisfaction.*

—Allan Seager

HENRY JAMES and THE NATION

LEON EDEL

A Pulitzer Prize biographer of Henry James, Mr. Edel is Professor of English at New York University. He has written or edited more than 30 volumes and contributes frequently to the book review columns of THE NATION.

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN that Henry James was one of the most consistent—and most prolific—contributors to THE NATION during its first fifteen years, those years when it came "to enjoy a fortune and achieve an authority and dignity" (as James later said) unknown to any other publication in the United States. James was twenty-two when he wrote his first book review for the very first issue of the weekly. Between 1865 and 1880 he contributed more than 200 essays, reviews, travel sketches, commentaries and theatrical and art criticisms; he was, in a word, a sort of critic-at-large for Godkin's publication, in New York, in Paris, London or Rome. He found time, in the midst of his writing of fiction, to go to a London Academy show and tell NATION readers about the pre-Raphaelites and Whistler; or to describe Paris after the Commune; or to take the readers on some of his vigorous walking tours in the Alps. On occasion he would even dig up a sporting event, say the college regatta at Worcester, or the Oxford-Cambridge boat race, viewed at dawn from a bridge over the Thames. For a very brief time he attempted parliamentary reporting, visiting Westminster loyally and discoursing on Disraeli and the grandiosities of Victoria or the vicissitudes of the "Afghan affair." But these excursions were short-lived. He was, first and foremost, a critic of the arts.

The prospectus of THE NATION had implied that literature was as much the weekly's concern as politics; and it had added that "sound and impartial criticism" would be published "in every case by writers having special qualifications for it." NATION readers might have wondered about the qualifications of a 22-year-old novice in letters like Henry James, who had printed one tale in *The Atlantic Monthly* and a few unsigned notices in *The North American Review* when Godkin invited him to write for the weekly. Those were the days, however, when criticism was anonymous; Godkin took responsibility for everything. The editor, moreover, had no doubts of the young man's talents or qualifications. He had been told by Charles Eliot Norton of his precocious literary gifts; and he had gone out of his way to call on the two Henry Jameses, father and son, in Ashburton Place, on the farther side of Beacon Hill, to enlist them as contributors. Volume 1 Number 1 of THE NATION contained a review by the senior Henry of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* while the junior reviewed a Henry Kingsley novel. Young Henry James seems to have welcomed anonymity; his reputation was to be made in fiction, and he continued to write criticism "silently" for THE NATION, enjoying the freedom to comment as he wished, without having to watch his words. The unsigned article made for easy and for unselfconscious reviewing. Years after he was to boast that his early pieces were beyond recovery. But he had not reckoned with the persistence of modern bibliographers. There came a moment when THE NATION account books yielded their secrets: the names of the authors, what they had written and how much they had been paid.

Henry James's early reviews are recognizably youthful even though they pretend to be written by an older man; they have a certain edge and they are without compromise. He admonishes Kingsley to "forget in the first place, that he is an English gentleman, and remember that he is a novelist." With the high seriousness of his years, he chides Trollope as one who "just eludes being serious; unless it be the almost equal success with which he frequently escapes being really humorous." On the other hand he is quick to see George Eliot's "extensive human sympathy, that easy understanding of character at large, that familiarity with man from which a novelist draws his real inspiration." He discourses brilliantly on Dickens, on Flaubert, on Turgenev; his range is wide, and to list his reviews would be to list most of the important novelists and essayists writing on both sides of the Channel at the time—from Edmond de Goncourt to Hardy, Hugo to Zola, Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Braddon. He reviews Hawthorne's journals, Howells, Bayard Taylor, De Forest and Miss Alcott. As was always to be the case, he is a splendid critic of fiction and often a lame one of verse. His well-known lapses are his account of *Les Fleurs du mal*—"the effort of an essentially prosaic mind to lift itself, by prolonged muscular strain, into poetry" and his formidable assault, in Arnoldian accents, on Walt Whitman. He reprinted the Baudelaire, much revised, but he repudiated the Whitman. The recantation was emphatic—"nothing would induce me to reveal the whereabouts of my disgrace, which I can only recollect as deep and damning." The whereabouts were revealed as we know; and it was just as well for literary history. We can see the young man taking his false as well as true steps as a critic.

TO READ HIM in THE NATION's pages is to see his growth. The sharp didactic tones cease altogether; a certain shrillness disappears. In the 1870s a humane critic emerges, wide in his interests, generous in his sympathies, singularly good-tempered; he is distinctly a man of his time, but like all gifted individuals he is also capable of rising above it. The critical writings become not merely a record of personal development; they reveal to us the standards of taste and discrimination which Godkin maintained in his columns; and the extent to which the THE NATION cherished cultural values at a time when the raw wounds of war were still healing. James constantly mentioned writers new to America; and for a number of years, after he took up residence abroad, he kept NATION readers informed of cultural currents abroad. Even when he misjudged the impressionists, he reported on them; and Americans reading the weekly were also well-informed about new plays to be seen in London and Paris. He did not confine himself to fiction in his reviews; he discusses the latest writings of Taine, Sainte-Beuve, Renan; and he treats the minor French critics, Schérer and Montégut. One can understand why Godkin gave Henry James so much freedom and all the space he needed. The editor had complained that American journalism was stodgy; and that American intellectuals "all want to write ponderous essays if they write at all." He found it difficult to get "men of education in America to handle any subject with a light touch." Henry James had the light touch; and he cultivated verbal felicity and charm. His prose of these earlier years had not acquired the mandarin qualities of his later time. It was fluid and explicit, epigrammatic, witty. It was criticism at its freest and most spontaneous; as James remarked, criticism for him was "an agreeable luxury—something like printed talk."

GOOD AS JAMES'S NATION reviews were, they were surpassed by his travel writings. He made himself into one of the foremost literary travelers of his time. This was the era when going abroad was still an adventure; and Americans remaining on their spreading continent liked to read of far-away places. James began by persuading Godkin to print sketches of certain American scenes—Newport, Saratoga, Lake George, Niagara Falls. These revealed him at once as an admirable observer of American manners. His

> The villas and cottages, the beautiful idle women the beautiful idle men, the brilliant pleasure-fraught days and evenings, impart, perhaps, to Newport life a faintly European expression, in so far as they suggest the somewhat alien presence of leisure—"fine old Leisure," as George Eliot calls it. Nothing, it seems to me, however, can take place in America without straightway seeming very American; and, after a week at Newport, you begin to fancy that, to live for amusement simply, beyond the noise of commerce or of care, is a distinctively national trait. Nowhere else in this country—nowhere, of course, within the range of our better civilization—does business seem so remote, so vague and unreal. Here a positive organic system of idleness or of active pleasure-taking has grown up and matured. If there is any poetry in the ignorance of trade and turmoil and the hard processes of fortune, Newport may claim her share of it. She knows—or at least appears to know—for the most part, nothing but results. Individuals here, of course, have private cares and burdens, to preserve the balance and the dignity of life; but these collective society conspires to forget. It is a singular fact that a society that does nothing is decidedly more picturesque, more interesting to the eye of sentiment, than a society which is hard at work.
>
> —*Henry James*, THE NATION, *1870*

studies of the older society at Newport, the only spot where a sense of leisure was cultivated in the busy America of his time, and of the *nouveau riche* society at Saratoga, constitute for us today classic documents of their era. James evokes the wide "piazzas" of the Saratoga hotels, the sauntering wives and daughters, and their hourly changes of finery—"a hundred rustling beauties whose rustle is their sole occupation." He listens to the conversation of the husbands, self-made men with their feet up on verandah rails, their cigars tilted at the same angle, "hard nuts, which have grown and ripened as they could." He cannot resist adding that he seemed "to hear the cracking of the shells." He observes in particular the children; they will figure in his tales of the middle period; and no modern writer discussing "permissive" parents could offer better testimony than James's pictures of youngsters roller-skating in hotel corridors and sprawling asleep and neglected late in the evening in big leather lobby chairs.

Having established himself as a literary traveler in America, James went abroad in the early 1870s, largely counting on his NATION earnings to support him in Paris or the Rome of Garibaldi. Godkin paid him $50 for each travel article; and his papers from these cities and from rural England "from our special correspondent" are as fresh and as readable today as they were when they first appeared. Assembled in 1875, they constituted James's first book, *Transatlantic Sketches,* and many years later they served him in his volumes of *English Hours* and *Italian Hours.* James was a comfortable, sentient, easy traveler; he sought to resolve his impressions into concrete pictures; he sought also to give his readers that tissue of image and tableau which he admired in his French models, Taine and Gautier. He speaks of himself in these papers as "an observant American" or as "our old friend the sentimental tourist." He is in fact more than a tourist: for he watches closely the finer differences in national manners, which will become the subject of his fictions. He divides his attention evenly between the works of nature and of man; he decidedly prefers the latter, the flow of life into art, the flow of art into life. He likes the picturesque, but it must be the "human picturesque." Americans busy with their tasks could travel vicariously with this "special correspondent" in THE NATION's pages. He has an eye for houses and for architecture; he is a sophisticated searcher-out of paintings hidden behind altars in dark churches; he wanders with a keen eye for flora and fauna in English country lanes, or evokes the little flowers springing out of ancient Roman ruins. The sense of Europe was brought by James with great success to Americans busy creating their cities and their industries—to those very families he had seen in Saratoga who were about to venture forth across the ocean, there to become the further subject of James's "international" tales.

THE WRITER of thirty, traveling about Europe, had one complaint. The NATION printers did not seem to be able to read his handwriting. When he wrote about the "blood-stained pavements" of Paris the words appeared as "blood-stained garments." When he ventured to describe certain "idle vistas and melancholy nooks" some typesetter, of apparently ecclesiastical bent, read this as "idle sisters and melancholy monks." "What do you think of this!" the author exploded to his brother William, in a letter filled with a record of typographical errors and a sense of outrage. The affront to his prose was remembered into old age, for in the last piece which he wrote for THE NATION, in 1915, a reminiscence of the paper's founding, he spoke of being "never criticized, never corrected, nor disapproved, postponed nor omitted, but just sweetly and profusely and plausibly misprinted."

There was one period, however, when he was able to read his own proofs, and when he could smell the printer's ink and the fresh paper in THE NATION's own editorial offices. Henry James came to New York in 1875 to try a calculated experiment: he wanted to see whether he could support himself by his pen in America. Without becoming a regular staff member of THE NATION, he had from Godkin a free hand with books, art shows and the theatre: he was, that winter, THE NATION's critic of the arts. He saw Madame Ristori and George Rignold in the old playhouses of Fifth Avenue; he visited a series of art exhibitions; and he reviewed books steadily. I have told the story of James's New York winter in the second volume of my life of the novelist; how he lived in shabby rooms at 111 East 25th Street near a Dutch grocery just off Second Avenue, within walking distance of Madison Square, then the heart of Manhattan. He used to take the elevated down to THE NATION at 5 Beekman Street to deliver his copy in person; there he fraternized with Godkin, the assistant editor, Arthur Sedgwick, and Wendell Phillips Garrison. There was a story that Godkin actually invited James to take a regular position with THE NATION; but he remained an uncommitted free lance. He worked extremely hard that winter; three and four articles a week appeared in THE NATION and he was writing also for *The Atlantic* and *The Galaxy* and seeing his first travel book and his first novel through the press. Sometimes the entire arts section of the weekly was the work of James. He was paid from $12 to $30 for each piece, depending on its length. He wrote in all 70 essays and reviews during that year and some 40 of these appeared in THE NATION. He reviewed almost anything that came to hand: biographies of New England worthies, accounts of Fourierist and Communist communities in America, religious memoirs, the journals of Greville and of Dr. Livingstone, Taine on Paris, Hare on Rome—his racing pen worked overtime. But at the winter's end he was exhausted, and he had found time to write only one short fiction. He could fare much better in Europe; one travel article could yield him as much as three or four reviews. In his diary he speaks of this Manhattan winter as "bright, cold, unremunerative, uninteresting." And at the end of that year he sailed to take up residence in Paris.

He did not stop writing for THE NATION, however. In 1877, when he was at work on his novel *The American,* he found time to do thirty-one articles in Paris and London; and in the year of *Daisy Miller*—when he became famous on both sides of the sea—he contributed twenty-five reviews. But now his fiction was in demand and after 1879 he ceased to write fugitive journalism. *The Portrait of a Lady* was in the making, and his connection with THE NATION ended just about the time that Godkin went to the New York *Post* and the weekly became affiliated with that newspaper. James had thus been associated with THE NATION during its first great period, when it attained a substantial circulation and was a journal of power and influence. Its influence on the arts is more difficult to appraise. But it is safe to say that the quality of its criticism, as exemplified above all in James's contributions, set a standard for the new generation of critics.

In his autobiographies, written late in life, Henry James incorporated a long passage evoking the time of his first dispatching of "copy" to THE NATION when he lived in Ashburton Place. He speaks of the "premonitory gusts of April"—the history-charged moments in the spring of 1865—the end of the long war at Appomattox, the discharge into civilian life of bronzed and seasoned soldiers, the assassination in Washington and the progress of Lincoln and his "mould-smashing mask" into legend. And with these moments he evokes another significant moment—that of Godkin's coming to see him, young and untrained as he was, and the founding of the magazine. Godkin had become "THE NATION incarnate" and James paid tribute to his "vivid ability," his "admirably aggressive and ironic editorial humor." It had a quality and authority new in American journalism.

They had remained fast friends to the end, as James's letters to Godkin, preserved at Harvard, attest. It had all been, James wrote in his article (for the 50th anniversary issue of THE NATION) "the most copious chapter of experience"—a chapter not only in his own life, but that of American journalism and of literature. Future historians are likely to say that it was a significant chapter also in American culture and civilization.

My heartiest congratulations on THE NATION*'s 100th birthday. The magazine has had a somewhat checkered history under its various owners and editors but it always has had something to say, and has filled a very useful role in American life. It is good that we have a magazine of its sort going so far back into our history. It is even better that it should have its present vigor and make its present contribution to the understanding and discussion of issues of great public importance. May it celebrate its second centennial under an economy of abundance in a world of peace, freedom and fraternity.*—**Norman Thomas**

(Continued from page 53)

where the country could not keep out of the war." Unlike the *New Republic,* which was strongly in favor of our entrance into the conflict, Villard's NATION was pacifist at heart. It loyally supported the war effort, but stressed the importance of "a peace of justice and the remaking of the world into a sensible, decent whole." Early in 1918, it published the opinions of various university professors on the "secret treaties" which Villard's *Evening Post* had laid before American readers for the first time. (The treaties previously had been published by the Bolsheviks, who found them in the archives of the Czarist regime.) In his NATION comment Carl Becker said:

> . . . Unless the nations adopt radically different ideals of national welfare and radically different methods of attaining it, the next war will come in due course as surely as night comes with the setting of the sun.

Harold deWolf Fuller could not breathe the fresh air that Villard was now letting into THE NATION'S pages. On January 31, 1918, the journal announced the retirement of its fifth editor. Oswald Garrison Villard was now to direct the publication with Henry R. Mussey, lately of the Department of Economics of Columbia University, as managing editor.

A few months after this development, on July 6, 1918, the editorial separation of the weekly from the *Evening Post* (sold to Thomas Lamont, brother of Hammond Lamont, who had been THE NATION'S third editor) was announced. The weekly was again completely independent, as it had been until its merger with the *Evening Post* in 1881.

Villard was in some ways as conservatively respectable as any of his Harvard classmates. But More and Fuller saw him only as a dangerous radical. When Fuller and another *Evening Post*-NATION conservative, Fabian Franklin, started a magazine which was intended to combat the pernicious influence of Villard's weekly, More gave it cash and articles and his blessing. THE NATION survived, and rapidly acquired under Villard an influence comparable in extent, if not in kind, to that of the journal under its first brilliant editor.

II

Issues and Men: 1865-1918

THE "PRE-MODERN" NATION, from 1865 to 1916, expressed opinions on the major political and social issues agitating the United States, as it did on cultural issues like the debate over realism and naturalism in the arts. This brief history can discuss only a few of these questions, but may recall something of the stir and pulsation of American life as they were felt and to some degree affected by THE NATION'S editors and contributors.

Godkin's weekly anticipated, in 1865, the end of autocracy everywhere. An editorial in the first number, "The Emperor and the Two Sons," noted sardonically the decision of the French police to permit, after first prohibiting, a popular subscription for a medal to be presented to Abraham Lincoln's widow. Louis Napoleon, said Godkin—who had observed politics in Paris three years before—feared understandably this public "offering of republicans to a republic." It was *Hamlet*-like "miching malecho" which had "esoteric as well as exoteric significancy." The French people wished to be shut of the noxious nephew of Napoleon the Great just as American Negroes were free of their repressive masters. THE NATION proudly quoted Mazzini's recent declaration that the United States had done more for the cause of republicanism in four years than had been achieved in fifty by European discussion; and the weekly went on to declare that "republican propaganda" was "inseparable from a republican establishment." Godkin wanted to export this American revolution. American democrats, his journal clearly said, were spiritually at one with Mazzinis and Kossuths.

Godkin, like Mazzini, was not committed to Freedom as an absolute good. He shared the great Italian's conviction that men's duties were as important as their rights, that free men had an obligation to act with the whole community in mind. Thus his position on Reconstruction, overwhelmingly the most important American problem at the moment of THE NATION'S birth, was governed by this rational dream: the emancipated Negroes, educated with the assistance of the Federal government, would be integrated into a free labor system in an industrializing South. No man, said THE NATION in its first number, has a natural right to vote; but every man, "born a member of the state, has a natural right to become a voter by the unhindered attainment of the qualifications prescribed." While this view and this language were too tame for Abolitionist NATION stockholders like Wendell Phillips and George Luther Stearns, THE NATION feared—as they did—the perpetuation of the Southern "class" system through control of voting by the whites. During that summer of 1865, President Andrew Johnson seemed, to Godkin, bent on doing too much too soon with the formerly Confederate states. His lenient Reconstruction plan (it closely resembled Lincoln's) was rapidly bringing them back into the Union. Urging, in its first issue, "Some Reasons for Delay," THE NATION cited reports that some Virginia planters had decided to pay their freedom laborers "starvation wages," that the Negroes' condition in the interior of North Carolina was "scarcely better than that of slaves," and that similar conditions obtained in South Carolina and West Tennessee. "And yet," THE NATION observed,

> so far from being put on probation, subjected to restraints, and above all shorn of the power which has corrupted and seduced them, the Southern people find self-government forced upon them with such rapidity, that we shall to all appearances, have the Union restored by the first of August.

Proof should surely be demanded of the Southern states, said the journal, that freedmen would be able to vote on the same basis as whites. In no other way could these states' willingness "to become really one people with us" be proved.

Julia Ward Howe was meanwhile writing a poem called "The New Exodus" which appeared in THE NATION'S third number, and which ended:

> So from your Southern Eden the flaming sword doth drive;
> Your lesson is appointed, go, learn how workmen thrive;
> Not sloth has fee of plenty, nor pride

of stately crest,
But thou of God beloved, O labor
crowned with rest!

Wanting to know how the former Confederates were learning their appointed lesson, and whether they were preparing "to become really one people with us," Godkin had sent a young Harvard graduate, John R. Dennett, traveling through the South with orders to report objectively what he saw and heard. Dennett, whom Henry Holt later described as perhaps the wittiest man he ever knew, was until his early death in 1874 an uncommonly versatile lieutenant to Godkin. He wrote incisively on literature as well as politics, and he was prepared for the Southern assignment by a nine months' stay, during the war, on a South Carolina plantation. His anonymously published reports to THE NATION—the London *Spectator* reported rumors that they had been written by Carl Schurz—appeared weekly beginning on July 20, 1865, under the heading, *The South As It Is*. Charles Eliot Norton was to remember them as "remarkable," and they deserve to be republished. [*See page 153 for excerpts.*] Summing up his observation in April, 1866, after his long journey through the South, Dennett called hostility to emancipation there so great as to make Negro suffrage an inadequate means of protecting the fruits of Civil War victory. Negro voting

> would in my opinion, be powerful at the present time only when joined with . . . the military occupation of the South until she gives guaranties which cannot be revoked.

Such guarantees had not been required by President Johnson during the summer and fall of 1865. On the contrary, as the former Confederate states were taken back into the Union, they enacted Black Codes which, while conferring some civil rights on Negroes, kept them socially in a state of semi-servitude. THE NATION'S comment that the future of "four millions of emancipated bondsmen" was endangered by the Codes was less dramatic than the Chicago *Tribune*'s threat:

> We tell the men of Mississippi that the men of the North will convert the state of Mississippi into a frog-pond before they will allow any such laws to disgrace one foot of soil in which the bones of our soldiers sleep and over which the flag of freedom waves.

but it conveyed a similar view. In verses addressed "To the Thirty-Ninth Congress," and published in THE NATION for December 7, 1865, John Greenleaf Whittier declared, "We urge no conqueror's terms of shame," and exhorted the South:

Keep all your forfeit lives and lands,
But give the common law's redress
To Labor's utter nakedness.
Then shall the Union's mother-heart
Her lost and wandering ones recall,
Forgiving and restoring all:
And Freedom break her marble
trance
Above the Capitolian dome,
Stretch hands and bid ye welcome
home!

But the mood of the two leading Congressional Radicals, Representative Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania and Senator Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, was much harsher. On Christmas Day, Stevens delivered a speech urging that the former Confederate states be treated as conquered territories until the rest of the country decided it was safe to readmit them. Sumner, a few days earlier, had blisteringly attacked the President, calling his honesty into question. THE NATION deprecated these declarations. Not yet ready to give up on Johnson, despite strong misgivings about his Reconstruction policy, the journal chided Stevens for using intemperate language and defended the President against Sumner's attack (which was "in very bad taste") by suggesting that he might have information Sumner did not have.

It was just such calmness—or lukewarmness, from another viewpoint—in THE NATION'S treatment of Reconstruction, that infuriated its Boston Abolitionist stockholders. Wendell Phillips, who was one of them, denounced the weekly—his powerful, musical voice stirring listeners at an Anti-Slavery Society meeting in Boston—

> How uncertain is its sound! How timid, vacillating, and non-committal is its policy! Where has Mr. Sumner a more heartless and unfair critic?

Whereupon William Lloyd Garrison came to THE NATION'S defense. He had helped found the Anti-Slavery Society, had once called the United States Constitution an "agreement with Hell" because it tolerated slavery, had been mobbed in the street by solid, respectable State Street financiers, and had just ended publication of his weekly *Liberator* upon ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment. In a letter to THE NATION signed "An Abolitionist," he argued that Phillips was given to vituperative utterance, citing his 1863 attack on Sumner for having "betrayed the Negro," and his assault upon Abraham Lincoln as the "slave-hound of Illinois." Eloquent as Phillips was, said Garrison, his criticisms were daily becoming less valuable and less valued.

THE NATION had defended itself the previous week in an interesting article, probably written by Godkin. The article declared that THE NATION was not the official successor to the old anti-slavery journals, nor was it the representative of any body or association. It was considering the condition of the Southern Negroes as a "national question," not as a "Negro question." It respected Wendell Phillips as an orator, but disapproved of his love of exaggeration and his conviction that he had the pure truth. The article concluded:

> Those who like thick-and-thin laudation of great "standard bearers" and "symbols" can find plenty of newspapers to supply it. In THE NATION they will always look for it in vain.

While declaring and demonstrating intellectual independence, Godkin was clearly in basic sympathy with the Radical position on Reconstruction. When Stevens and Sumner began to take the play away from Johnson in this field early in 1866, THE NATION was on their side. A brief look at the journal's position on three major legislative measures reveals how radical it then was.

The Freedmen's Bureau Bill was an effort to counteract the Black Codes; it sought to enlarge the scope and extend indefinitely the life of the Freedmen's Bureau, an extremely important government agency whose work in the South on behalf of Negro education and employment THE NATION had regularly been reporting. (Godkin had hoped, incidentally, that his friend Frederick Law Olmsted would be chosen to direct it).

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Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States

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The President's veto of the bill led THE NATION to assert that he did not understand the significance of the Civil War: he saw it merely as the putting down of a rebellion, when in fact it had worked a social revolution which would be consolidated only when the Negroes were truly independent.

THE SAME DESIRE for full independence for the freedman actuated THE NATION's support of the first Civil Rights Bill, another Stevens-Sumner thrust against the Black Codes. This bill declared the Negroes to be United States citizens having the same rights and subject to the same penalties as white persons. When Johnson vetoed it too, THE NATION denounced his States-rights "mania," and called his veto message "one of the most discreditable state papers known to American history." It should be noted in passing that by this time —April, 1866—Godkin had lost respect for Johnson as a man. On Washington's Birthday, the President had charged in a speech to a serenading party in front of the White House that prominent members of Congress were encouraging his assassination. Johnson's opposition to the social revolution in the South was bad enough from Godkin's point of view, but this boorish accusation put him personally beyond the pale.

The President's veto of the Civil Rights Bill was overridden, and the greatly encouraged Congressional Radicals pressed on with a proposed Fourteenth Amendment. A draft of this measure, reported in January, 1866, had proposed a reduction in Congressional representation as punishment for states denying voting rights to the freedmen. (This provision was very similar to one finally approved and included in the Fourteenth Amendment—and never, to this day, acted upon). THE NATION here disagreed with the Radical leadership, considering punishment a negative approach to the problem. The weekly suggested a simple prohibition of any exclusion from political rights on grounds of race or color. THE NATION also parted company with the Radicals who wanted to include in the Fourteenth Amendment a provision requiring—in THE NATION's language —"the consent of the Southern people to the disfranchisement of three-fourths of their own number as a condition of their readmission to the Union." Our salvation, said the journal,

> lies not in restricting privileges, but in extending them; not in erecting a class for our defence, but in breaking down all class distinctions; not in perpetuating hates, but in leaving no man a reason for feeling wronged.

The Congressional Committee of Fifteen did modify its original disfranchisement plan, and when the Congress finished its work for the session by approving the Fourteenth Amendment and continuing the Freedmen's Bureau for two years, THE NATION was satisfied. In sum, then, the journal's position on Reconstruction in 1866 was clearly opposed to Andrew Johnson's, and close, with nuances of disagreement, to that of the Stevens-Sumner Radicals. Godkin stressed the importance of education for the freedmen, and of avoiding undue punishment of the Southern whites, while Stevens and Sumner wanted to confiscate slaveholders' property, partly to punish them, partly to give the Negroes more leverage in their struggle for full emancipation. This gap between THE NATION and the Radicals was to become a fissure by 1869. Significantly, when in March, 1867, Congress decreed martial law for the South until certain conditions were met, THE NATION impatiently remarked that excluding rebels from the polls was "the only thing to which most of the majority in Congress seem to give much attention." And, insisting on the importance of Negro education, the journal declared in July, 1867:

> Every time Wendell Phillips calls for forty acres of land and a nomination for the Vice-Presidency for every black head of a house, a ton of schoolbooks, besides periodicals, ought to be ordered and dispatched.

To THE NATION's regret, Senator Sumner's attempt to insure the maintenance in each Southern state of common schools, open to all on a non-discriminatory basis, failed to win Congressional approval. And Godkin began to shake his head over reports from the South, undoubtedly magnified, about the incompetence and corruptness of Negro legislators. But THE NATION had not yet given up on Congressional Reconstruction: in November, 1867, it was calling "participation in the government" by the freedmen the proper medicine for their "weakness" of being misled by demagogues "on their first entrance into political life." Early in 1868, THE NATION was still Radical enough to react to Andrew Johnson's removal of Radical Secretary of War Stanton, in apparent violation of the Tenure of Office Act, by going along with the "impeachers." Godkin had been condemning impeachment of Johnson since General Ben Butler (one of Godkin's *bêtes noires*) first urged it in 1866; now, however, THE NATION was willing to have the President deposed "as an incorrigible dunce." But the weekly did not take the position of Horace Greeley's New York *Tribune* that no Republican Senator could vote for Johnson's acquittal "without making himself infamous." When Johnson actually was acquitted, despite the fact that Ulysses S. Grant had called on Senators at their homes to persuade them to vote for conviction, Godkin praised the handful of Republicans—Ross, Trumbull, Fessenden, *et al*—who had made the verdict possible.

ONE OF THE MOST striking ceremonies of the impeachment trial had been the procession each day from

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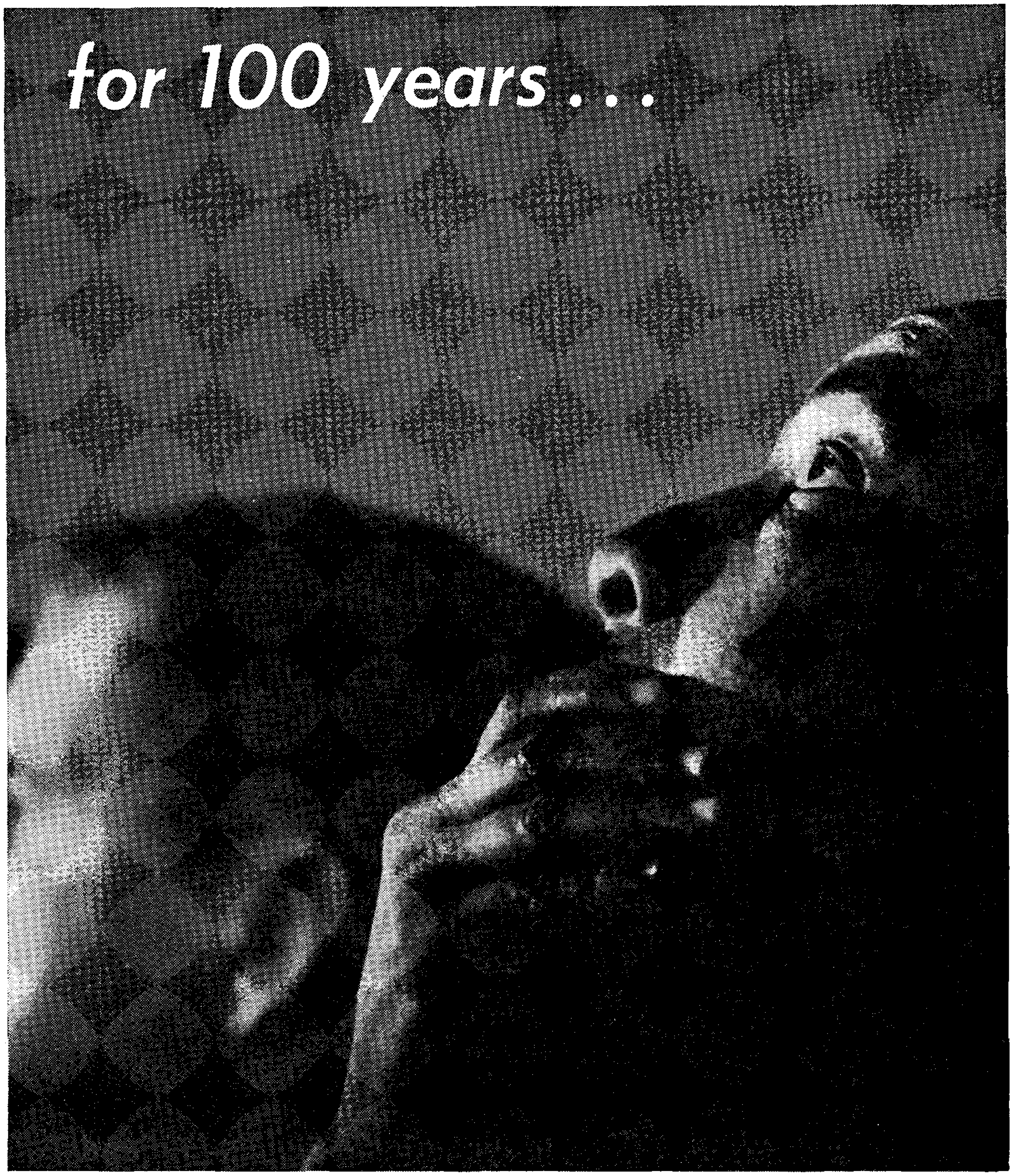
the House of Representatives to the Senate chamber, with the gravely ill Radical leader, Thaddeus Stevens, carried by two strong men. Stevens, whose humor was a counterpoise to his Jacobinism, once asked them, "Who will carry me, boys, when you are dead and gone?" But Stevens died a few months later, in August, 1868, and with his going went much of the Radicals' *élan*. Sumner, who eulogized Stevens as a "hero statesman," was too top-lofty to be an effective leader; Stevens, club-footed but athletic, had also been down-to-earth. Reconstruction might have taken a somewhat different course if Stevens had lived longer, but during the summer of his death, military rule of the South was coming to an end. Former Confederate states were restored to Congressional representation—seven came back in June—and soon the formal nature of their return was underscored: twenty-five Negro members of the Georgia legislature were expelled by Conservatives who claimed they were ineligible to sit there; race riots broke out in South Carolina, Virginia, Arkansas and Georgia; General Nathan Bedford Forrest, who had gotten there "fustest with the mostest" during the war, and also founded the Ku Klux Klan, claimed a Klan membership of 40,000. THE NATION decried all this, but said that little could be done except elect General Grant President. Godkin was depressed over the failure of Radical Reconstruction to insure an effective educational system in the South; it can be seen in retrospect that the scant government support given to the Freedmen's Bureau, and the tragic decline of that agency into a political machine, were responsible for much of the subsequent evil. The establishment, under Freedmen's Bureau auspices, of Howard University and Fisk University, and of many schools, indicates what might have been accomplished, given sufficient will and courage at the top.

By February, 1869, the discouraged NATION was taking a State-rights position on the Georgia mess. Against the decision of the United States Senate Judiciary Committee that the Conservative Georgia legislature was illegal, Godkin's journal defended that legislature's right to judge of the qualifications of its own members. Reformation of the South, said THE NATION, could come about only through education and the growth of industry. THE NATION was to become markedly "conservative" during the seventies. Godkin shared with other reformers of the period—James Russell Lowell, Thomas Wentworth Higginson—a fear that could verge on hysteria, of the unwashed and illiterate. By 1870, THE NATION was plumping for peaceful co-existence with moderate Southern whites. In 1875, sickened by corruption under Grant (Henry Adams was later to remark that the course of political evolution from Washington to Grant was alone enough to disprove Darwin), Godkin observed that the impeachment articles against Johnson in 1868 "have a very comic air." He imagined a speech which Johnson, now a Senator from Tennessee, might fairly deliver to the Radicals; he would point to the failure of their own Reconstruction plan, and remind them that his own had been devised by Abraham Lincoln, and was one "an honest and a patriotic man might very well have supported." Writing in the mid eighteen-seventies to Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell commented on the "shameful" condition of things in the South, and announced himself ready "for a movement now to emancipate the whites." Jason Compton's snarl, in Faulkner's *Sound and the Fury,* about freeing his family from the "niggers," is only a degree more bigoted than that utterance of a former Abolitionist. Yet Lowell's view was paralleled in a NATION article of 1880 called "The White Side of the Southern Question." With Reconstruction at an end, the article said, the Republican Party should send leading speakers to campaign in the South as "formal recognition that there is such a thing at the South as a white question." The whites, THE NATION continued, were more energetic and able, as well as more numerous, in the South than the Negroes, and upon them the political future of the region depended.

It is depressing to find, upon turning NATION pages of the eighties and nineties, that the generous spirit of 1865 was moribund. This journal which had been deeply concerned to see the last shackles removed from the freedmen's limbs and minds, now spoke somewhat complacently, when it spoke at all, about Negroes. A piece which appeared in August, 1886, is characteristic: called "The 'Poor Negro'," its aim is to discredit as hypocritical Republican objections to President Cleveland's nomination of a Negro as Registrar of Deeds for Washington, D.C. While the objecting Republicans, said THE NATION, pretended to be opposed to the appointment because the man did not live in the District of Columbia, their real reason was that he was a Democratic Negro: Republicans did not want, by confirming the nomination, to encourage Negroes to vote the Democratic ticket. THE NATION praised Cleveland's readiness to appoint a Negro as "remarkable evidence of the decay of prejudice," and predicted that Republican opposition would hasten the day when Negroes would divide between the two parties "precisely as white men do." Grover Cleveland, while an estimable man in many ways, was to say publicly in



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1903 (when lynchings of Negroes were not uncommon in the South):

> . . . let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice or radical instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South who, in the solution of the Negro problem must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden.

In view of this fact, THE NATION of 1886 seemed willing to settle for very little "progress" for colored men.

IN 1893, GODKIN DID speak severely in THE NATION of "Southern Lynching." He surmised that the number of sexual crimes by Negroes had been exaggerated, asserted that an official enumeration of these crimes was needed, and insisted that the Southern whites' notion

> that women cannot, like men, live under the law and trust to the law for their safety, honor and welfare is another relic of barbarism of which the South must rid itself.

But this plea for the prevention of cruelty to Negroes is undercut by THE NATION's sympathy for the moderate Southern whites who maintained that ignorant Negroes were foisted on them as legislators and administrators during the bad days of Reconstruction. Thus, THE NATION quoted without comment the Philadelphia *Bulletin*'s statement in 1895 about the plan of a political convention in South Carolina to disfranchise Negroes:

> It is difficult to find an argument against either the Mississippi or the South Carolina plan of disfranchisement, however much we may detest the race prejudice which has partly inspired it.

What was at best lukewarm advocacy of humane treatment for the Negro, and at worst a callous legalism which left him to the mercies of white men sick with race hatred, was found, in the eighties and nineties, not only in the New York NATION. The liberal enthusiasm of 1865-1866 had simply petered out in the United States. The fear of socialism and anarchism and of foreigners pouring into our cities with their un-Anglo-Saxon attitudes and languages, gripped many people who had once been Radical with Greeley's *Tribune* or at least reformist with *The Atlantic Monthly*. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1881 to 1890, wrote in 1892 a poem called "Unguarded Gates" which is in effect a "one hundred per cent American" answer to the famous Emma Lazarus sonnet; Aldrich took a very dim view of the huddled masses:

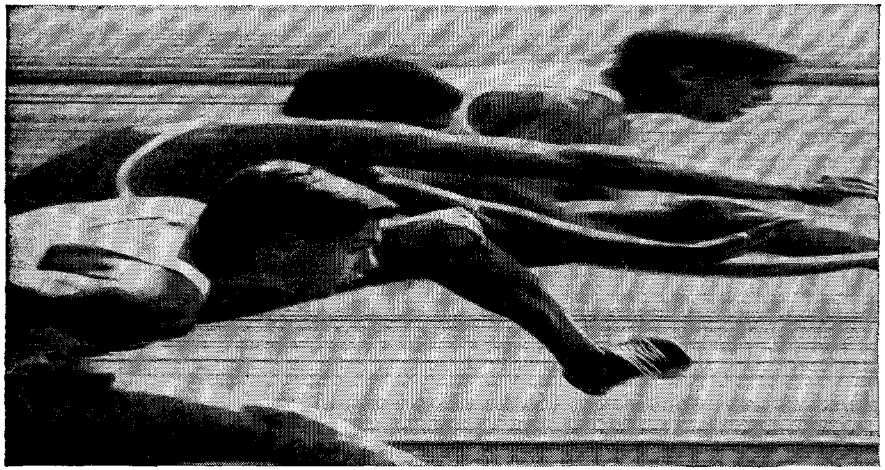
> Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,
> And through them there presses a wild motley throng—
> Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,
> Featureless figures of the Hoang-ho,
> Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,
> Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
> These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,—
> Those, tiger passions, here to stretch their claws,
> In street and alley what strange tongues are loud,
> Accents of menace alien to our air,
> Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!

Godkin, himself the object of attack by American nativists (sometimes as an "Irishman," sometimes as an "Englishman"), was no xenophobe. But he regarded all ignorant masses as dangerous, and one consequence of his fear was NATION support in 1896 for poll taxes and literacy tests in Mississippi. "If honestly enforced," said the journal, "nobody who believes that some guards should be put around the ballot-box can object to them." Many Negroes during this period, under the able but extremely conciliatory leadership of Booker T. Washington, who emphasized the "dignity in tilling a field" and the need for colored people to begin "at the bottom of life"—and not to "permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities,"—acquiesced in their own virtual disfranchisement. But around the turn of the century, new Negro leaders began to throw a searchlight on the degrading circumstances in which supposedly "free" men were existing. In a sermon preached in 1899 in Washington, D. C., the Reverend Francis J. Grimke spoke of what was actually involved in certain cases of Negro "rape":

> I observe that of the cases actually reported, of some of them at least, it is known and well known, that relations of intimacy had previously existed between the parties and that the cry of rape was raised only after they were discovered. That was true of the Negro who was burnt at Texarkana. A careful investigation disclosed the fact that he had been living with this woman more than a year.

In 1901, Monroe Trotter and George Forbes founded in Boston the bitterly satirical *Guardian* to attack Booker T. Washington's "Tuskegee Machine." W. E. B. Du Bois, who took his Harvard doctorate in 1895, the year of Washington's famous accommodating speech at Atlanta, published eight years later the lyrically militant *Souls of Black Folk* (which was highly praised in a NATION review), and became a leader of the Negro-intellectual Niagara Movement, which first met at Niagara Falls in the summer of 1905. (Gunnar Myrdal notes that it convened "on Canadian soil, since they met discrimination in the Buffalo hotel at which reservations had been made for the conference.") While the "radical" Niagara movement did not attract many Negroes, it did help bring about the founding of the predominantly white-led National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, with which the Niagara movement merged. The call for the NAACP, issued on the one hundredth anniversary of Abraham Lincoln's birth, was written by Oswald Garrison Villard, who had already begun contributing to THE NATION, and who was to become the journal's owner and editor in 1918.

IT WAS IN THIS new atmosphere of Negro and white liberal protest that THE NATION, emerging at the turn of the twentieth century from its Rip Van Winkle sleep, began again to speak of Negroes with some humane urgency. A Carl Schurz essay in the muckraking *McClure's Magazine* led THE NATION to recall Schurz's 1865 report to President Andrew Johnson on conditions in the South; Schurz had warned of the danger of the "re-enslavement" of the freedmen. Unhappily, THE NATION observed, precisely such a policy had been carried out by the Southern whites. Rollo Ogden, a prolific contributor to THE NATION since the early eighteen-eighties, was finally awaking to the



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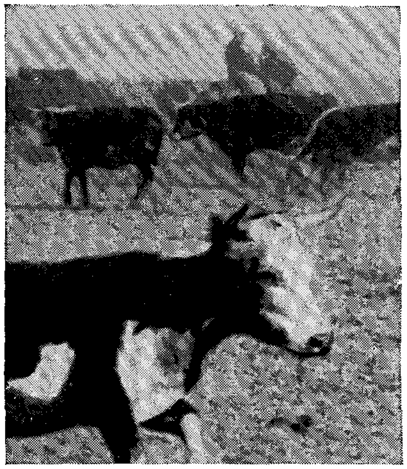

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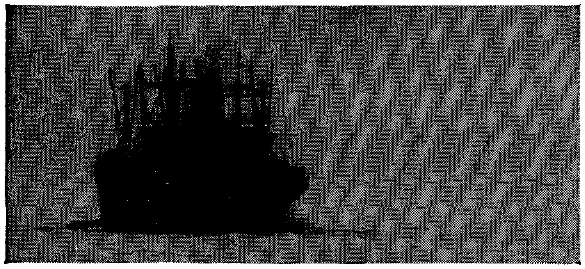

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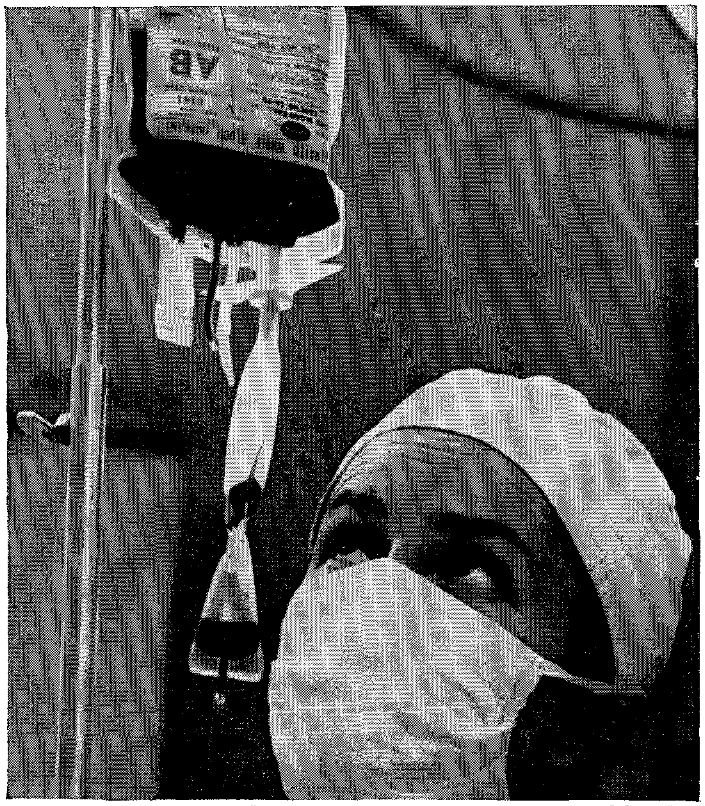

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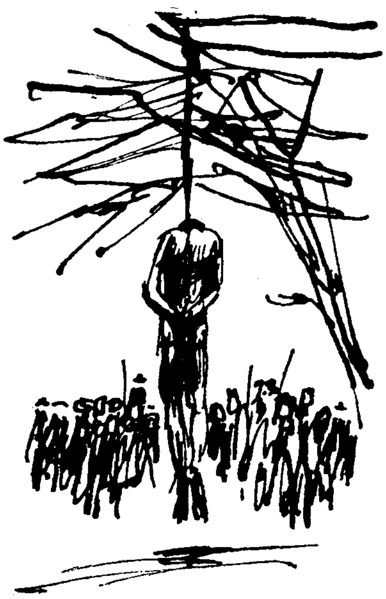
everyday nightmares of Southern life: on the unearthing in certain Alabama counties of a system of Negro peonage he remarked that this is what had come of heeding the Southern "let us alone" plea. The whole country, said Ogden, had a duty to change this frightful situation.

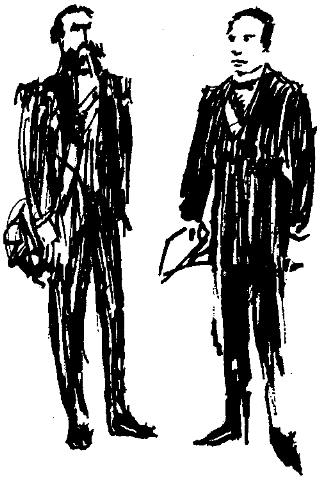
In addition to the writings of Du Bois, the publication of the *Guardian* (widely read by Negroes), and the general stir of protest in America, criticism from abroad was having its effect in the United States. In August, 1903, THE NATION referred to protests from Italy, Austria and China against the lynching ferocities, and called its readers' attention to an important statement by President Theodore Roosevelt: the prevalence of lynching in this country, he had declared, disabled us from speaking up "in the old way" against wrongs and cruelties in other lands. THE NATION, consistently anti-imperialist since 1865, welcomed this utterance by the strenuously imperialist Roosevelt, and pointed out that American cruelties against the Filipinos since 1898 had encouraged outbreaks against colored men in the United States. The same cruelties, as well as what THE NATION regarded as American cupidity and hypocrisy in such places as Hawaii, Cuba and Puerto Rico, helped to turn the journal's attention around the turn of the century to the Negroes' plight in the United States.



Foreign Policy

Here it will be helpful to look closely at THE NATION's attitudes toward United States foreign policy during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries: significantly, it was during these periods when the weekly was most aware of this country's role in international affairs that it was most alert to the Negroes' situation at home.

Earlier in this history, reference was made to Godkin's attack, in THE NATION's first number, on the autocratic regime of Napoleon III. Godkin disapproved no less of the French ruler's attempt to establish an empire in Mexico, under the Austrian Maximilian, than he did of Napoleon's denial of freedom to the French people. In 1861, Maximilian had landed in Mexico accompanied by French troops under Marshal Bazaine. He was welcomed by Santa Ana, of "Alamo" fame, and his conservative followers, but was strongly resisted by the popular Liberal, Benito Juarez. Abraham Lincoln remarked wisely in an interview with a Philadelphia lawyer in 1864 that Maximilian's empire was a "pasteboard concern" that would "soon tumble to pieces" without our wasting "a man or a dollar." Nevertheless, Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, quickly moved an army under General Phil Sheridan to the Rio Grande. United States action in the name of the Monroe Doctrine was called for at mass meetings and in newspapers throughout this country, and for a time it looked as though we would become heavily involved in Mexico. Godkin's Liberal views made him sympathetic to the Mexican Liberal Juarez, who was fighting against Maximilian, but the editor's opposition to "manifest destiny" led him to fear the consequences of American intervention. He was keenly aware of the private interests that would have greeted with delight United States "protection" of Mexico; what one writer on THE NATION's foreign policy describes as Godkin's "vacillation" here was probably the manifestation of a "Liberal's" dilemma: what do you do if you can aid a foreign leader whose cause you favor, only by engaging in war—which you abhor? Allowing for the enormous differences in the stakes, and in the persons involved (Maximilian was no Hitler), Godkin's problem was like that of Oswald Garrison Villard, in the nineteen-thirties. He abominated the European dictators, but could not approve a war against them.



Maximilian and Juarez

If THE NATION between 1865, when it began commenting on the Mexican affair, and 1867, when Maximilian was killed, emphasized sometimes the desirability of the Austrian's being "forced" out of Mexico, and sometimes the importance of our not being drawn into a military adventure, it need not be assumed that Godkin was confused or wildly inconsistent. THE NATION spoke on one occasion of the need for "dexterity" in handling the situation, and an unwontedly belligerent article of March 1, 1866, boasting of American ironclads' ability to seize and hold Mexican harbors against French ships, may have been a psychological chess move responding to an ambiguous speech by Napoleon III a few weeks earlier. Certainly the tenor of THE NATION's other comments on Mexican matters was not warlike. An article of November 29, 1866, noting that the French would soon be departing from Mexico, declared that it was not Juarez—who had been accused by a Mexican politician, Ortega, of ruling unlawfully—that THE NATION had been defending, but rather the principle he represented: that every country knows its own business best, and is entitled to manage it, whether well or ill. Godkin called President Johnson's attention to the

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pressing problems needing attention here in the United States; the country was already suffering, said THE NATION, from an inordinate increase of "frontier life." The reference to American "frontier life" calls to mind a letter John Stuart Mill wrote to Godkin in May, 1865; acknowledging receipt of a copy of the *North American Review* containing Godkin's piece, "Aristocratic Opinions of Democracy," Mill said of the article,

> I consider it a very important contribution to the philosophy of the subject—a correction from one point of view of what was excessive in Tocqueville's theory of democracy as my review of him was from another. You have fully made out that the peculiar character of society in the Western States, the mental type formed by the position and habits of the pioneers, is, at least in part, accountable for many American phenomena which have been ascribed to democracy. This is a most consoling belief, since it refers the unfavorable side of American social existence . . . to causes naturally declining, rather than to one which tends to increase.

These comments tend to bear out the conclusion drawn by at least one recent American historian that Godkin anticipated Frederick Jackson Turner's thesis about the significance of the frontier in American history. But it was Turner's thesis with a reverse twist, since Godkin deprecated the frontier influence. He and THE NATION opposed the Seward purchase of Alaska because of fear of the expansion of an under-civilized United States; opposed the Grant administration's proposed annexation of Santo Domingo; opposed jingo pressures in the eighteen-seventies to liberate Cuba from Spain—and Canada from England. (Godkin did favor "amalgamation," given Canadian approval, of Canada and the United States). In 1895 Godkin broke temporarily with President Grover Cleveland, whom he had warmly admired, over United States intervention in the Venezuelan boundary dispute with England. And THE NATION is well-known to American historians for its denunciation of end-of-the-century United States imperialism in Hawaii, Cuba, the Philippines and Puerto Rico.

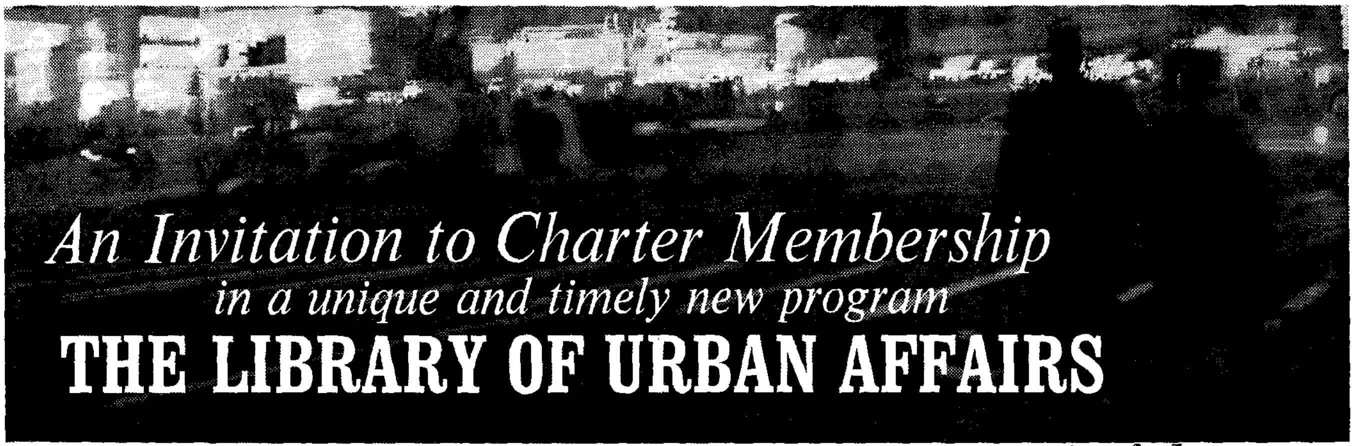
THE NATION's break with Cleveland in 1895 was dramatic. Since 1884 when Godkin helped lead the "Mugwump" bolt by Republicans from the GOP Presidential candidate, James G. Blaine, THE NATION had loyally supported Cleveland. The magazine's position on the 1895 dispute over the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela was sympathetic to Great Britain. If Lord Salisbury, the British foreign minister who was unwilling to submit the dispute to arbitration, were to hand the British subjects over to Venezuela, he would be transferring them against their will to the "rule of a semi-barbarous and unsettled government." Cleveland saw things differently. When he received Salisbury's notes denying that the Monroe Doctrine was involved in the Venezuelan matter, Cleveland felt "mad clear through" and stayed up all night writing a very tough speech, which he sent to Congress on December 17, 1895. The speech announced the American Government's intention to determine unilaterally the boundary line, and to fight if necessary to maintain that line. Godkin wrote to Norton that he was "thunderstruck" and described the week following Cleveland's message as "the most anxious I have known in my career." Godkin had come to admire Cleveland more than any other man in American public life. Now the President had joined the Jingoes, had—like the last non-conformist in Ionesco's play—become a rhinoceros along with the others. Somebody has observed that it is marriage not politics which makes strange bedfellows, but it is hard to imagine a stranger wedding than the one between Godkin and Henry George after December 17. George, exponent of the Single Tax on land, was miles apart, in his ecoomic and social thinking, from the laissez-faire Godkin. But in THE NATION of January 2, 1896, George is highly praised for organizing an anti-war demonstration at Cooper Union. The New York *Tribune,* THE NATION angrily remarked, had given "mendacious reports" of the meeting magnifying the number of hecklers, but the occasion had been a success. George had made "a powerful and effective speech in the interest of peace and common sense."

Interestingly enough, Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World,* which was to play a notorious role two years later in feeding the flames of Jingo passion over the sinking of the *Maine* at Havana, exerted a calming influence in the Venezuela crisis. On December 21, 1895, the *World* declared "There is no menace in the boundary line, it is not our frontier, it is none of our business." And according to Thomas A. Bailey, an historian of American diplomacy, the answers to Pulitzer's cables to prominent Englishmen like the Prince of Wales and William E. Gladstone, were "uniformly conciliatory and expressive of warm friendship for America," and had a "steadying effect on public opinion." The dispute over the Venezuela line was at last amicably settled in October, 1899, essentially along the lines of earlier British proposals to Venezuela.

While THE NATION was disenchanted with Cleveland's stand on the Venezuelan matter, it could continue to applaud him for opposing Manifest Destiny in the Pacific. Cleveland's White House predecessor, Benjamin Harrison, had at the end of his term sweetened the lives of many Hawaiian sugar cane planters by rushing an Hawaiian annexation treaty to the Senate. The Senate, however, had failed to approve it by the time Cleveland again became President; and Cleveland shared the view *Harper's Weekly* earlier expressed:

> "Shall we take Hawaii in, sirs?" that's
> the question of the day.
> Would the speedy annexation of that
> dusky country pay?
> Would the revenues from sugar and
> from smuggled opium
> Counteract the heavy burdens that
> with them are sure to come?

But the American minister to Hawaii had been busy on behalf of annexation. On February 1, 1893, he had proclaimed Hawaii a protectorate, hoisting the American flag, and exulting to the State Department, "the Hawaiian pear is now fully ripe . . ." Only pluck was now needed, from the point of view of American expansionists, but a month later a special commissioner sent by President Cleveland to investigate the situation ordered the flag hauled down. The Commissioner, James H. Blount, proceeded to turn out a report which was a damning indictment of the whites' uprising that had overthrown Ha-



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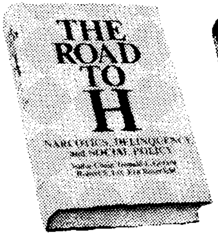

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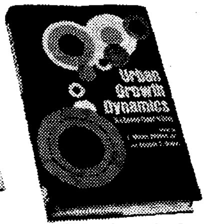

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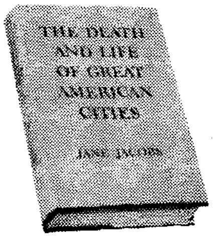

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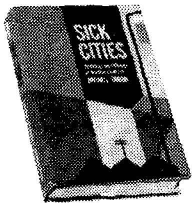

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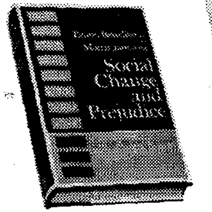

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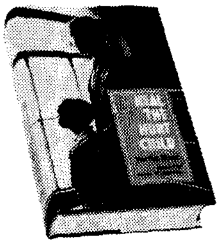

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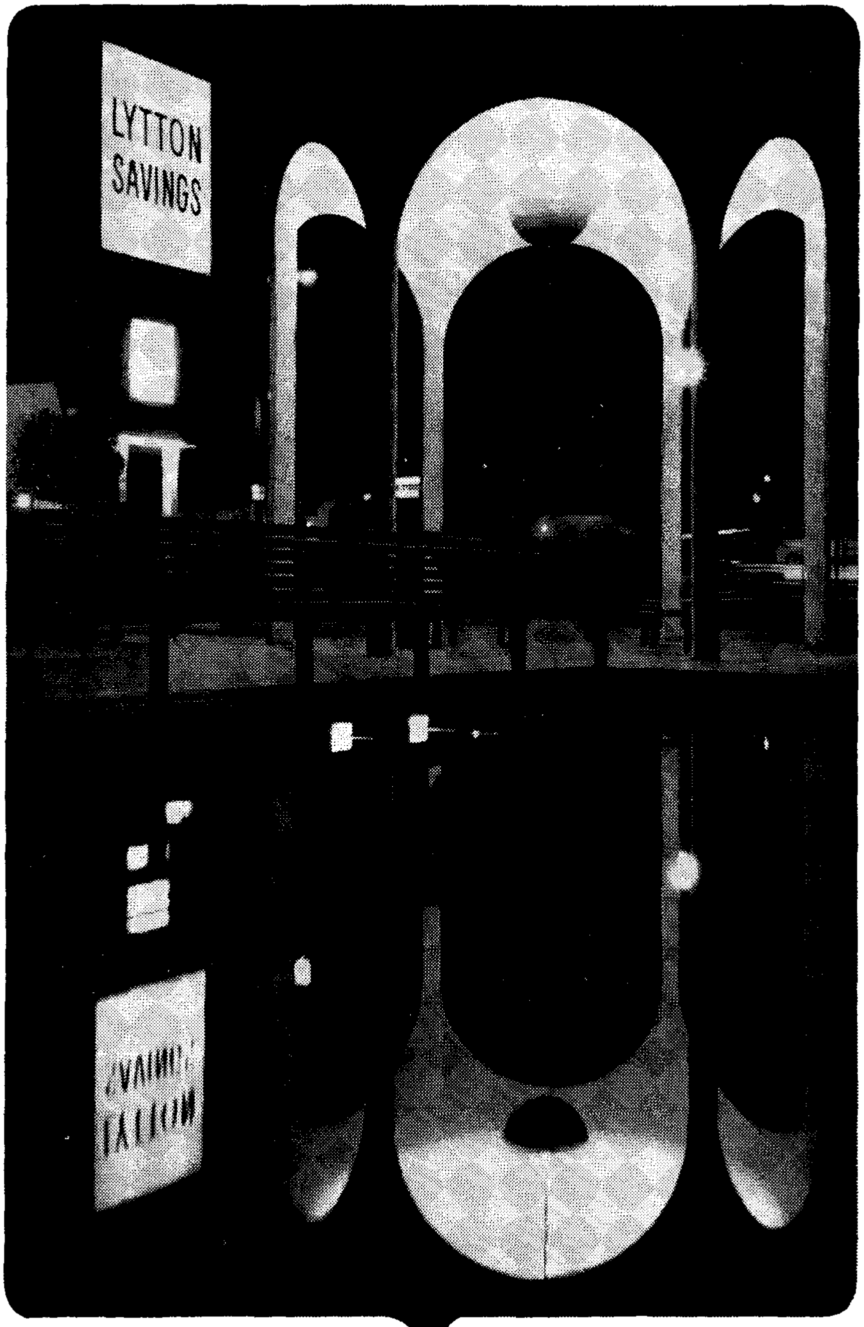

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waii's Queen Liliuokalani, and which put a temporary damper on annexation talk in the United States. Edward P. Mitchell, for many years editor-in-chief of the New York *Sun,* used to hear Godkin refer scornfully to the pro-annexationist Hawaiian whites as the "sons of missionaries." The epithet symbolizes Godkin's view of American expansionism as morally repulsive. In the fall of 1897, while the Hawaiian government vigorously propagandized in the United States in favor of annexation, THE NATION ironically linked some news from Louisiana to the Hawaii affair. Noting the indifference of the Northern Republican press, which was heavily pro-annexationist, to plans to disfranchise the Louisiana Negroes, Godkin's journal observed that Hawaii already had a non-voting population. The same people who did not care about what happened to Negro suffrage in Louisiana or Georgia or Mississippi could easily grant Harwaiian whites the right to "suppress the suffrage of a lower race." Shortly thereafter, THE NATION reported South Carolina's virtual disfranchisement of its Negro population through one of the clauses in its new Constitution, and predicted wholesale ignoring of this by Republicans, who would of course support disfranchisement in Hawaii.

BY THE END OF the nineteenth century, Godkin had completely lost his once-bright dream of the United States as a Promised Land. What "sealed the fate of the American republic," as he wrote to a friend in 1898, was our war with Spain. The immediate cause of this "splendid little war," as Secretary of State Hay referred to it (without tongue in cheek) was the mysterious explosion of the American battleship *Maine* in Havana harbor. The captain of the *Maine,* aware that American public opinion, already hostile to Spanish rule in Cuba and recently inflamed by by the Hearst papers' publication of an indiscreet private letter by the Spanish minister in Washington (he had called President McKinley "weak and a bidder for the admiration of the crowd"), immediately urged that judgment be suspended, pending an official investigation, as to responsibility for the explosion. But Pulitzer's New York *World* published a cartoon captioned "The Only Atonement—Free Cuba," showing Uncle Sam drawing his sword to liberate that shackled island; and Hearst's New York *Journal* screamed: "THE WARSHIP MAINE WAS SPLIT IN TWO BY AN ENEMY'S SECRET INFERNAL MACHINE; THE WHOLE COUNTRY THRILLS WITH WAR FEVER." Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt, of whom one of his associates later remarked that he was "about six," wrote, "I would give anything if President McKinley would order the fleet to Havana tomorrow. . . . The *Maine* was sunk by an act of dirty treachery on the part of the Spaniards." Godkin, who on becoming editor of THE NATION in 1865, had hoped to help raise the standard of newspaper reporting, now commented in "The Week" on some newspapers' "gross misrepresentation of the facts," their "deliberate invention of tales calculated to excite the public," their "wanton recklessness in the construction of headlines." Attempting to counteract this sensationalist influence, the small-circulation NATION pointed out that at the funeral of the *Maine* sailors, the Spanish authorities as well as the people of Havana escorted the procession to the cemetery, where the bodies were buried in ground presented to the United States as a gift. But the American public, further intoxicated by speeches in Congress —among them Senator Proctor's of Vermont on Spanish concentration camps—plunged toward war. On March 17, 1898, THE NATION—in an article probably written by Godkin, who was later to seek out in Paris the author of the book here discussed —cited Gustave Le Bon's study, *The Crowd,* in order to throw light on the war hysteria. The people clamoring for war with Spain did indeed constitute, said THE NATION, a

> body of persons animated by the same thoughts and desires, for reasons they cannot formulate, which as individuals they would probably largely ridicule or repudiate.

About ten days later, this analysis was strikingly confirmed by the public's response to the American Court

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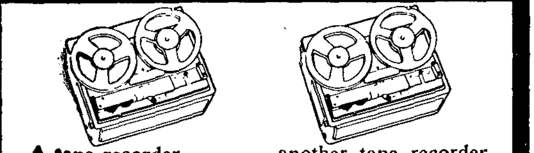

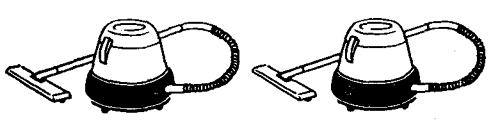

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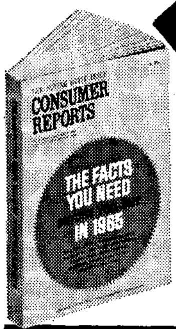

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of Inquiry report. The report found the *Maine* to have been blown up by a submarine mine, but made no attempt to fix responsibility. A responsible American diplomatic historian has observed that even if the investigators were correct in declaring the explosion to be external,

> it is unthinkable that the Spanish government, which was desperately trying to avert war with the United States, deliberately destroyed the vessel.

But immediately it was widely assumed here that Spaniards had deliberately blown up the ship. "Remember the *Maine*!" became a roar, and the amiable McKinley was from then on a chip on a tidal wave. The Nation's, and a few other publications', small voice of reason insisting that no evidence of Spanish treachery had been found, could not compete with that modern imitation of the voice of God: the sensationalist press. And such a responsible newspaper as Adolph Ochs's *New York Times* unfortunately made the restraint it advised seem dull in comparison with the vertigo of war. In one of the best short stories of the period, "Editha," William Dean Howells captured the mood of factitious virility in which the country sent its youth abroad on a "heroic" mission. The central character lucidly analyzes his own "conversion" to the cause:

> Why, I believe I was the first convert to the war in that crowd tonight! I never thought I should like to kill a man; but now, I shouldn't care; and the smokeless powder lets you see the man drop that you kill. It's all for the country! What a thing it is to have a country that *can't* be wrong, but if it is, is right anyway!

If The Nation was deeply depressed by our Cuban adventure, it was profoundly ashamed—along with Mark Twain and William James—of our treatment of the Filipinos. Our Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War was Theodore Roosevelt, who knew, as President McKinley did not, just where the Philippines were, and cabled orders to Admiral Dewey to prepare to attack the Spanish fleet there. Gridley fired when ready, the United States cooperated with the Filipino patriot leader, Aguinaldo, in taking the islands from the Spaniards, and then American forces took the Philippines from the Filipinos. The official argument used to defend this procedure—that the mass of the natives desired American rule—was refuted by The Nation:

> Whenever a small force of Americans undertakes an expedition, the woods and hills become alive with enemies.

Not bands of Filipino "robbers," The Nation continued, were using terrorist tactics; rather,

> The American troops have done the terrorizing. Their conduct in some actions has been so ferocious, and their revenge in many cases so terrible, as to make them dreaded and hated. The natives submit to the Americans because they are afraid of them . . . .

30,000 Filipinos, the magazine estimated, had been killed by our forces.

Anti-Imperialist Leagues, originating in Boston, began to spring up in American cities. One of the most eloquent answers to Rudyard Kipling's exhortation to Americans to take up the white man's burden was given by a colored soldier in one of the regiments sent to suppress Aguinaldo's Filipino rebels: "Dis hyar white man's burden ain't all it's cracked up to be." Mark Twain, who had shared the view of many Americans that the war with Spain was a war to liberate the Cubans, could not stomach what was happening in the Philippines. He smashed icons in a Swiftian piece called "To the Person Sitting in Darkness":

> Would it not be prudent to get our Civilization tools together and see how much stock is left on hand in the way of Glass Beads and Theology, and Maxim Guns and Hymn Books, and Trade Gin and Torches, of Progress and Enlightenment (patent adjustable ones, good to fire villages with, upon occasion), and balance the books and arrive at the profit and loss, so that we may intelligently decide whether to continue the business or sell out the property and start a new Civilization scheme on the proceeds?

William James's declaration that we had "destroyed in Luzon the one sa-

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cred thing in the world, the spontaneous budding of a nation's life," was echoed by THE NATION, which noted, early in 1903, the indications by Governor William Howard Taft of the Philippines that the islands were in a "shocking condition." The journal pressed, and kept pressing, for a specific promise of independence to the Philippines. In January, 1907, for example, asserting that the American people were sick of colonial possessions, the journal called for a statement by the government "that the Filipinos shall have their independence at a fixed time." But it was not until 1912 that one of our major political parties—the Democratic—specifically pledged eventual independence for the archipelago. Woodrow Wilson took the pledge seriously enough to try hard for legislation that would grant independence within a few years, and at a definite time; however, as THE NATION disappointedly reported on May 4, 1916, this measure was defeated in the House of Representatives, which passed instead the original Jones Bill, giving more home rule to the Philippines, and vaguely promising independence some day. THE NATION praised Manuel Quezon, formerly Aguinaldo's companion-in-arms against the Spaniards, then against the Americans, and now leader of the Philippine independence movement, for acceptance of limited autonomy as a promising step. Quezon's view, which he had stated publicly to the Filipinos, should strengthen, said THE NATION, "the willingness of Americans to deal fairly with the Filipinos it represents." Contrasted with the approach of THE NATION to this whole matter was that of the newly founded weekly, *The New Republic*. In February, 1916, while a promise to the Philippines of independence in four years was still a live option in Congress, *The New Republic* asserted that the Democratic Senators weren't talking about the real motive inspiring them: they were willing to promise independence because they knew that the American navy could not defend the Philippines in a war with Japan. Whatever the mix of cynicism and idealism on Capitol Hill in 1916, the archipelago had to wait another thirty years for independence.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY said that he had arrived through divine guidance at his decision to demand the Philippines of Spain at the peace conference in 1898. It is not known whether McKinley believed his demand for the cession of Puerto Rico to have been similarly inspired. The Puerto Ricans accepted the change of suzerainty much more peaceably than did the Filipinos, but in August, 1900, THE NATION called attention to a leading article in a Puerto Rican newspaper which explained "why we abstained from joining in the celebration" of the anniversary of union with the United States. In the first place, said the article, Puerto Ricans participated less in the government of their own island under United States rule than they had under Spanish rule. Previously, three senators and sixteen representatives had been elected by Puerto Ricans to the Spanish legislature; now, there was one voteless Puerto Rican delegate in Washington. In the second place Puerto Rico had always had a revenue surplus, but

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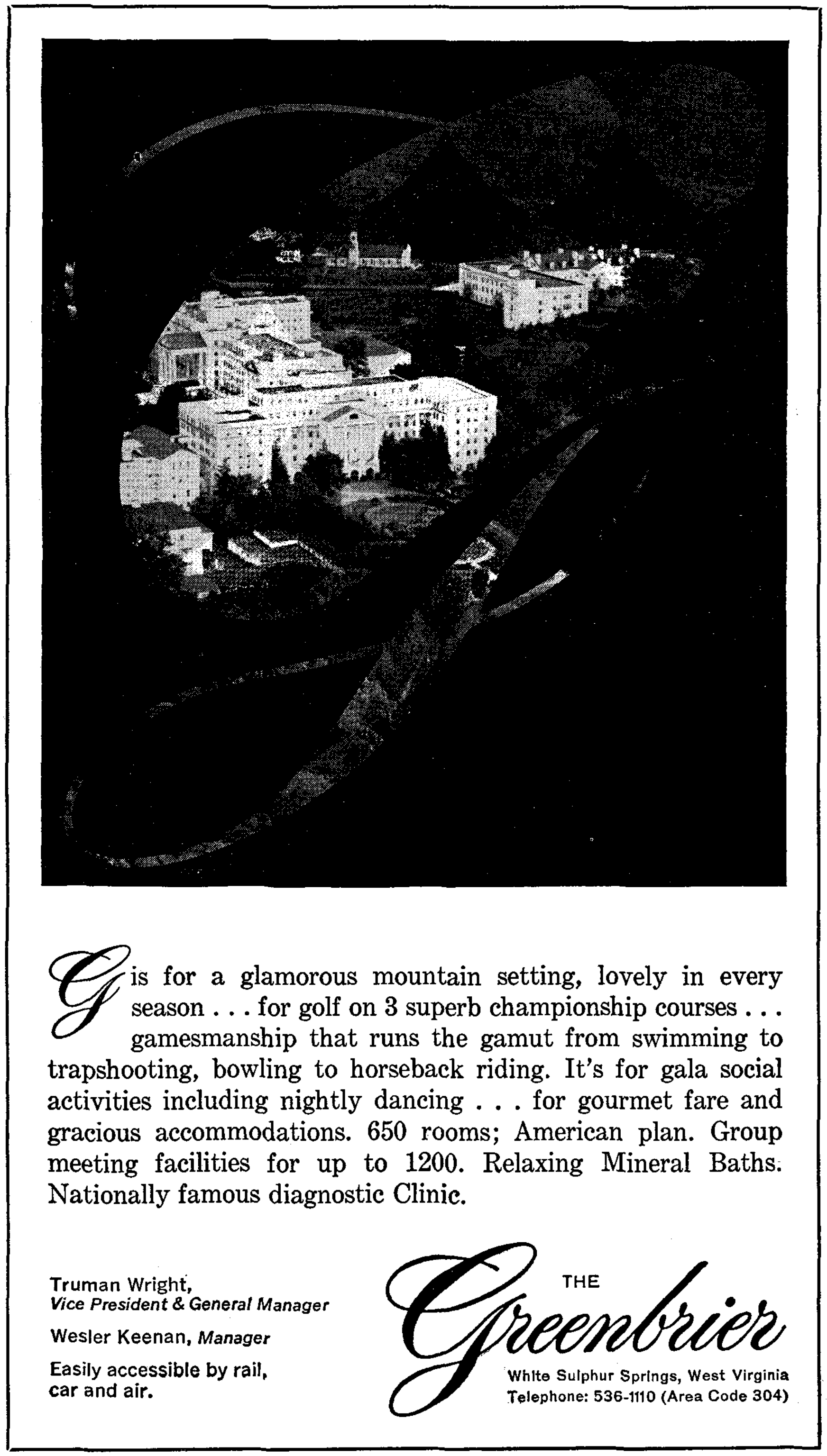
was now facing a deficit amounting to a million dollars. Finally, said the article in the *Diario de Puerto Rico,* Puerto Ricans now suffered many disabilities that had not been known under Spanish rule; particularly humiliating was the fact that the inhabitants of the island were not citizens of the United States or of any other sovereign power. "We have been granted nothing of what we were promised," concluded the bitter article, "and our condition is that of a slave adscript to a conquered soil."

Early in 1901, THE NATION reported that a delegation of Puerto Ricans had protested to President McKinley against what they alleged to be an ill-considered and oppressive tax law. McKinley having replied that he could do nothing about the law, THE NATION observed, with tongue deep in cheek:

> Nothing can be wrong. The American flag is over the island, which is being benevolently assimilated.

United States policy toward Puerto Rico gradually became less paternalistic, more democratic. In September, 1915, THE NATION noted with approval the passage in the island of a new homestead law opening 150,000 acres of old Spanish crown lands to the people. But a few months later, the weekly criticized the indifference of the American public to affairs in Puerto Rico, and noted that the new platform of the moderate Unionist Party had, while disavowing the independence movement, insisted on the importance of citizenship for Puerto Ricans. This request, said THE NATION,—consistent with its position since the beginning of the century—had been too long unheeded. At last, in 1917, the Jones Act effectively heeded it, in addition to giving the island a greater measure of self-government. How much THE NATION had to do with these developments it is impossible to know in precise terms. However, one student of the life and mind of Woodrow Wilson, during whose administration United States policy towards both Puerto Rico and the Philippines was liberalized, had pointed to the magazine as an important general influence on the young Wilson's thinking. And Oswald Garrison Villard, who was a warm supporter in the columns of the *Evening Post* and THE NATION of Wilson's 1912 Presidential candidacy, was what the French call a *caution de gauche* to the President for some time after his election. Incidentally, one of the most dramatic chapters in the history of the journal is that of Villard's break with Wilson —over the Treaty of Versailles. But this will be discussed later. Until the end of the first World War, the anti-imperialistic, pacifistically inclined Villard was, with declining ardor, a Wilson supporter.

One reason for THE NATION's enthusiasm about Wilson in the early



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1900s was that he seemed gratifyingly unlike Theodore Roosevelt. Back in 1896, a NATION review of Roosevelt's *Winning of the West* (Vol. 4) criticized the writer's "impetuosity and recklessness of assertion," while recognizing Roosevelt's virtues as an historian. Roosevelt as President inspired more bitter comments than these in the pages of the weekly. "The Panama Dishonor" was THE NATION's description, in November, 1903, of the United States-inspired revolution in the Isthmus against Colombia. Citing assurances by successive American Secretaries of State—Seward, Fisk, Evarts and Bayard—that Colombian sovereignty would be respected in every way—the journal declared that Roosevelt's intervention was rough compared with the practices of the buccaneers who had sailed the Spanish Main. Roosevelt's one controlling desire, asserted another NATION article, was to "get that ditch"—the Panama Canal—whose construction by the United States the Colombian Senate had refused to authorize on United States terms. (France had made what Colombia considered a better proposal for the building of the canal.) Immediately after the artificial Panamanian revolution, Roosevelt recognized the republic of Panama, and negotiated a treaty paying Panama the sum Colombia had rejected, in return for the grant of a ten-mile wide zone. "An Honorable Way Out" of this big stick situation was suggested in THE NATION at the end of December, 1903: since Colombia, as well as Panama and the United States, really wanted a canal, the people of Panama should again be merged in the sovereignty of Colombia, and Colombia should then validate all the acts of independent Panama, including ratification of the treaty. Under this NATION plan, Colombia would have been obliged to accept the United States terms she had originally rejected, but the Roosevelt who later boasted, "I took the

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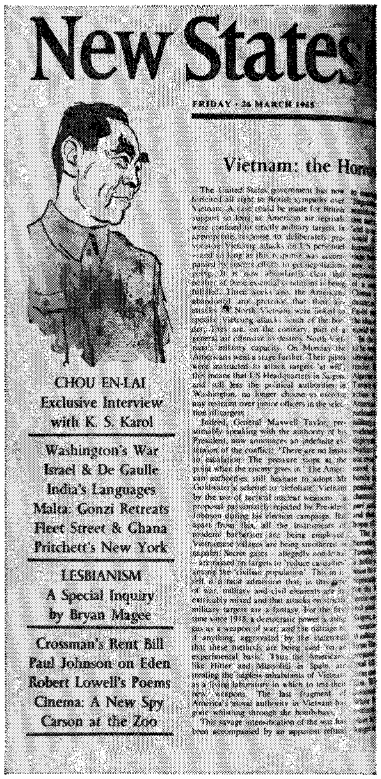

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Canal Zone" was in no mood for any compromise at all.

It has been mentioned that Henry George, the American advocate of the "Single Tax" whose writing strongly influenced the Fabian Socialists in England, was congratulated by THE NATION for his opposition to President Grover Cleveland's policy in the Venezuelan border crisis. The paradox of the economically laissez-faire NATION joining hands with economic "radicals," because both the magazine and the radicals were opposed to colonialism, was illustrated on other occasions around the turn of the century. For example, in 1896 THE NATION noted that the Socialists in Germany had been directing their attacks more and more upon militarism, "which they characterize as the systematic fleecing of the workingman in the interest of a soldier class." The magazine observed:

> They are about right. . . . it is hardly too much to say that international socialism is at present about the most promising influence that is making for the disarmament of Europe.

It cannot be stressed too strongly that the journal which thus praised "international socialism" was anti-Marxist and laissez-faire. During the muckraking years at the beginning of the twentieth century, the journal was to remain a most cautious critic, and always from a nineteenth century Liberal standpoint, of the "trusts." But to the extent that "my enemy's enemy is my friend," THE NATION of that era was a friend of the anti-militaristic Socialists. There is another point to be made here. Oswald Garrison Villard, who while never a Socialist was far more sympathetic to socialism than were men like Godkin, Garrison and Lamont, became a more and more important influence on NATION policy during the early years of the twentieth century. Only when Villard actually took over the weekly in 1918 did the magazine become "radical" (though not socialistic) during his editorship, but there was a distinct difference between the tone of Villard's articles on social questions during the early nineteen-hundreds, and the tone of pieces by the more staid Rollo Ogden and Fabian Franklin.

Railroads and Laissez Faire

Ogden and Franklin were on matters social and economic the legitimate sons of E. L. Godkin. When THE NATION got under way in 1865, Godkin was—while chiefly concerned with Reconstruction—worried about the growth of monopolies in the United States. The "invisible hand" that Adam Smith had seen as reconciling private interest and public good appeared to be inert. In September, 1865, a NATION editorial commenting on the "shocking slaughters" that had taken place recently on the railroads (there had just been a terrible collision on the Long Island road), asserted that corporations in the United States had acquired

> a degree of power and exemption from control to which they have nowhere else been as yet able to attain. Such concentrations of wealth and power in the hands of a few persons not sovereign, have not been witnessed in modern times since the overthrow of the feudal barons.

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A few weeks later THE NATION called for national regulation of the railroads, pointing to the enormous power of railroad corporations in various states:

> What power commands at Trenton? Is it not the Camden and Amboy? What at Harrisburg? Is it not the Pennsylvania Central? What at Albany? Is it not the New York Central?

Significantly, just as Charles Sumner in the Senate referred to one of these railroads as a "usurpation with all the pretensions of state rights, hardly less flagrant or pernicious than those which have ripened in bloody rebellion," THE NATION too linked the principle of freedom of transportation to the principle of freedom for the Negroes:

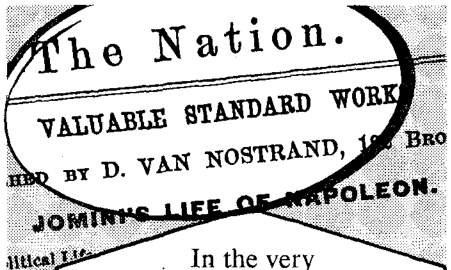
> One thread runs through all the proposed amendments of the Constitution—equality of states and citizens. We invoke the same principle in demanding the overthrow of railroad monopolies, for which no amendment is needed. . . .

While supporting a "Bill to Facilitate Communication Among the States" (which, when it became law in 1866, slightly inhibited the states' power to grant monopolistic privileges), THE NATION was also proposing "to make safety pay" on the railroads by attaching a pecuniary penalty to every injury. Such a penalty the railroad companies would regard "as a loss to be avoided, like other losses, by the general good management of their work." Congress did not adopt the proposal, but THE NATION kept up a steady barrage from 1865 to 1868 against the railroad monopolies' disregard of the public safety and convenience. "A passenger is treated," said one NATION writer, "as a parcel of freight"; the individual was helpless, but it "might do some good to form a Railroad Company Prosecution Society." In 1868 the machinations of such robber barons as Drew, Fiske, Gould and Vanderbilt—which the magazine circumstantially described—led the weekly to shift its focus to the financing and management of the railroads. Since Godkin's journal was soon to take a dim view of regulation by the national government of anything at all, it is interesting to see what THE NATION was saying about the railroads in 1868. Their construction was frequently made possible, the weekly pointed out, through the sale of mortgage bonds which put the railways in debt for much more than they were actually worth. As long as a road did not earn more than enough to pay expenses and interest on the mortgage bonds, no dividends could be paid on the stock. In order to pay such dividends, many railroad managers gave in to the temptation to cut down on expenditures for the upkeep of their roads. This practice resulted in deterioration of the roads, and more money would have to be borrowed by the companies to keep them from being ruined. Eventually, the roads found it impossible to borrow money, accidents became more common, income was no longer sufficient to pay expenses and interest on the mortgage bonds.

> Then the mortgage is foreclosed, the property sold at auction; if fortunate, the road sells at its full value, the amount of the mortgage is fully realized, and the millions of stock held by the unsuspecting public are swept away and vanish into thin air.

While many well-managed roads existed, excessive adherence in the United States to the policy of laissez faire "argued the inevitability of greater government control of the railroads." J. N. Pomeroy, an expert on constitutional law, argued some weeks later in THE NATION that Congress had the right to regulate interstate railway commerce. The cases he cited as precedents—such as Gibbons *v.* Ogden, in which John Marshall had handed down the decision, concerned water transportation, but Pomeroy was plumping for an elastic interpretation of the Constitution, for a recognition of its

> faculty of adaptation to the changes in the forms of conducting the activities of life, and to the progress in the material arts.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Interestingly, and consistently enough, THE NATION took during its early years a similarly pragmatic view of the Constitution in treating the Reconstruction issue. Thus, without saying that the Reconstruction Act of March 2, 1867—engineered chiefly by Thaddeus Stevens—*was* constitutional, the journal attacked President Johnson's veto-denial of its constitutionality by asking where *he* had got the power to impose the abolition of slavery on the Southern states. And just as the magazine gradually came to interpret the Constitution strictly in order to prevent what it regarded as a corrupt Grant regime from intervening in the South, so it gradually shifted to a strict view of what the "commerce clause" of the Constitution permitted in the way of railroad regulation. Compare Pomeroy's 1868 article, with its emphasis on the Constitution's "faculty of adaptation" with one that appeared in THE NATION six years later. In January, 1874, a committee of the House of Representatives reported that Congress's power to "regulate commerce" among the states included the power to fix freight charges. THE NATION protested in these terms:

> To "regulate commerce" is such a vague general term that it is absolutely necessary to go back to the time of its introduction to know what its design was, and if there is anything clear in the world it is that in the year 1787 no one in the world supposed it to have anything to do with freight rates charged by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy or the New York Central, but that what the framers did was to enable the Congress to prevent the states from controlling their commercial relations with each other.

What had happened between 1868 and 1874? Grant's woeful presidency, and the Granger movement in the West.

There is a story that when Ulysses S. Grant was a boy, an itinerant phrenologist predicted—as a practical joke on the Grant family—that Ulysses would become President of the United States. (Ulysses, to his credit, is reported to have been terrified at the prospect). The joking phrenologist proved to be a better prophet than the NATION writer who in May, 1868, declared:

> Grant's election will afford the best chance that has ever been offered of a reform in the civil service . . . . Grant is not a regular politician. He will be the first President the country has had for a long day on whom old party doctrines, as to 'spoils' and 'claims' will have no influence. . . . He has shown . . . . in his administration of the army, that he knows a good man when he sees him. . . .

THE NATION, OF COURSE, was not alone in looking to Grant as a political savior. He shone, in Republicans' eyes, by comparison with Andrew Johnson who had just missed being expelled from the White House. *Harper's Weekly* not only supported Grant warmly in 1868, but four years later declared with a straight face that his administration had been, on the whole, satisfactory. Godkin, on the other hand, decided not more than a year after Grant's accession to the Presidency that he was knuckling under dangerously to the "spoilsmen" in the Republican Party; the appointment of the notorious General Sickles as American minister to Spain, taken together with Grant's refusal to stand behind Secretary of the Interior Jacob D. Cox, whose scalp was demanded by certain Republican politicians, disgusted the journal's editor. Cox had committed the unpardonable sin of effecting civil service reform in his own department, of making appointments under a merit system rather than under the going spoils system. When Grant permitted him to resign—Cox had evidently decided to do so in order to spare Grant embarrassment—THE NATION spoke of the "wreck of General Grant's fame." A year later, in December, 1871, the journal pointed to the "numerous and heavy frauds and defalcations" that had marred Grant's administration, and in the spring of 1872 Godkin was one of many disenchanted Republicans who met at a "Liberal Republican" nominating convention in Cincinnati. What men like Godkin and Carl Schurz and Lyman Trumbull and Edward Atkinson wanted to do was to nominate for President a man committed to civil service reform and free trade. They had in mind the distinguished Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy Adams. To their sick amazement, the popular choice of the convention proved to be Horace Greeley, who had crusaded in his New York *Tribune* for a protective tariff, and whose interest in civil service reform was undetectable. Finding Greeley's nomination to be the country's "greatest disappointment since the first battle of Bull Run," and seeing no way out of what he described to Schurz as "the wretched mess," Godkin held his nose and gave Grant THE NATION's endorsement for a second term. In the midst of the electoral campaign, the New York *Sun* published letters revealing the Credit Mobilier swindle: a group of stockholders of the Union Pacific Railroad had organized a construction company to build the road, made generous contracts with themselves that depleted large Congressional grants to the Union Pacific, and in order to forestall any Congressional investigation had placed Credit Mobilier stock "where it will produce the most good to us," as one of the letters said. Among those whose reputations were smirched by this scandal was Grant's Vice-President, Schuyler Colfax.

An important NATION editorial inspired by the Credit Mobilier affair demanded that the national government

> let trade, and commerce, and manufacturers, and steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs alone. It cannot touch them without breeding corruption.

Thus in reaction against the corruption of the Grant administration, THE NATION adopted during the early eighteen-seventies a more extreme laissez-faire policy than it had ever advocated. There is a striking contrast between the 1873 editorial quoted above, and one published in 1868 which noted approvingly proposals in Congress to place all insurance companies in the United States under control of the government, to provide for the management of all telegraph lines by the Post Office Department, and to look into the condition of railroads in all parts of the country. Specifically, the last-mentioned proposal, made in the House of Representatives, instructed a House committee to consider the constitutionality of a law to regulate railroads so as to secure the safety of passengers, uniform and equitable charges for freight and the transportation of property, and proper connection between roads for the transportation of passengers and freight.

PROPOSALS VERY much like those for regulation of the railroads which THE NATION had approved in the eighteen-sixties were being made, successfully, in several mid-Western states in the early eighteen-seventies. But they were now being made by farmers organized as the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, and Godkin found them to be dangerously "confiscatory." In 1873 the Grangers announced their intention of obtaining, both at Washington and in state legislatures, measures to control and limit "the rates and charges of existing lines of transportation." The magazine asked the Grangers to consider the "facts" of the situation, which were—briefly—that cheap transportation could be permanently secured

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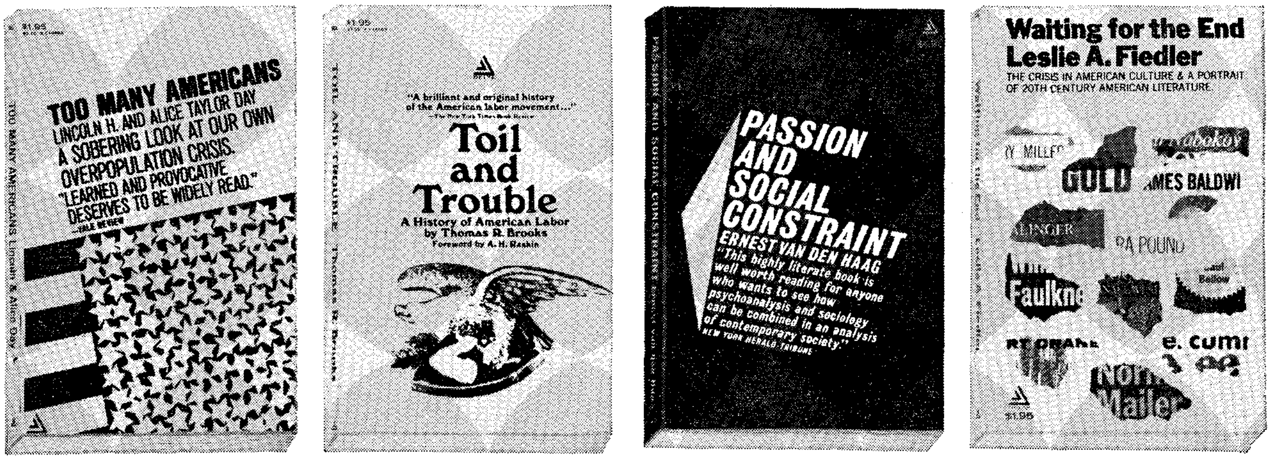
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only through good management, that the best management was that not of government but of experienced railroad men, and that if high protective tariff on the supplies the railroads used were removed, transportation prices would immediately be lowered. THE NATION had not come to see railroad men as saints, but it observed:

> When we hear of their having corrupted a legislature, or bought a judge, the blame lies not so much with them as with those who provide cheap and nasty legislators and judges.

Hammering on the theme of the need for tariff reductions, William Graham Sumner—the hard-boiled social Darwinist professor of social science at Yale—asked in THE NATION:

> Are not the high charges for transportation due to the enhanced cost of every ounce of iron, every stick of timber, every piece of metal, every yard of cloth, which has gone into the construction of railroads for the last ten years?

From the moment of its birth, the magazine had been a free trade journal, but it had not in the eighteen-sixties presented tariff reduction as the only solution to the problem of high transportation charges. In its comments on Granger measures, such as the Potter Law in Wisconsin, THE NATION was self-righteous and abusive. Solon J. Buck, in his history of the Granger movement, observes that NATION articles and brief paragraph editorials

> are largely responsible for the long prevalent idea of the Granger movement as a dishonest attempt of the Western farmers to confiscate railroad property by securing control of the legislatures and the courts.

BUT THE MOOD of the Supreme Court was not that of THE NATION, or of such other Wicked Witches of the East as the New York *Evening Post* and Samuel Bowles's *Springfield Republican*. In the "Granger cases," the Court affirmed the right of states to fix maximum rates for passengers, and for the transportation and storage of commodities. This important decision helped clear the way for the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887. Interestingly enough, many railroad leaders became resigned during the late eighteen-seventies to some form of national regulation. One railroad executive expressed the view that "the public *will* regulate us to some extent," and that perhaps a national board of commissioners would do less harm to the railroads than would "State politicians." THE NATION, once Grant was out of office, became a shade less unfriendly to the idea of national regulation; the Hepburn Committee's 1879 investigation of charges of freight discrimination in New York was commended by the journal, which observed that despite justifiable popular mistrust of government supervision of corporations, "some effective regulation is imperatively needed." But regulation of what kind? The magazine was hazy about this. When President Garfield's Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, supported a bill that was pressed by the Anti-Monopoly League to limit railroad profits to a fixed percentage of capital investment, and give excess profits to the public through rate reductions or increases in service, THE NATION cried: communism! Such a "railroad usury law" was based on the "sentimental theory" ("sentimental" was a favorite NATION epithet in the Godkin days) that business men "will work just as well for the public as they will for themselves." Charles Francis Adams, Jr., who made these comments, had been chairman from 1872 to 1879 of the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners, and was currently chairman of the government board of directors of the Union Pacific Railroad. This prominent railway expert's opposition to a measure supported by the moderate William Windom indicates how strong the resistance was, among "solid" citizens, to really effective legislation. In actual fact, only legislation bringing the newly created trusts, particularly the Standard Oil Company, under close national supervision, along with the railroads, could have been effective in the 1880s.

When, a short time after the passage of the Interstate Commerce Act in 1887, several railroad rate cases were brought before the Interstate Commerce Commission, THE NATION cited Commodore Vanderbilt's remark that there was only one man in the world he feared: the manager of the Standard Oil Company. The real defendant in these rate cases, said the journal, was that company, which was able to dictate rates for the shipment of its products. Horace White, THE NATION's financial expert, argued that the Interstate Commerce Act's prohibition of "pooling"—whereby earnings from freight had been distributed among several railroads—had deprived the roads of a weapon against the "terrorism" of the trusts. With pooling outlawed, the Standard Oil Company could more easily play one railroad against another through threats of withdrawal of Standard's business. White approved of the suggestion, in the first report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, that Congress enact further legislation to deal with the problem of shippers' pressure upon the railroads. But he insisted that the aim of any laws must be to preserve for the country the benefits of railroad competition. The same basically laissez-faire position, more relevant to conditions in America before the Civil War than it was in the 1880s, had been set forth in THE NATION by the man who had bought it and the New York *Evening Post* in 1881—Henry Villard. Himself a railroad builder who had pushed the Union Pacific to completion as a transatlantic road in 1883, lost control of it when it went into bankruptcy, then returned to it as a director in 1886, Villard was proud of the editorial independence of his papers. He apparently contributed only two articles after buying them—both, published in 1887, concerned the Interstate Commerce Act. Declaring that he was not opposed to some federal supervision of common carriers, Villard denounced this law as

> nothing less than an attempt to substitute for the established business organism, so to speak, of the country, a piece of State socialism at variance with the real interests of the people and with the national character.

Thus in the new age of consolidators—Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan—men like Henry Villard and Godkin and Horace White kept urging the importance of competition in large-scale enterprises. Less realistic than the consolidators, on one hand, and the Socialists, on the other, the laissez-faire NATION and its cultivated readers still wished that business could be conducted in a marketplace regulated by the law of supply and demand. In this Manchesterian utopia, there would be no protective tariffs or corporate monopolies or labor unions, and prices and wages would find their proper level. Realizing that in fact some regulation of large-scale enterprises was necessary, the journal's writers feared the effects upon "free enterprise" of the very laws designed to curb the trusts.

IF DURING THE eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties THE NATION made no particular effort to secure legislation to regulate the trusts, the weekly was no more traditionally laissez-faire than the solid, Democratic Grover Cleveland. Cleveland came to realize, during his first administration (1885-1889) that the gap between the affluent and the poor was growing dangerously. Just after his defeat by Benjamin Harrison in the election of 1888, he declared in a speech:

> The gulf between employers and the employed is constantly widening, and classes are rapidly forming, one comprising the very rich and powerful, while in another are found the toiling poor. . . . As we view the achievements of aggregated capital, we discover the existence of trusts, combinations, and monopolies, while the citizen is struggling far in the rear or is trampled to death beneath the iron heel. Corporations, which should be the carefully restrained creatures of the law and the servants of the people, are fast becoming the people's masters.

While this language reminds one both of the Populist Party platform of 1892, with its reference to "the two great classes—tramps and millionaires," and of a novel Jack London was to write, *The Iron Heel*, Cleveland actually had nothing more to propose than downward tariff revision. THE NATION was for this too, and saw Cleveland as a hero in the strife. But the Republicans, in control of Congress under Harrison, revised the tariffs not downward but upward, and even after Cleveland returned to the Presidency in 1893 Democratic protectionists joined Republicans to prevent radical reduction of duties. Some reduction there was in the Wilson-Gorman tariff of

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1894, but Cleveland found this mere tokenism, and allowed the law to be passed without his signature. As passed, it provided for an income tax of two per cent on incomes over $4,000, to make up for the lowered tariff rates. THE NATION, unhappy along with Cleveland over the small downward revision of duties, was also sharp in its criticism of the income tax provision of the law. Rollo Ogden denounced it as "class legislation," and warned that the two per cent tax could much too easily be increased to five, or ten—or fifty per cent.

Labor

The same laissez-faire liberalism which led THE NATION to oppose an income tax in 1894, caused it to be harshly unsympathetic to the nascent labor movement. From THE NATION's point of view, labor unions were, like the Standard Oil Company, combinations in restraint of trade; but whereas the weekly was unwilling to urge, as a remedy for undue corporate power, anything more than a lower tariff, it condoned —from the late seventies to the early years of the twentieth century—the use of force against striking laborers. It was the great strike of 1877 on the Baltimore and Ohio and on the Pennsylvania Railroad which inspired Godkin's first notable denunciation of labor "demagogy." This strike occurred against the general background of the 1873-79 depression, the most severe depression in American history until the 1930s, and was sparked by a general 10 per cent wage cut. A significant aspect of the work stoppage was that rail service was disrupted from Baltimore to St. Louis: discontented workers, it now appeared, could have an effect on the national economy and comfort. THE NATION, sternly denying that the general wage reduction was a just grievance, reprimanded the workmen who

> give ear to current demagogical platitudes regarding the oppressions of the poor and the injustice of the rich.

"Manifesting the acute uneasiness" that these labor disturbances—there were three days of rioting and looting in Pittsburgh during the summer of 1877—inspired among those comfortably situated, THE NATION declared:

> The kindest thing which can be done for the great multitudes of untaught men who have been received on these shores, and are daily arriving, and who are torn perhaps even more here than in Europe by wild desires and wilder dreams, is to show them promptly that society as here organized, on individual thought and action, is impregnable, and can be no more shaken than the order of nature.

THE NATION, and the majority of articulate Americans, spoke of "individualism" when laborers organized, and placed the blame for all criminal acts squarely on the "individual conscience"; but before their eyes the whole economy was being reshaped by large combinations, and sociologists were beginning to study the shaping of the individual by his environment. The organization of working men into such a society as the Knights of Labor, which grew remarkably after the 1877 railroad strike; the entrance of labor into politics—(the Greenback Labor Party got over a million votes in the 1878 Congressional elections); and the development of Marxian socialism in the United States, as evidenced by the formation of the Socialist Labor Party—all of these movements were aspects of a trend toward collective action. Thus, while THE NATION comment of May, 1878, that

> we are witnessing, at this moment, the spread of a movement among working-men . . . for the avowed object of despoiling the owners of accumulated property in some way . . .

was a typical response of respectable, well-educated men, it was irrelevant to the deep realities of social transformation.

During the eighteen-eighties the most significant mark of this transformation in the labor movement was the growing insistence on a national eight-hour day. The organization that was to become the American Federation of Labor, superseding with its pragmatic program the vaguely oriented Knights of Labor, called for strikes and demonstrations for an eight-hour day throughout the United States, beginning on May 1, 1886. Work stoppages and protest meetings did occur in many cities, and in this highly charged atmosphere there took place the tragic Haymarket affair. In angry reaction to the killing by policemen of four strikers at the McCormick Harvester Company, a meeting was called by labor and anarchist leaders at Haymarket Square in Chicago. Police tried to disperse the crowd, and somebody, whose identity has never been established, threw a bomb; seven policemen were killed, and sixty-seven were injured. In what has been called "one of the most injudicious trials in the record of American juridical history," seven men were condemned to death and one man was sentenced to prison for having incited the person who threw the bomb. All of the men condemned were anarchists, and the Knights of Labor—who had virtually nothing to do with any of the May demonstrations, but who symbolized "anarchy" in the public mind, were widely blamed. THE NATION spoke of the "anarchist disease," and asserted that at the "center and core of every strike" were well-heeled people who read weekly "three or four Socialist newspapers." The country, said the journal, was going through a "mental craze" for radical labor legislation, as if something like the philosopher's stone were about to be discovered. But THE NATION of the 1880s had little more to offer as a cure for the "disease" than a change of attitude on the part of the "great corporations." They should do more, said the journal, to

> infuse into their dealings with their employees something better than the spirit of contract or patronage merely. In other words, they should do something to make their men feel that the Union is not a necessity to them.

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of the fools are angry
at me, and I am glad of
it, for I write at
them, not to them."

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✣

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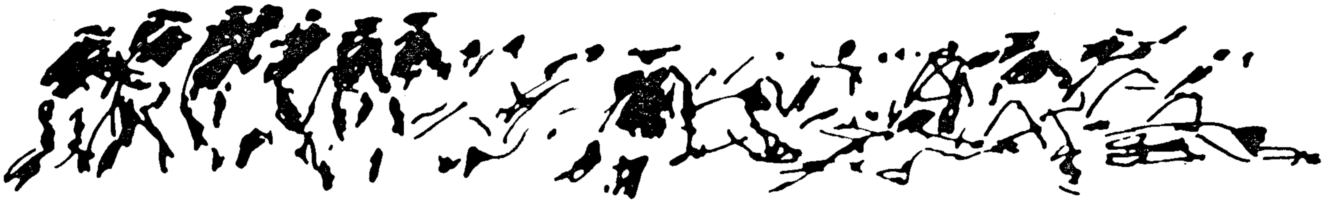
This advice sounds like the resolution once introduced into the French legislature, calling on all rascals immediately to leave France. More significant than any NATION exhortations to businessmen to act nobly was a paragraph that appeared in the journal in July, 1890. No change, it said, had been so marked within the history of THE NATION (that is, since 1865) as the transfer to wealthy men of the political and social influence formerly shared, if not absorbed, by men of literary, oratorical or professional distinction. This comment suggests a reason for Godkin's inability, despite his brilliance, to offer adequate solutions for the social problems of the eighties and nineties. Godkin conceived of the laissez-faire system as one in which the businessman's desire for profits would be tempered by his awareness of values higher than monetary ones. But with the businessman himself become a paragon in the land, what was there to restrain him? Surely not government intervention.



THE NATION'S FRUSTRATED sense that both labor unions and business corporations were acting against the public interest was indicated in an editorial inspired by the Homestead trouble of July, 1892. The management of the Homestead, Pennsylvania plant of the Carnegie Steel Company had hired Pinkerton men to break a strike, the strikers had fought back with guns and dynamite, there had been deaths and injuries on both sides, and the governor of the state had sent the whole National Guard contingent to Homestead. THE NATION observed that the workers had in this case obtained considerable sympathy from the "classes socially above them," and proceeded to explain why. It was not, certainly, because of any justice in the workers' claim to ownership of the mills, or because their conduct had been legally or morally defensible. It was rather, said THE NATION, that the country was at last awakening to the abuses of the protective tariff. Businesses such as the Carnegie Steel Company had long been claiming that their workers benefited from tariff protection; at Homestead, however, management had demonstrated its lack of interest in the workers' welfare, had brutally announced it would discharge whom it pleased, and pay what wages it pleased. In one of the harshest denunciations that Godkin's NATION ever made of a business corporation, this editorial declared that the company's "plea for American laborers"

> was a mean and contemptible pretence, designed simply to enable them to enrich themselves by utilizing the credulous patriotism of the American people.

It did not take long for THE NATION to shift its emphasis, during that 1892 summer of labor trouble, to those "organizations of dubious character," the trade unions, which were trying to gain advantages for their members "at the expense of outside laborers." Clearly, however, THE NATION's editors were dismayed by the "mere anarchy"—in Yeats's sense, not the limited political one—that had been "loos'd upon the world." The closing years of the nineteenth century were the darkest that THE NATION had seen, the darkest that it was to see until the second World War. Abroad, it found that the United States was joining Britain, Germany and Russia as a colonial power; at home "protected" trusts and monopolistic labor unions seemed to be grabbing as much for themselves as they could.

It is notable that each time the "radical" William Jennings Bryan was the Democratic Presidential candidate—in 1896, 1900 and 1908—THE NATION turned away from the Democratic Party which it had begun supporting in 1884. Grover Cleveland was THE NATION's kind of Democrat, and so was Judge Alton B. Parker, a low-tariff man who ran against Theodore Roosevelt in 1904. But Bryan, particularly in 1896, seemed to THE NATION and other "respectable" Eastern journals, a dangerous demagogue. His advocacy of the free coinage of silver—which THE NATION considered immoral—and his standing (if not actually running) on a platform endorsing the income tax principle, condemning the use of the injunction in labor disputes, and promising "stricter control" of trusts and railroads, evoked a frenzied response in the weekly's editorial pages. The journal referred to the "mad proceedings" of the Democratic nominating convention, and was impatient for the stamping out of "incendiary doctrines" in the November election. THE NATION's attitude for Bryan's defeat in 1896 was the same as that expressed by the New York *Tribune*:

> There are some movements so base, some causes so depraved, that neither victory can justify them nor defeat entitle them to commiseration. The wicked rattle-pated boy, posing in vapid vanity and mouthing rottenness, was not the real leader of that league of Hell. He was only a puppet in the blood-imbued hands of Altgeld the anarchist and Debs the revolutionist. . . .

THE NATION sighed with relief in its November 5, 1896 issue that the country had been saved from exchanging the Constitution and the Supreme Court for the "decrees" of men like Governor Altgeld, Debs and Bryan. Bryan himself, said The Nation, had probably inspired more terror than any man in public life who had not actually committed murder. But a generation later, Morison and Commager were to call Bryan, in their history, "the common denominator of the American people of his generation." Surely the evils which he and Altgeld and Debs denounced were real. During each year of the 1890s, one man out of every 150 working in the mines in Pennsylvania was injured; one of every 400 was killed. In the year 1893, one of every ten operating railroad employes was injured in some way; one of 115 was killed. In many states, the only limitation on child labor was the requirement—often loosely enforced—of school attendance. The fundamental Populist protest, represented by the Bryan candidacy of 1896, was well conveyed by Vachel Lindsay:

There were real lines drawn:
Not the silver and the gold,
But Nebraska's cry went eastward
  against the dour and old,
The mean and cold.

For The Nation and the New York *Tribune,* Bryan's defeat meant the avoidance of catastrophe; for Vachel Lindsay, sixteen years old in 1896, it was

Defeat of my boyhood, defeat of my
  dream.

By 1900, the dominant political issue was imperialism, and The Nation, contemptuous of McKinley, supported him only because Bryan was the alternative. By 1904 The Nation was back in the Democratic camp because Parker, "sound" on economic issues (he had been Cleveland's law partner), was running against the jingoistic Theodore Roosevelt. Bryanism had receded in the Democratic Party, but to The Nation Roosevelt was almost

. . . . the young dude cowboy,
Who hated Bryan, then aped his
  way. . . .

Roosevelt, the pragmatic politician, deriding as "muckrakers" such writers as Ida Tarbell, who published her "History of the Standard Oil Company" in *McClure's,* and Ray Stannard Baker, who focused on the railroads in the same magazine, and Thomas Lawson, whose "Frenzied Finance" in *Everybody's* was a study of the copper trust, still looked at the muck that they raked up. The Nation could not help looking, wished it weren't there, and viewed with apprehension the plans for doing something about it. The Roosevelt victory over Parker in 1904 brought to Washington what Rollo Ogden described two years later in The Nation as "The Muck-rake Congress." It had been characterized, said Ogden, by a series of "exposures" and by much shouting and threatening—all this was the very essence of muckraking. But Ogden conceded that

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without the muckraking legislators there would have been no railway bill—the Hepburn Act of 1906 made rate regulation possible for the first time in United States history—and no meat inspection law. Ogden might also have noted that without Upton Sinclair's novel, *The Jungle*, describing the grim conditions in Chicago stockyards, the meat inspection law would probably not have been passed in 1906. As for the Hepburn Act, THE NATION had not been especially enthusiastic about the measure while it was being debated in Congress during the winter and spring of 1906. Conceding that some government rate supervision was necessary, the journal stressed the importance of the principle of judicial review: the railroads, THE NATION argued, should have the right to fight in the courts what they deemed unfair rate prescriptions by the Interstate Commerce Commission. When passed, the Hepburn Act included a provision for judicial review, but the act as a whole was condemned as altogether inadequate by such a progressive as Senator LaFollette because the Interstate Commerce Commission was not empowered to evaluate railroad properties and the cost of service. Only on the basis of such evaluation, LaFollette contended, could "reasonable" rates be determined. THE NATION, "utterly unsympathetic to" men like LaFollette, was still insisting in 1906 on the overriding importance of one economic measure: downward tariff revision. At one point in the debate on the Hepburn Act, the weekly accused Roosevelt of giving up chances for tariff revision in order to get railway rate supervision. "A birthright," said THE NATION, "has thus again been sold for a mess of pottage." Thus laissez faire, the policy of letting business alone, was the journal's fundamental position even in the era of the super-trust, the age of J. P. Morgan.

THE LET-ALONE policy, however, was still not to be applied to labor unions. On this point, most respectable men, including most federal judges, held the views expressed by THE NATION. In a decision that grew out of the Danbury Hatters' strike of 1902, the union's attempts to secure a nationwide boycott of Loewe hats was declared a violation of the Sherman Act, which outlawed combinations in restraint of interstate trade. In another case, involving a St. Louis stove company, the A. F. of L. was forbidden by a federal court injunction to carry out a boycott; for defying the injunction, Gompers and other officials of the A. F. of L. were declared in contempt of court and sentenced to prison. When in 1908 Gompers (whose sentence, like that of the other officials, was never carried out) denounced the courts' interpretations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act as denying to organized labor the right of existence, THE NATION complacently remarked:

> The only change recently made is to decide, as the Supreme Court has at last done, that boycotting is illegal under the Sherman Act, as it always has been illegal at common law.

THE NATION went on to condemn organized labor for crying out when the same "even-handed justice" was applied to its "ruinous acts" as was applied to illicit action by such a trust as Standard Oil. But the weekly, which had rejoiced over President Grover Cleveland's smashing of "anarchy" in the 1894 Pullman strike, and which had denounced the Mine Workers Union during the anthracite coal strike of 1903, was, like most of the press, less than fair to labor. Putting its emphasis heavily on violence and intimidation of scabs by the unions, THE NATION sadly failed to see what drove the unions to desperate acts. John Mitchell, leader of the anthracite mine workers, charged in his book, *Organized Labor* (1903), that much of even the very low wages

> was never paid in cash to the mine-workers. There were in vogue many systems for cheating the men. . . . The size of the ton increased, so that 2,900 and even 3,190 pounds came to be considered a ton, while the price remained at the same level . . .

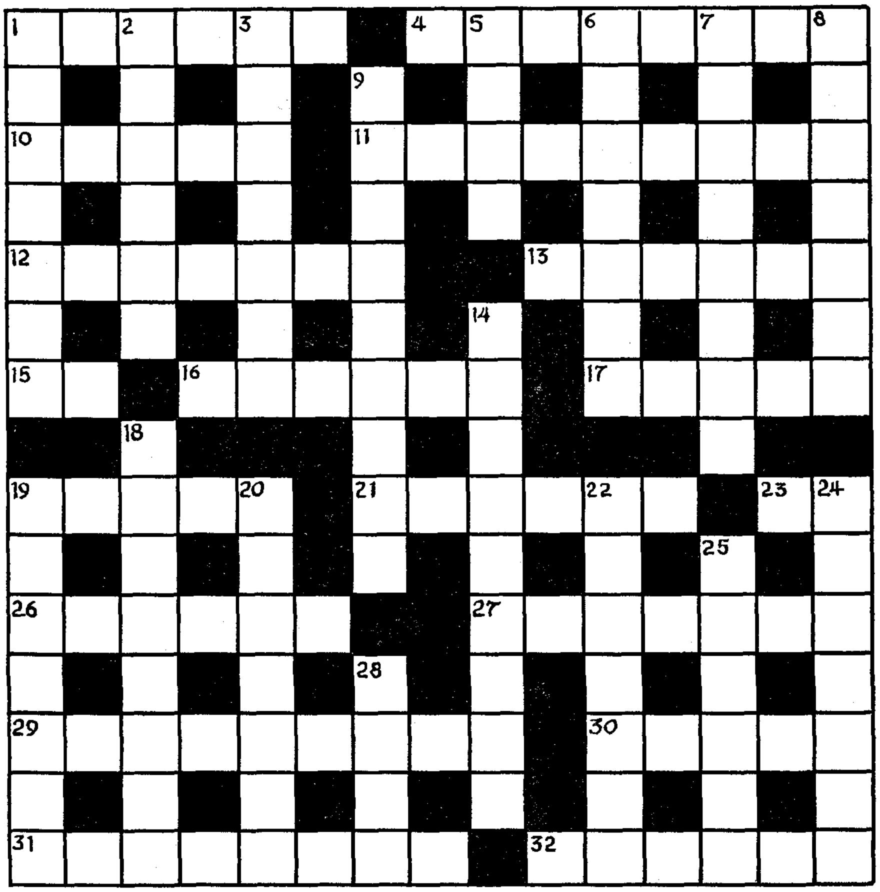
This is just the kind of point that THE NATION was later to make again and again, after it was taken over in 1918 by Oswald Garrison Villard. Villard, as early as 1905, published an article —"The Growth of Socialism"—in THE NATION which conflicted sharply with the opinions of Wendell Phillips Garrison, then editor of the weekly, and of writers like Rollo Ogden and Fabian Franklin. Commenting on the development of socialism among the American masses (in 1905 the syndicalist Industrial Workers of the World, a far more radical organization than the A. F. of L., was formed), Villard said that the Socialists had been "confirmed in their error" by the shamelessness

> with which managers of public-service corporations have debauched the commonwealth. Our bold speculators in street railways and in gas and electric lighting have laid heavy and dirty hands on governors and legislators, mayors and aldermen.

Then, referring specifically to the investigation in New York City of the practices of the Consolidated Gas Company, Villard spoke of a monopoly's manufacturing gas at thirty to fifty cents a thousand feet and selling it for a dollar, and juggling with the pressure "in order still further to swindle the consumer." No one can be surprised, said Villard, if "men in their haste seize the weapon of municipal ownership." The directors of the Consolidated Gas Company, "not such frothy demagogues as Eugene V. Debs," were the real leaders of the crusade for socialism. This language, used by Villard in 1905, reminds one somewhat of Bismarck, and it is interesting to note that Villard's German-born father admired Bismarck and was his house guest during a visit to Germany. Bismarck had stolen the German Socialists' thunder through what Harold Lasswell would call "rejection by partial incorporation" of their program. Villard, who unlike Bismarck was no cynic, gradually became warmly sympathetic to the moderate Socialists.

Crossword Puzzle

JAMES J. STORROW, JR.



ACROSS:

1 Countryman's chief of center (6)
4 Sang to me of the end of the world (8)
10 Symbolic flyer with arms, olive-bearing (5)
11 Of pap and Russia—even Steven agreed (4, 5)
12 Nearly 600 rodents: an extreme case (7)
13 Penetrate FPA's midriff (6)
15 Brief state of Independence (2)
16 "Y" girls gruesomely upset (6)
17 "Honey Fitz" to J.F.K. (5)
19 Can't give more than this, can I? (2, 3)
21 Take a flyer in America, Russia—or Greece (6)
23 Heard the news? Dad's back! (2)
26 Accept—you're a rat if you don't! (6)
27 Label lumber, Filipino type (7)
29 Get the wind up—worse if you're 30 (9)
30 Lost a seat (2, 5)
31 Old Hundred scattered in their seats, no doubt (8)
32 It's in the UN that I hear you challenge (1, 5)

DOWN:

1 Let the Benedictine go—a good sound from the hills of America (7)
2 Somewhat tattered sleeve of a noble lord (6)
3 That each one may be one: a reason for 19 (7)
5 We do to live, and, I hear, use for death (4)
6 Hi-fi fan may flip for this (7)
7 Dam burst in Oct. (8)
8 No diller, no dollar; a thinker he (7)
9 In which chap spies moon travellers (5, 4)
14 Sandy site for royal houses (9)
18 A digestion like this needed for C-rations (4, 4)
19 Bound in like lions, they say—for 1 down? (7)
20 Sinister Red? (7)
22 President (generally) indicates Govt. aid (7)
24 Call an insect for ceremonial event (7)
25 '67 folly from Russia—a fine state! (6)
28 Takes two to make one (4)

(Answers on page 335)

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The Wilson Era

A kind of prelude to the definitive 1918 change in THE NATION occurred some seven years earlier, around 1911. At this time, Paul Elmer More, the Sanskrit scholar and "new humanist," was editor of the weekly, but Villard as managing editor of the *Evening Post* was beginning to put his own stamp not only on the *Post* but on THE NATION, which reprinted much *Post* material. Villard noted in his autobiography, *Fighting Years,* that THE NATION and the *Evening Post* had supported Woodrow Wilson in "his fight to democratize Princeton undergraduate life." In March, 1910, when the two men met during an ocean voyage from Bermuda to the United States, Villard promised Wilson full support if he should decide to run for the governorship of New Jersey. Wilson had been an avid reader of Godkin's NATION, and his liberalism in 1910 seemed to be of Godkin vintage. But Villard was also more of a Godkinite in those days than he was to be in 1920, and he was impressed by Wilson as a man. According to Villard, the *Evening Post* exercised considerable influence on Wilson after he became governor of New Jersey because it was the only newspaper he read.

Surprised and gratified by Wilson's vigorous treatment of New Jersey bosses and New Jersey problems, Villard joined a widespread movement in the press to boom him for the Presidency. A Villard article, "Governor Wilson's Candidacy," in the August 17, 1911, NATION, praised Wilson for his frankness in attacking the "money power" in a speech at Harrisburg. But Fabian Franklin of the *Evening Post,* much less favorably impressed by Wilson, published a piece criticizing the New Jersey governor for attacking President Taft's policy on trusts without offering a clear alternative. Was Wilson for letting the trusts alone? Franklin asked. Or was he for a "root-and-branch plan" of destruction? The difference in tone between these two articles illustrates the tension that was to be felt at 20 Vesey Street (to which the *Evening Post* and THE NATION had moved in 1908) during the next few years. Conservatives like Franklin, Paul Elmer More, and Stanley Went could not abide Villard's "radicalism."

Villard kept on pushing Wilson's Presidential candidacy. A letter printed in the December 3, 1911, NATION reported the results of a straw ballot election at Oberlin College: Wilson was an easy leader with 261 votes, LaFollette came next with 82, Taft was third with 60 and Roosevelt fourth with 17. Villard, who had just published a biography of John Brown, must have been encouraged by this endorsement of the Virginia-born Wilson at an institution so closely associated with the Abolitionist movement. According to Wilson's biographer, Arthur S. Link, Villard was at this time "unquestionably the leading white champion of Negro rights in the United States," and became Wilson's "chief adviser on the race question in the summer of 1912." Villard and W. E. B. DuBois, editor of the NAACP magazine *The Crisis*, were disappointed by Wilson's failure to commit himself to a desegregation policy in government bureaus. But Villard hoped for progress on this score with Wilson in the White House.

On some other issues, Wilson's accession to the Presidency brought immediate progress. One of these issues was the tariff. THE NATION had been disappointed by Taft's acceptance of the high Payne-Aldrich tariff of 1909, and looked forward to a change under Wilson. It came with the Underwood tariff of 1913. While not a free trade measure, it provided for the kind of revision which THE NATION had been urging since 1865.

If the United States Congress had at last come around to THE NATION'S tariff views, the journal had by 1913 come to accept a measure that the country as a whole clearly wanted: the progressive income tax. Rollo Ogden's objection, back in 1894, to such a tax had been that it was confiscatory. In 1913, while regretting that the burden was not more widely distributed (only 425,000 persons, the weekly estimated, would pay an income tax), THE NATION found it a reasonable way to make up the deficiency in Federal revenue caused by tariff reductions.

TO A CONSERVATIVE like Paul Elmer More, THE NATION seemed to be changing markedly. But while the journal's attitude toward organized labor altered to the extent that the unions were not brutally denounced as they once had been, the magazine was by no means pro-labor. It was not, for example, particularly happy about the Adamson Act of 1916, which established an eight-hour day on all interstate railways. And, significantly, the *Evening Post*'s and THE NATION'S support of Wilson rather than Hughes in 1916 was based partly on the belief that Wilson would be in a better position to "handle" the demands of labor than would be the candidate of the "party of capital."

Villard, unlike his editors, had by 1916 become disenchanted with Wilson, chiefly because of the President's adoption of a military preparedness policy. His article in a July, 1916, NATION called "The President and Foreign Affairs" stated bluntly that the President didn't know enough about them. If Wilson had ever settled down to six months in Germany, he would be in a far better position to deal with the German leaders. Villard also thought it a pity that the President had not spent some time in Latin America. Clearly, although THE NATION had been only mildly critical of United States intervention in Haiti and Santo Domingo (the weekly objected to naval censorship of the press), Villard was distressed by what seemed to him a continuation of Taft's dollar diplomacy. In September, 1916, with the *Evening Post* and NATION declaring for Wilson, Villard decided to vote Prohibitionist. This split between Villard and the members of his own staff was

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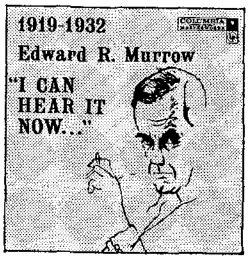

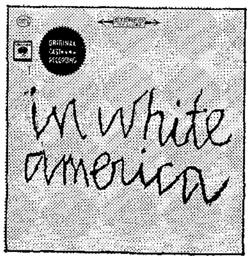

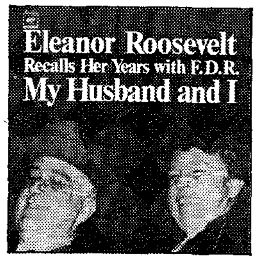

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symptomatic of the general unrest at the offices of the daily and the weekly.

After the United States entry into the World War, the fissure widened. Rollo Ogden, managing editor of the *Evening Post*, was unreserved in his support of the Allied cause, while Villard was primarily interested in the rapid negotiation of a just peace. Before Villard took over the editorship of THE NATION in January, 1918, the editorial situation became even more anomalous; Ogden was opposed to Villard's publication in the *Evening Post* of the secret treaties which had been released by the Bolshevik government of Russia. But Villard published them anyway, and at the same time took over from Harold de Wolf Fuller the editorship of THE NATION. Beginning with the issue of January 31, 1918, Villard himself could determine NATION policy.

III

Literature and Ideas: 1865-1918

When Emile Zola was a young Romantic poet living in Paris, he reproached his friend Paul Cézanne for painting pictures that were "denuded of poetry." "I have never been able to make anything of this 'realism'," said Zola in 1860. While he was soon to become converted to realism, his early idealistic prejudices were those of most European and American critics throughout the nineteenth century. A book which helped to change Zola's mind about realism, *Madame Bovary*, was put on trial in France for immorality. Balzac's notion that the novel "should paint a possible better world" was in effect the nineteenth-century consensus on the role of all the arts.

William Dean Howells, the nineteenth-century American novelist most closely associated with the reaction in this country against "ideality" in fiction, was a rigorous censor of his own "realism." His own children read his stories, he wrote to John Hay in 1882, and therefore he could not describe "palpitating divans." Since Howells' American contemporaries (there were more daring realist-rebels in Europe) felt the same inhibitions, the most inflammatory love scene in American fiction of 1882 may have been that of the leave-taking of a girl and her suitor in Howells' *A Modern Instance*:

> At the door he bent down his head and kissed her. "Good night, dear—friend."
>
> "Good night," she panted; and after the door had closed upon him, she stooped and kissed the knob on which his hand had rested.

In 1892, an American weekly, the *Independent*, warned that *The Princess of Cleves*, the French seventeenth-century classic, should not be put in the hands of American girls. The same journal found *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* dangerous to the moral fibre of young readers, even though Hardy was "no Tolstoi, picturing lechery to the last particular, no Zola reveling in filth."

The 1903-1904 report of the New England Watch and Ward Society contains a piquant item that will serve to complete this brief sketch of the cultural milieu in which THE NATION was an intellectual force. "One of the most interesting and important cases we have ever had," said the report, "was that of a weekly newspaper in the Syrian language published in Boston." Informed that a certain number of this paper "contained obscenities," the Watch and Ward Society arranged for their rendering into English by a Harvard professor, then presented the translation to a judge,

> who granted a warrant upon which the editor and publisher was arrested, and 682 copies of the newspaper were seized, 210 being of the objectionable issue.

Such nineteenth-century NATION reviewers as Henry James, Eliot Norton, T. S. Perry and John R. Dennett were not chiefly concerned with the morals of children, young girls, and Syrians living in Boston, but in an intelligent way their criticism of literature reflected the "idealistic" prejudices of the age. When the editors of THE NATION announced in their 1865 prospectus their intention to promote a higher standard of criticism, they meant primarily that the weekly would not "puff," freely advertise books—as most newspapers and magazines then did—but review them disinterestedly. THE NATION intended to propagate, in Matthew Arnold's terms, the best that was known and thought in the world—intended to apply idealistic standards with fine discrimination. A review, in THE NATION's first issue, of Arnold's *Essays in Criticism,* noted the author's "truly noble purpose": to "share with his fellows the pleasures of a higher and richer intellectual life." Such terms as "noble," "higher," "ideal" and "poetic" recur in THE NATION's criticism throughout the 1865-1918 period, even if there is a subtle shift during the early years of the twentieth century to a "New Humanist" concern with "restraint," control of impulse, the "inner check."

THE NATION QUITE RAPIDLY became known as an organ of intelligent criticism. William Dean Howells, nervously awaiting the weekly's pronouncement on one of his own works, wrote to Henry James in 1869: "Horrible, isn't it, to have only one critic for 40,000,000 of people?" Charles Dudley Warner, who with Mark Twain wrote *The Gilded Age*, called THE NATION the "weekly Day of Judgment"; and it is suggestive of the impression THE NATION quickly created in 1865 that the New York *Tribune* could describe it as being "mainly devoted" to literature, which it treated with "impartiality and scholarship." There were also some sharply unfavorable reactions. Thus in 1885, a disciple of Walt Whitman's named William D. O'Connor referred to THE NATION as "that icicle in the caves of darkness, dripping its cold drip."

Whitman had certainly received the cold drip treatment from Henry James in a November, 1865, review of *Drum-Taps,* a volume of poems in-

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spired by the Civil War. The review, which James in his later years was ashamed of, accused Whitman of egotism, mindlessness and vulgarity. The "democratic, liberty-loving, American populace," wrote James, was a "great civilizer," and had not sustained a monstrous war in order to "put up with spurious poetry afterwards." Here was, in Philip Rahv's terms, the "paleface" condemning the "redskin" who could write a line like

> Hungering, hungering, hungering, for
> primal energies and Nature's
> dauntlessness.

E. L. Godkin was to say in a NATION essay that the progress of mankind from barbarism to civilization could be seen in the difference between a wigwam and a lady's parlor. Henry James, reading Whitman in 1865, apparently smelled smoke rising from a savage camp. The elderly James, who read Whitman's poetry aloud to Edith Wharton, doubtless wished that there had been more fire—even if less refinement—in his own life.

THE EARLY NATION was consistently hostile to Whitman's poetry—as well as to that of Baudelaire and Swinburne. James called Baudelaire "unwholesome," declaring that in *Les Fleurs du mal,*

> there must be stinking corpses and starving prostitutes and empty laudanum bottles in order that the poet shall be effectively inspired.

Swinburne, along with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, THE NATION considered a member of the "neo-pagan school of writers in England"; these poets were admittedly skillful in a technical sense, but they were morbidly preoccupied with sex.

Tennyson, on the other hand, was a poet the NATION critics liked. His tribute to Virgil—"Thou that seest Universal Nature moved by Universal Mind"—points to what THE NATION sought in the arts. Arthur Hugh Clough, whose "Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth," Winston Churchill stirringly quoted in a World War II speech, was also considered an admirable poet. His verses were "healthier" than those of Matthew Arnold. And William Morris, upon publishing *The Earthly Paradise,* was called a "supremely healthy writer" who "moves, melts and delights." THE NATION's use of "healthy" to describe writers it liked may remind us of Mary Petty's *New Yorker* cartoon bearing the caption, "You're a very sick poet"; it is possible, however, that critics a hundred years from now will be unsympathetic to twentieth-century praise of alienated writing.

The novelist most admired by the NATION of the sixties, seventies and early eighties was Ivan Turgenev, whose works became known in the United States by the roundabout route of English translations of French translations from the Russian. Turgenev was, said T. S. Perry, a "poetic" realist, successful in the novelist's highest labor—the conception and delineation of character—and successful too in suggesting truths rather then insisting ponderously upon them. In short, whereas an Anthony Trollope was excessively, "photographically" realistic, Turgenev achieved the Aristotelian aim of "verisimilitude." The only objection THE NATION lodged against Turgenev was that he was too "melancholy." Consistent with the journal's predilection for poetically realistic fiction (as in Björnstjerne Björnson's charming *Arne*) was its admiration of a spiritualized rendering of nature in art. Thus, the weekly's art critic gave the following advice to a young painter:

> He must look within for his inducement to work, and must find it . . . in the feeling which he probably has, that there is a higher and nobler beauty in nature than he has painted or drawn as yet.

There is a parallel between the early NATION's taste in the arts and its position on the most urgent intellectual problem of the middle and late nineteenth century—the relationship between Darwinism and religion. Such contributors to THE NATION as John Fiske and Asa Gray certainly accepted and propounded the Darwinian theory of evolution, but they did not accept the materialism of Tyndall and T. H. Huxley. Nature, the journal asserted, was transformed through the process of natural selection, but the process itself was spiritual in nature; as THE NATION put it in 1876:

> . . . . we doubt very much whether any one has ever listened in a candid and dispassionate frame of mind to the evolutionists' history of the globe without finding that it had deepened for him the mystery of the universe, and magnified the Power which stands behind it.

THE NATION's theistic Darwinism was a *via media* between materialism and dogmatic theology, just as its advocacy of poetic realism in the arts was a "middle" position between naturalism on the one hand and romantic idealism on the other.

To THE NATION's dismay, naturalism became an increasingly popular mode in fiction during the eighteen-seventies and eighties. The journal's attitude toward the "experimental" novels of Zola and his school was like that of Tennyson in "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After":

> Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist,
> realist, rhymester, play your part,
> Paint the mortal shame of nature with
> the living hues of Art.
>
> . . . .
>
> Set the maiden fancies wallowing in
> the troughs of Zolaism,—
> Forward, forward, ay and backward,
> downward too into the abysm.

Zola's influential novel, *L'Assommoir,* was reviewed in the NATION by Auguste Laugel, a young Frenchman whom Godkin had engaged in 1865 to send him letters on French politics, society and literature. To Laugel, *L'Assommoir* was a "revolting" story, which he had "quit"

> as I should have gone out of a dissecting room; and I have breathed the fresh air of one of Lamartine's "Meditations."

Laugel was a good nineteenth-century Liberal, and he wondered whether Zola was a "friend of the people, or an enemy of republican in-

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stitutions." What would become of a generation fed upon a literature whose sole object was to photograph life and vice? To The Nation and other genteel critics, it was not at all clear that Zola considered the novel—as he emphasized in an 1892 interview—an extremely high "means of expression" which he had chosen as

> the form in which to present to the world what I wish to say on the social, scientific, and psychological problems that occupy the minds of thinking men. . . .

(Zola also had the humility to observe, "It is true that I sometimes ask myself if this is the *rôle* of the novel after all.") Just a few years earlier, a Nation critic had spoken of the pernicious effect of fiction like Zola's on the reader's morale: naturalistic novels, in short, were unhealthy. The one point on which The Nation could agree with Zola was the Dreyfus case and anti-Semitism; The Nation denounced the Jew-baiting of Edouard Drumont in the eighties, and in 1898 Godkin published a piece called "Voltaire and Dreyfus," in which he praised both Voltaire's courage in defense of oppressed innocence, and his persistent efforts to show French lawyers that their lack of legal rules of evidence was the root of judicial inequity. Although these efforts had not really been successful, the Dreyfus case was still a great tribute to Voltaire: "Without him we should probably not have had even the *intellectuels*" that is, Zola and the others who came to Dreyfus' defense.

In reviewing fiction that had a social purpose—like Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward*—The Nation was inclined to take a tolerant view so long as the writing was not "vulgar." Thus without agreeing with Bellamy's conception of the good industrial society, the Nation critic commended the author's original treatment of the theme of utopia, and observed that writing of a better world is "one of the good offices of romance." Even in its treatment of a non-fictional work like Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, whose point of view The Nation clearly opposed, the weekly displayed respect for George's moral purpose. And while The Nation's laissez-faire individualism prevented it from proposing effective curbs on the ruthlessness of a Carnegie, the journal's review of his *Triumphant Democracy* called him an unmitigated philistine. Although Nation writers in the nineteenth century believed little could be done to mitigate the ferocity of the business world, they sought in books, both fictional and non-fictional, a high ideal.

It is significant in this connection that Nation reviews of such respectable authors as George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, William Dean Howells and Henry James often pointed to their "un-poetic" treatment of material. They tended too much toward "analysis," "dissection," the use of the "scalpel." Sainte-Beuve had said in a discussion of Flaubert that novelists were becoming anatomists; The Nation agreed, and while it found *Madame Bovary* a powerfully "moral" work, and "Un Coeur Simple" comparable to Turgenev's fiction ("and to say that is to give it the highest praise") the weekly kept looking wistfully backward to George Sand and Hawthorne.

Henry James respected Hawthorne, and greatly admired George Sand and Balzac. Ironically, however, The Nation often found James's early fiction over-analytical. (Thomas Wentworth Higginson's remark that The Nation "never spares its own contributors" is strikingly applicable to James's case).

Curiously, the very fiction that James was writing when he denounced Whitman's lack of refinement was found by the Nation to have an "enveloping atmosphere of . . . voluptuousness." Although James Russell Lowell found several years later that James had "tone" and "self-restraint," the Nation's tendency was to consider him interesting but "painful." It was a pity that he had completely abandoned the "realm of romance," with its heroes and its dramas. A review in 1886 of James's *Bostonians* and Howells' *Indian Summer* sums up pretty well the weekly's attitude toward their early fiction. On the one hand, their novels would enable "our descendants" to "reconstruct the society of which we form a part"; on the other hand, Howells unfortunately avoided drama and deep feeling, and James's analyses impeded the progress of the narrative.

LATER HENRY JAMES—*The Ambassadors, The Wings of the Dove, The Golden Bowl*—The Nation reviewed with puzzlement and qualified admiration. Like Henry's brother William The Nation found itself wishing for something clear, in the novelist's earlier manner. Annie R. M. Logan, reviewing those three difficult books, had all she could do to make out what was going on in them. And she indicated that when she did "make out" the stories, she found them shocking enough to deserve to be told obliquely. In 1910, on the occasion of Mark Twain's death, F. J. Mather, Jr., published a Nation piece called "Two Frontiersmen," contrasting Twain and James. James, he said, could be considered a frontiersman of the inner life as Twain was out of the outer life. In a Nation article written after James's death in 1916, Stuart Pratt Sherman indicated that while the novelist would always have a small group of ardent admirers, his "aesthetic idealism" "sins against the diversity, the thick rotundity, the integrity of life." Simeon Strunsky took a similar position, comparing James unfavorably with both Tolstoy and the "solid" Howells. It was as typical of "the age" for the "pre-modern" Nation to prefer Howells to James as it is for most critics nowadays to find James's subtle probing more "relevant" than Howells' direct representation.

AN INTERESTING LETTER to The Nation early in 1890 indicates both the weekly's admiration for Tolstoy and the reservations it had about some of his work. Isabel F. Hapgood, author of the letter, had been asked person-

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Order from your bookseller or **UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS • URBANA** ally by Tolstoy to translate his *Kreutzer Sonata.* She was an admirer of Tolstoy as a man and as a writer, and had tried to get American publishers to bring out both *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina* in 1881, five years before American readers were "treated to the mangled versions of those works, through the French." But she had failed, one Boston publisher having objected: "No one in Russia knows how to write except Turgeneff, and he is far above the heads of Bostonians." Miss Hapgood had declined to translate the *Kreutzer Sonata,* on the grounds that this anatomy of a marriage was "too frank and not decent." However quaint her decision may seem to present readers, it was quite consistent with the attitudes of most literate Americans of her day. One of the defects found in Nathan Haskell Dole's translations of Tolstoy into English was that certain passages had simply been omitted: Dole acted as censor as well as translator. According to NATION critics, however, Dole was also incompetent. Thus Mrs. C. B. Martin lamented in a review, "It makes the heart bleed to see the havoc that is made with beautiful things." Fortunately, Tolstoy's works were "great enough to rise superior to misrepresentation"; comparing Turgenev's admirable *Smoke* and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina,* Mrs. Martin found that whereas Turgenev's people and events were distinctively Russion, Tolstoy conveyed the universal through the particular:

> No one will ever pause to inquire Anna Karenina's nationality; she will be accepted unquestioningly, in her weakness and remorse, as a world type . . .

Tolstoy, of course, underwent a religious conversion, repudiating his "worldly" works, and in 1898 the NATION's French correspondent, Auguste Laugel, used Tolstoy's *What is Art* as a stick with which to beat the Decadents and Symbolists. Tolstoy had described his "stupor" at an exhibit of "modern" art, where among other astonishing things he had seen a face painted entirely blue. The Russian writer also criticized, to Laugel's satisfaction, Richard Wagner's merging of the genres of music and poetry: to Tolstoy, this was a "counterfeit" of true art. Laugel wished that Tolstoy had been harder on another Symbolist, Stephane Mallarmé, but noted with quiet glee that *What is Art* was considered blasphemous by the modernists.

LAUGEL'S POINT OF VIEW was essentially that of other NATION writers toward the Symbolists, whom Yeats described as in reaction against both the rationalism of the eighteenth century and the materialism of the nineteenth century. The Symbolist movement had come to perfection, said Yeats, in Wagner, in the English Pre-Raphaelites, in such French writers as Mallarmé and Maeterlinck. Yeats, himself a part of the movement, believed it to be the only one "that is saying new things." But what Edmund Wilson has described as the Symbolists' attempt, through "a complicated association of ideas represented by a medley of metaphors—to communicate unique personal feeling," did not suit THE NATION's taste for general human truth. When Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who had helped arrange for the posthumous publication of Emily Dickinson's poetry, wrote about her poems in THE NATION, he noted primarily such "realistic" details as her references to American birds. Today, Emily Dickinson is seen as more like the Symbolist Mallarmé (her "certain slant of light . . . that oppresses like the heft of cathedral tunes" is hardly "representational") than like such a romantic realist as John Greenleaf Whittier. But Higginson would have been startled by the comparison to Mallarmé. He was capable, however, of praising Verlaine for bringing "a new element of melody into French verse," even if like Swinburne he dealt more than was necessary with the "nauseous." While the translator of Verlaine, Miss Gertrude Hall, had not caught the "Dantesque directness" of "Colloque sentimental," she had still "rescued the best of this soiled man of genius from the worst."

THIS WAS ABOUT the farthest reach of NATION sympathy for the Symbolists. During the decade of the nineties, such American counterparts or imitators of the English *Yellow Book* as *Mlle. New York, The Chap-Book,* and *The Philistine* (which took a smack in its first number at "ponderous Howells") added spice to magazine journalism by publishing Symbolist and Decadent poetry, fiction, and art. But THE NATION found such "coming" writers as Huysmans and Gabriele D'Annunzio "unclean". Many present-day readers have a similar reaction, but what is most significant about THE NATION's treatment of literature is the lack of sympathy for works not in the Balzac-Turgenev-Tolstoy tradition of lucidity and rationality. In his introduction to *Diana of the Crossways,* Arthur Symons praised George Meredith as a Symbolist not interested in "the narration of the little, colourless facts of modern English society"; the NATION critics did not advocate such narration, but regarded the "little, colourless facts" as a starting point for a good novelist.

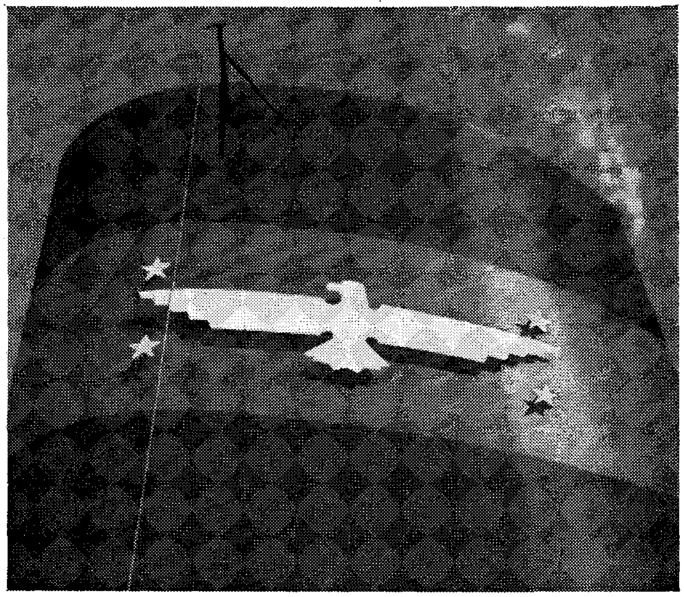
During the early years of the twentieth century, when Paul Elmer More began to contribute to THE NATION, and particularly after he became editor in 1909, the weekly became a voice of the "New Humanism." More and Irving Babbitt were the two most prominent members of this "school," but Frank Jewett Mather, who wrote chiefly on art for THE NATION, and O. W. Firkins (who reviewed poetry) and Stuart Pratt Sherman (who wrote on literature and cultural matters) also belonged to it. These critics emphasized the need, both in literature and in life, for ethical control, an "inner check" of natural impulse. According to the New Humanists, Jean-Jacques Rousseau and the Romantic movement had exalted the individual at the expense of the community, had apotheosized impulse at the expense of reason. Naturalism in literature—the work of Zola and his followers—was but Romanticism on all fours, and such a philosophic movement as Bergsonism as well as such social movements as anarchism and syndicalism were equally expressions of the modern lawlessness. While THE NATION of the late nineteenth century had been relatively friendly to Rousseau (the philosopher-mathematician Charles Sanders Peirce had observed in a NATION discussion of him that sentiment played an important role in life), THE NATION of the early twentieth century denounced him and all his works. When More reviewed Holbrook Jackson's book, *The Eighteen-Nineties*, he argued that the whole decadent movement, of which Oscar Wilde, John Davidson, Ernest Dowson and Francis Thompson were a part, was a product of the assertion of the rights of "personality."

> Personality was to assert itself in the direction of an unlimited and unquestioned expansiveness, in the claim of the individual to be purely and intensely himself, in the free pursuit of those emotions and sensations which are at the root of division among mankind; while denying those rights of man, in the classical sense, which mean the subordination of the individualizing desires to the commonalty of the law of reason.

More went on to say that the main literary source of this perversion at present was undoubtedly the group of "powerful Russian writers, with their congeners in Scandinavia and the other Northern countries. . . ." Among the writers he condemned was Tolstoy—his humanitarianism More found as repellent as Nietzsche's "Superman" doctrine—and Strindberg. But the book on which More concentrated his fire was Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*:

> Somehow we are to be lifted up by sympathizing with a madman worshipping humanity in the person of a girl of the street.

Not many contemporary writers were wholeheartedly praised by THE NATION during the years when More was a dominant editorial influence. The weekly's reviewers (men like H. W. Boynton, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., H. I. Brock) did, however, admire the work of both Joseph Conrad and Willa Cather. Both were essentially "conservative" in their emphasis on the individual's character, and on his moral response to his world. H. W. Boynton contrasted Conrad in a 1914 essay with a "group of brilliant irresponsibles"—Shaw, Chesterton, Arnold Bennett—whose attitude was, "Amuse the brutes." In Conrad's works it was the "hapless struggle of man with the universe which lifts his imagination . . . clear of the mere unpleasantness of pathos, fairly to the plane of tragedy." Willa Cather, Boynton praised in an interesting article called "Realism and Recent American Fiction," which resumed what various NATION critics—Stuart Pratt Sherman, Mather, Warner Fite



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and Harold de Wolf Fuller, had been saying on the subject: all of them had agreed that true realism "interprets, creates, transforms raw fact into something more pregnant"; realism employs facts not to document life, but to embody it. This was the realism of Willa Cather, whose "artist"-novel, *The Song of the Lark,* Boynton contrasted in another NATION review with Dreiser's *The Genius.* While Dreiser's book tells us, said Boynton, about Eugene Witla's brilliant mind, Witla is actually an extremely dull fellow, whose morals are less distressing then his manners. In *The Genius* was to be found "romantic welter" (not the "sincere realism" of *Sister Carrie* and *Jennie Gerhardt,* books which—somewhat surprisingly—THE NATION favorably reviewed), whereas *The Song of the Lark* was "finished work," uncluttered by details, in short a "noble" novel.

Consistent with this praise of Cather and Conrad was Frank Jewett Mather's approbation of Cézanne's art. An impressive selection of oils and water-colors by Cézanne was exhibited early in 1910 in New York, and Mather contrasted his work with that of the luminists, who seek "the effects that occur only once." (We may recall THE NATION's objections to the literary Symbolists, partly on the same grounds). Cézanne

> seeks what is eternally true of every scene . . . its skeletal organism, the underlying geometry that makes it of a certain size and mass and depth.

Mather's two-part review of the famous 1913 Armory Show was quite unsympathetic to the un-Cézanne-like tendencies of Picasso and Picabia; the review failed to refer specifically to Marcel Duchamp's *Nude Descending a Staircase;* but Mather was generally unimpressed by this new art. Here was the "welter" which Boynton found in Dreiser's *The Genius,* and which other NATION writers found in the 1912 industrial strike at Lawrence, Massachusetts.

FEW WERE THE examples of "restrained" classic art to which NATION critics could point with New Humanist pride. Robert Frost's *North of Boston* displayed an "inner check," said O. W. Firkins, but Frost had taken the wrong road in *Mountain Interval.* Stoddard Dewey, now French correspondent for THE NATION, wrote appreciative articles about the poetry of Emile Verhaeren—perhaps, said Dewey, the greatest French poet since Hugo and Charles Péguy. It is notable that both Péguy and Verhaeren were, in an important sense, "moralists"—in contrast to Amy Lowell, John Gould Fletcher, and other "Imagists," to whose poetry the pre-1918 NATION was cool.

AS FOR THE "NEW" novel, James Joyce's "free use of privy-language" in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* distressed Boynton, who conceded that the book exhibited an "ingrowing and indeterminate idealism." Harold de Wolf Fuller, reviewing Lawrence's *Sons and Lovers* in 1913, found "charm and pathos" in Mrs. Morel's struggle to maintain the ideals which she had had before marriage, and condemned Paul's affairs as "the indulgence of an egotist, whose egotism has no large transforming power." The modern novel, in short, seemed well off the classical trolley.

The "quantification of impulse" which the pre-1918 NATION habitually deplored in contemporary literature and art, was in part a consequence of the "new psychology" associated with Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung. THE NATION's opinion of these newfangled ideas was clearly expressed in an article headed "Psychology as Pseudo-Science," which reviewed Freud's *Wit and its Relation to the Unconscious* and Jung's *Analytical Psychology:*

> This sort of thing serves well enough for those who are content with metaphors as explanations . . . but when it is paraded as a respectable description of the rarer values in experience, reducing those experiences to the forms of quantities and energies, it cannot be too plainly labelled as nonsense.

THE NATION's temper, from 1865 to 1918, was certainly not modern. The weekly's predispositions were similar to those of such contemporaries as *The Atlantic Monthly* and the old *Dial.* Nineteenth-century American intellectuals were inclined to have "refined" tastes and in their comments on both art and politics tended to emphasize the importance of individual character. But Freud, Proust, Joyce and Faulkner have in our time made it as difficult for most of us to think in quite those terms, as Carnegie and Rockefeller and Morgan made it for "individual character" to play a really effective role in social and economic life. It was chiefly to the problem of the interrelationship between the individual and a complex society that NATION criticism, both literary and political, began to address itself in 1918.

IV

Renaissance and Reform: 1918-1933

One of A. J. Liebling's pieces on the wayward press referred to "on-the-one-hand-this-on-the-other-hand-that" writing. Oswald Garrison Villard received in 1925 a letter from Ellery Sedgwick, conservative editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* that could be described in Liebling's terms. Sedgwick thanked Villard for agreeing to write an article "which we discussed so briefly at the Century," then went on:

> I heard from an unprejudiced source the other day that THE NATION was doing better than ever. In spite of my violent disagreement with the more fantastic phases of your social and industrial creed, I will say that it is incomparably the best weekly paper in the country.

Villard himself was of contradiction all compact. Like his mother, who in 1914 led the Women's Peace Parade down Fifth Avenue to Union Square, and his abolitionist grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, Villard opposed war and fought for social reforms. He helped to found both the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the American Civil Liberties Union. On the other hand, Villard was a gentleman entrepreneur: son of a railroad builder, Henry Villard, he met fellow graduates of Harvard at clubs like the Century and the University, he respected "good families" despite his experience of intense bigotry among them, and he somewhat quixotically sought the advertising of big business in an effort to make a financial success of THE NATION, whose political "radicalism" made it obnoxious to the business community.

The conflict in Villard between patrician and social reformer is well illustrated by THE NATION's printing in August 1920, while he was on holiday, an editorial headed "Take Every Empty House!" The editorial was written by William MacDonald, whom Villard had persuaded to leave a history professorship at Brown to become a NATION editor, and read in part as follows:

> The Tenement House Commissioner of New York City, Mr. Frank Mann, was quoted some two weeks ago as saying that the shortage of residence apartments in the city aggregated 40,000. Mayor Hylan was reported to have said that the figure was too low and should be nearer 100,000; while Mr. Edward P. Doyle, secretary of the Mayor's Housing Conference Committee, put the shortage at 160,000. . . .
>
> Everybody knows not only that there is no building, but why there is no building. High prices of land, labor, and material in the cities have made it impossible to build at a profit unless the owner can be assured of a high rental; and rentals, thanks in part to scarcity, in part to the high cost of building, and in part to atrocious profiteering by landlords, have about reached the limit of human endurance. . . .
>
> All this spells calamity. A population without homes means not only inconvenience; it means sickness and exposure and suffering for men, women and children; and it may mean death. Without greater forbearance and self-restraint than a houseless population has ever yet exhibited, it also means riot, disorder, and crime. What is the government doing about it? Nothing whatever as yet that can have any appreciable effect for many months to come. . . . Meantime, the country is short a million houses or apartments, and the day of crisis is at hand.
>
> There is one thing that should be done at once in every large city in which the housing problem is acute. That is to take possession of every unoccupied house, or building, or apartment that is fit or that can be made fit for human habitation, and make it available for the people who need homes. There are hundreds of houses in every large city that are unoccupied. Some of them have been unoccupied for years, as their boarded doors and windows testify. Some are the superfluous houses of the superfluous rich; some are the town houses of well-to-do owners who pass all of the year in the country or abroad. There are stores and shops and lofts which are vacant, in which families could be housed. In a crisis such as now confronts us, no man has a moral right to close the doors of a building which he does not use; and if he will not rent at a fair rate, the municipal government should not hesitate to take possession, fix a fair rental, and let the people in.

Villard later wrote that THE NATION's blast "bowled me over when I saw it." This comment, however, appears in a footnote to a passage in his autobiography which reads:

> . . . We of THE NATION set ourselves to printing as able and informative a journal as possible, without regarding the question of cost. I am proud of these fighting issues, whatever their errors.

Since MacDonald's proposal, if adopted, would have cost him a house, Villard's reaction is extremely tolerant. He was clearly too much the patrician ever to become the "Bolshevik" his enemies labelled him, but he was sufficiently concerned about human suffering to employ the kind of man who could write, "Take Every Empty House!"

An article in the *Outlook and Independent* in March, 1929, discussed Villard in terms of "conflicting heredities." Villard was to take issue with this thesis, but there probably is truth in it. From the abstinent, antislavery grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, Villard did perhaps "inherit" his puritan reformism; from Henry Villard, his Bavarian-born father who had become a star Civil War reporter, and later a president of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and who enjoyed a glass of wine, he may have

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derived his gusto and his interest in business affairs. His businessman "blood" thus made him pay Nation contributors (who generally considered it an honor to be published in the journal) a cent a word, while his "reformer" blood made him print articles about economic exploitation in the Pennsylvania coal fields.

Fanny Garrison Villard, his mother, attended the first gymnastic class for girls in Boston. One day in 1863, her brother introduced Henry Villard to her at the gym and although the young war reporter was not a teetotaler like her father, she married him a few years later. She did, however, ask her son never to drink alcoholic beverages, and easily obtained his pledge of abstinence. The fact of division in his father's house on this question may largely explain The Nation's editorial attitude toward Al Smith's wetness during the 1928 Presidential campaign. Villard wrote then:

> One may regret with all one's heart, as does the writer of these lines, that being in an exalted position, he cannot set an example of abstinence to the millions whose State he governs, but at least one knows where he stands.

This was not the attitude of those dogmatic reformers who—as William Allen White said of their role in Kansas—first took away men's slaves, then took away their liquor. Editors who worked under Villard, like Lewis Gannett, Joseph Wood Krutch, Freda Kirchwey and Ernest Gruening, attest in conversation and written reminiscences to Villard's admirable respect for opinions and attitudes different from his own. Krutch notes in *More Lives Than One* that the Nation staff "almost without exception represented the very tendencies which made him uneasy," and that Villard "allowed us to treat his opinions with sometimes ribald disrespect." At a Nation luncheon for two members of the British Labor Party, D. H. Lawrence—who, Krutch remarks, probably had been invited "at the insistence of one of us younger staff members"—replied to an earnest question of Villard's with a comment that doubtless proved more shocking than "Take Every Empty House!" Villard's question "And now, Mr. Lawrence, won't you tell us what you think we should do to save the world?" was answered, "I thought, Mr. Villard, you understood that I hoped it would go to pieces as rapidly and as completely as possible."

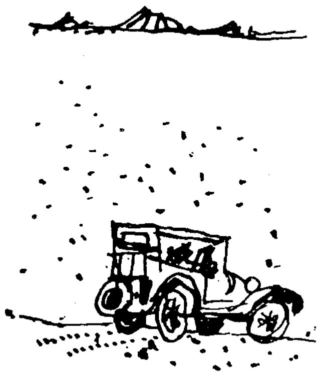
VILLARD WANTED LIGHT, not Lawrence's dark gods, but it is interesting to note that when The Nation established in 1921 a board of honorific "Contributing Editors," the "reactionary" Nietzschean H. L. Mencken was invited (by Carl Van Doren) to join it, and—to his own bewilderment—did. Listed with him as Contributing Editors were Anatole France (Lewis Gannett got permission to use his name), J. A. Hobson (the British "institutional" economist), Robert Herrick (a friend of Ernest Gruening), and the German Professor Friedrich William Forster, who had in his own country publicly opposed World War I. Hobson and France were politically much closer to Norman Thomas, who in 1921 became a Nation associate editor, than they were to Mencken, or for that matter to Albert Jay Nock, the ultra-individualist who had been with The Nation in 1918-1919, and who was in 1935 to publish a book entitled *Our Enemy, the State*. This line-up is brilliant, certainly, but puzzling to anyone with a rigorously logical mind. "Liberalism" in the twenties, however, had an iconoclastically libertarian connotation; and a shock of recognition passed among men and women who, however much they disagreed as to positive political programs, shared a dislike of the abuse of power, and of what they saw as stupid and hypocritical censorship. The ambience during the twenties is beautifully evoked in a letter written by Lewis Gannett:

> . . . my nine years there were the richest experience of my life. It was an exciting staff to work with; a part of it may have been that we all appreciated one another. We felt we were working at the hub of the universe, and there was an element of truth in it. The top writers of the day, some of the leading political figures, a strange group of business-men friends of OGV—passed through the office; and every June the best editors of the best college magazines streamed in, hoping for jobs. We felt we were battling the world, an uphill struggle, but we had no sense of hopeless doom.

> . . . In England and Germany (and, to the extent that I have ever been heard of at all, in France and Italy) I am regarded as a highly typical American — in truth, as almost the archetype of the American. And it is the fact that here at home I am often denounced as the worst American unhung. The paradox is only apparent. The explanation of it lies in this: that to most Europeans the United States is still regarded naively as the land of liberty *par excellence*, whereas to most Americans the thing itself has long ceased to have any significance, and to large numbers of them, indeed, it has of late taken on an extreme obnoxiousness. I know of no civilized country, indeed, in which liberty is less esteemed than it is in the United States today; certainly there is none in which more persistent efforts are made to limit it and put it down. I am thus, to Americans, a bad American, but to Europeans, still unaware of the practical effects of the Wilson idealism and the Roosevelt saloon-bouncer ethic, I seem to be an eloquent spokesman of the true American tradition. It is a joke, but the joke is not on me.
> — H. L. Mencken, *The Nation*, 1923

It should be added that if Villard paid his staff low wages, he was notably generous in sending Nation editors on tours of inspection abroad. Thus Gannett took a trip in 1926 to China, then across Turkestan to Russia and western Europe. Krutch, two years later, was sent to tour the theatre in the major European capitals, and particularly in Moscow, where he obtained an interview with

Eisenstein. Both editors sent back articles to THE NATION about their trips, but Krutch remarks that "general education was the chief purpose" of the expeditions.



One more conflict in Villard deserves to be mentioned. At the age of twelve he wrote a letter from Berlin, where his father was recuperating from an illness, in which he emphasized that at the school he was attending, "we don't use guns." The word "guns" was underlined three times. Here was his pacifism, in germ. Yet Villard, like his father, became an expert on military matters: his first contribution to THE NATION in 1894, dealt with the military confrontation of Spaniards and Moors in Northern Africa; he did research toward a Master's degree at Harvard on the first American Secretary of War, Henry Knox; and during the pre-World War I years he conducted a column on army matters in the New York *Evening Post* which displayed knowledge

> so sound and so comprehensive, that general officers of reputation respected his dicta and solicited his conclusions.

Cameron Rogers, who made this comment in his *Outlook and Independent* article, added that if Villard had not become a journalist, he would probably have been an eminently successful soldier. In his own autobiography, *Fighting Years,* Villard remarks that it was not until the American conquest of Cuba and the Philippines,

> with its needless waste of life and, in the archipelago, shocking cruelties, that I arrived at my anti-war position. I liked soldiering in peacetime so much that it was a clear case of reason triumphing over sentiment and inborn liking.

Was it only a coincidence that the father of the girl he married in 1902 had been a captain in the Confederate army?

By 1915 Villard's pacifism was so widely known that Henry Ford, hoping to "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," invited him to sail to Europe on the "peace ship." Seeing the bizarre aspect of Ford's scheme, Villard refused to be associated with it. However, because Villard had attended the press conference at which Ford announced his plan, Villard was linked to it in the public mind. He later felt that the whole "Oscar II" enterprise had helped discredit the pacifist cause during World War I.

Post-World War I

Villard, we have noted, had been ardently pro-Wilson during the 1912 Presidential campaign. Though disappointed by Wilson's failure, as President, to end race segregation in the federal government, and by his interventions in Latin America, Villard retained influence within the administration as late as 1915. Speaking to Joe Tumulty, Wilson's private secretary, just after the sinking of the Lusitania, Villard asserted that a country might be "too proud to fight," that there were better ways of settling international disputes than by mass killing. The phrase, "too proud to fight," immediately found its way into a Presidential speech. But in a NATION article published after Wilson's death in 1924, Villard asserted that the President had not maintained a vigorous defense of American neutrality. A powerful State Department note to Great Britain protesting against the seizure of our ships on the high seas had—Villard declared—been emasculated beyond recognition in the White House. And five months after the successful culmination of his 1916

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"he-kept-us-out-of-war" campaign, (Villard, incidentally, voted for the Prohibition Party candidate) Wilson asked Congress for a war declaration. The evening before he made that speech, the President had told Frank Cobb of the New York *World* that "the spirit of ruthless brutality" would now enter the "fibre of our national life." What Wilson thus accepted as an ugly necessity, Villard could never really accept. Some weeks before the declaration of war, he had warned in THE NATION that free speech and a free press would be the first casualties. Josephus Daniels, Wilson's Secretary of the Navy, notes in his Cabinet Diary for Saturday, March 17, 1917, that Villard had called to talk about a pending Censorship Bill:

> He said that if the bill were passed he might go to jail. I replied: In some circles your being put in jail would be a very popular act.

These were the circles whose members asked Villard's little daughter if she were not ashamed of her disloyal, "pro-German" father. Actually, in the same spirit in which other pacifistic Americans joined the ambulance corps, Villard wanted to enter some non-military government service; he declined Herbert Hoover's invitation to join the Food Administration only because he found the *Evening Post's* financial position too precarious to allow him to leave New York.

In the summer of 1918, once THE NATION was completely independent of the *Evening Post*, the weekly began to hit hard at manifestations of the "spirit of ruthless brutality." A teacher in Iowa, it reported, had been "painted yellow by a mob" on suspicion of being disloyal; a woman from Benton, Illinois, had been ridden on a rail by a mob of Liberty Leaguers for alleged pro-Germanism; a member of the executive committee of the I.W.W. had been hanged in Montana by a masked mob. Even a "pro-War" radical, one of Ohio's leading citizens, had been kidnapped and horsewhipped. An ugly legal treble accompanied the mob-violent bass of this wild music. Summarizing what was done by trial judges and appellate United States courts during the war, Professor Zechariah Chafee has written:

> It became criminal to advocate heavier taxation instead of bond issues, to state that conscription was unconstitutional though the Supreme Court had not yet held it valid, to say that the sinking of merchant ships was legal, to urge that a referendum should have preceded our declaration of war, to say that war was contrary to the teachings of Christ.

Many conscientious objectors were subjected to humiliation, and some were actually tortured. The NATION reported in its issue of December 7, 1918, that at one barracks, conscientious objectors had been made to stand during the first week with their hands crossed at their breasts, and during the second week made to hang by their wrists. Among those so treated was Evan Thomas, Norman Thomas' brother. Officially admitting that these things had been done, Secretary of War Baker put an end to them during the first week of December.

The war shackled minds as well as bodies. Virtually every paper of socialist or anarchist persuasion was banned from the mails; *The World Tomorrow*, edited by Norman Thomas, and published by the Fellowship of Reconciliation, was stopped. In September, 1918, an issue of THE NATION, which had not previously been harassed, was excluded from the mails by order of Postmaster-General Burleson. His excuse was an article in that issue, "The One Thing Needful," criticizing the dispatch by the government of Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, on a mission to French and English labor organizations. The article protested that what was needed was not to "sell" the war to labor abroad, but to learn its opinions: "Why not let European labor speak freely for itself?" Woodrow Wilson strongly condemned Burleson's action at a Cabinet meeting on September 17, and the ban was lifted the following day. At the same time, *The World Tomorrow* was issued an order permitting it to continue. The *New Republic* for September 21 noted that no part of the suppressed number of THE NATION contained criticism of government policy

> that would compare in freedom and vigor with the criticisms of the Lloyd George government and its policies published by the English *Nation*. Why is it that the British government, after four years of the most dangerous responsibility, still observes a toleration of criticism which seems dangerous to us?

Little attention was paid by the New York press to Burleson's arbitrary act, but the New York *Herald* seized the opportunity to advertise its own patriotism:

> "Damn the NEW YORK HERALD!" says the Kaiser, in ordering the HERALD seized and suppressed. The HERALD is a 100 per cent American newspaper. To hell with the Kaiser!

Villard knew that against the "war madness" on the home front, not even the most vorpal sword was an adequate defense. But he had hopes that the "peace without victory" so nobly desiderated by Wilson in a speech on January 22, 1917, would prevent that madness from enveloping the world again. His definitive, bitter disenchantment with Wilson was the result of what he saw as the President's complete surrender of the ideals embodied in the Fourteen Points. These points, first set forth by Wilson in January, 1918, were intended both to induce the Central Powers to sue for peace, and to convince people everywhere in the world that the war was indeed being fought by the Allies to save democracy. They included a demand for diplomacy in the public view—"open covenants openly arrived at"; a declaration that the "treatment accorded Russia by her sister nations in the months to come will be the acid test of their good will"; and a call for the establishment of a league of nations to give "mutual guarantees of political and territorial integrity to great and small states alike." Yet a few months later, American troops joined troops of the Allied powers in landing at various points in Russia and Siberia, ostensibly to prevent the Germans from seizing Allied stores. The NATION indignantly asserted that no

> high-sounding protestations of disinterestedness on the part of the United States and the Allies . . . can hide the fact that the democracy for which the world is to be made safe, along with the right of national self-determination . . . . are now to be offered to the Russian people with the backing of military force.

A few days after the signing of the armistice, a NATION editorial, "Choose Ye This Day," declared that Wilson, who had yielded to the "inexcusable, blundering invasion of Russia," had now to decide between fighting the imperialists and yielding to them and sinking to the level of a Roosevelt or a Taft.

While these NATION criticisms of Wilson are sharp, Villard clung through the winter and early spring of 1919 to the hope of a just peace at Versailles. Following the President to Europe in December, 1918, he was impressed by the tremendous acclaim for the enunciator of the Fourteen Points. Italian peasants, Villard cabled to THE NATION, "to-day burn candles before his picture." From Paris, in January, Lewis Gannett reported the making over of all the front pages of the city's papers in honor of Wilson's arrival. Gannett, however, had done more than glance at the front pages; he noted *Figaro*'s editorial "interpretation" of the Fourteen Points which held that they were not "ten commandments," and refused to establish "a premature likeness between Moses and Wilson." This was also Clemenceau's line: the bitter French premier was to tell Henry Wickham Steed, editor of the London *Times*, that Wilson "thinks himself the first man for two thousand years who has known anything about peace on earth."

READERS OF THE February 22 NATION learned from Villard that the League of Nations was turning out in practice to be essentially an association of five governments:

> The world situation demands far-reaching readjustments; the peace conference offers us instead certain anachronous political and military devices, calling them a league of nations.

The same issue of THE NATION carried William MacDonald's report of an interview in which Senator Borah of Idaho had declared himself utterly opposed to any kind of international agreement which involved any sort of surrender of sovereignty on the part of the United States. "Our presence in Russia," Borah had said, "is a fine example of our undertaking to police Europe." Borah's objections to American entry into the League were distinctly more "isolationist" than Villard's, but one sees taking shape early in 1919 the political alliance among persons of divergent views—Henry Cabot Lodge, Borah, LaFollette, Villard—against the treaty Woodrow Wilson was to bring home.

As late as April 26, Villard—although by now persuaded that the great powers were simply making decisions at Versailles to suit themselves—had relatively kind words for Wilson: he was

> the only one of the Big Four who has really desired to create a better world.

But when the treaty was published in May, THE NATION printed an editorial by William MacDonald, "The Madness at Versailles," that remains a classic of vituperation. It began with restraint:

> It was not to be hoped that there would be a generous peace. The wickednesses of the German armies were too obvious, the bad faith of the German Imperial Government had been too clearly demonstrated to admit of any settlement which did not impose heavy penalties and exact specific and ample guaranties.

But MacDonald went on to call the peace just concluded one of "undisguised vengeance," repudiating

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> every generous word that Mr. Wilson has ever uttered regarding Germany, flies in the face of accepted principles of law and economics, and makes the very name of democracy a reproach.

Documenting his charge that the treaty was an "international crime," MacDonald pointed to the overwhelming burden of reparations imposed on a Germany deprived of the territories whose wealth might have helped to pay them. He also asserted that the envisioned disarmament of Germany was "wholly negatived, so far as moral value is concerned," by the absence of any provision for the disarmament of the Allies and their associates. Of the five Great Powers, two were at the mercy of the other three (France, England and the United States), and these could enforce their will upon all the countries in the League of Nations. The discriminatory tariffs, whose reform Wilson had urged in the Fourteen Points, remained. And Wilson, said MacDonald, stood discredited and condemned, and—"strange transformation"—supported by the staunch and voluble champions of the established economic order. But MacDonald did not despair:

> Versailles has forced men into two camps, the radicals and the reactionaries. Heaven grant that the revolution may be peaceful, and that it may destroy only to rebuild!

A few months later, in *The Economic Consequences of the Peace* (which Harold Laski reviewed in THE NATION) John Maynard Keynes said many of the same things. He too believed that Wilson, after leading men everywhere to hope for a "peace without victory," had settled for a peace that contained the seeds of another war. Attempting to explain what happened at Versailles, Morison and Commager point primarily to "the menace of Bolshevism that hung over Paris like a dark cloud":

> At one point Hungary went Bolshevik, rumors that Germany and Italy were slipping kept coming in, the entire bourgeois-capitalist world was terrified! Any peace was better than prolonging the uncertainty, and if America deserted the Allies would not Bolshevism reap the profit?

One need not accept Villard's view of Wilson as a "criminal," or Dos Passos' brilliant, biased picture of "Meester Veelson" in *1919,* to understand the feelings of those who thought they had once stood with him high on a mountain, and seen spread out before them a fertile land of vines and fig-trees and ploughshares—and not a sword in sight.

In the United States after the war, "Reds" replaced "Huns" as the primary objects of public disapproval. There were violent anarchists in the United States in 1919, and during that year the Communist Party and the Communist Labor Party were formed. But there was also Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist leader who was dismayed when he heard of Bolshevik cruelties in Russia, and whose philosophy of life was expressed in a speech to the judge who sentenced him to jail for his public condemnation of the war:

> Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one whit better than the meanest on earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class I am in it, while there is a criminal class I am of it, and while there is a soul in prison I am not free.

Thus Debs paraphrased Jesus.

TO VILLARD AND THE NATION, the imprisonment of Debs was another symbol of Woodrow Wilson's fall. Villard, in an obituary essay, was to write on Wilson in 1924, that he had come into American political life "as if in response to prayer," and demanded an end to the "exploitation of the people by legal and political means." He had said that "the masters of the government of the United States are the combined capitalists and manufacturers of the United States." Yet a few years after he had used this language the House of Morgan was his close ally, and Debs was in jail. To what extent, one wonders, was the warmth of THE NATION'S sympathy for labor during the strikes that swept the country during 1919 related to Villard's disenchantment with the man who had once proclaimed a New Freedom? Villard was at the end of the war distinctly more conservative on economic matters than were NATION editors like Mussey and MacDonald; and it is easier to imagine him deriving emotional satisfaction from his editors' treatment of (for example) the Seattle general strike, than it is to believe he read their articles with intellectual approval.

The Seattle general strike of February, 1919, occurred within the general context of post-armistice labor discontent. Howe and Coser note that during that year there were strikes by 25 per cent of the working class, and "long, hard, and bloody clashes between the unions and a variety of strikebreaking agencies." The Seattle strike differed in at least two respects from other strikes, such as those in steel and coal. It was a general strike (and was labeled "Bolshevik" partly because of this) and it was conducted without violence. In a recent study, Robert L. Friedheim has pointed out that the Seattle branch of the American Federation of Labor was at the time of the strike notably more radical than the national leadership. The local

A. F. of L. dominated the strike, in which all Seattle labor, including the membership of the I. W. W., participated. Friedheim also emphasizes that Seattle labor, in adopting the general strike strategy, which had been employed in Europe but not

Readers of *The Nation* do not need to be reminded that for a half century it has opposed socialistic dogma as energetically as it could; and it will continue to oppose it. But in the present premises it is concerned with preserving to every law-abiding citizen and organization the right to present for public consideration his ideas, no matter how erroneous they may appear. The democracy that cannot preserve that right for its minorities cannot live. It is the men who are denying that right, and not the Socialists or I. W. W.'s, who are the most dangerous enemies of the social order to-day.

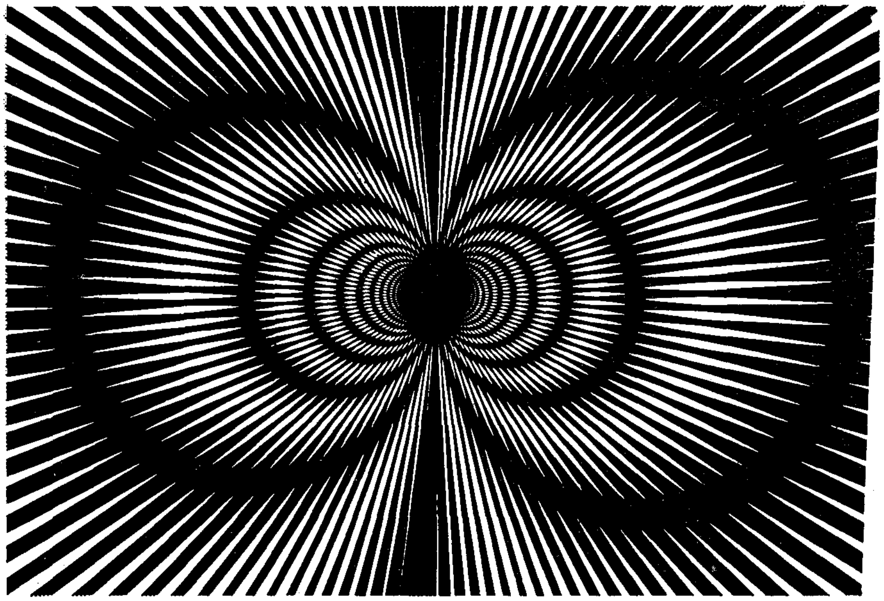
For we live indeed in perilous times. Privilege in Russia and Germany has dissolved, and in Great Britain is on the brink of dissolution. The people have lost faith in their rulers and leaders. Let not our privileged classes imagine that the United States is immune. Signs multiply that precisely the same unrest is working here. Deny men the right to discuss their grievances and to redress them through changes in the law, and you develop the temper recently expressed by one of the Socialist leaders:

> I, for one, have severed all relations with the enemy. I have stopped signing petitions or other instruments of a pleading nature. I will endorse demands only. It is time that we came out in the open. . . . We must isolate ourselves — fight alone. This is the method by which we will be able to demand — not beg — our rights.

We adjure the holders of privilege and power solemnly to consider whither their present course of repression leads. Perhaps it is not even yet too late.

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1919

Every shade of opinion in the New York Journal-American



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PIERRE HUSS views news from inside the UN
WILLIAM S. WHITE reports objectively on national and international issues

Above design created from Moire pattern kit 70719, manufactured by Edmund Scientific Company, Barrington, New Jersey.

previously in the United States, did not have revolutionary aims. In fact, it appears to have had no clear goals at all. For the overwhelming majority of the strikers it was, Friedheim declares, a vehicle through which they could "let off steam":

> Seattle workers saw hostile forces or outright enemies in every direction—the United States government and its troops, its agent Charles Piez, Ole Hanson's city hall regime, obdurate shipyard owners, the threatening Seattle employers and their open-shop movement, the hostile middle class of the community.

According to Friedheim, it was largely the role of a mysterious Russian, Leon Green, and an inflammatory editorial by Anna Louise Strong, and the general sympathy of union labor to the Bolshevik regime in Russia (in which attitude they were joined by most American "liberals" in 1918-19) which resulted in the red-tagging of a strike that proceeded from bitter free-floating discontent rather than from a design to establish a soviet government.

Discussing the strike in a long NATION piece in March, 1919, Associate Editor William MacDonald emphasized the role played by the strike committee as the real governing body in Seattle for five days:

> When the question of milk for the sick persons and babies arose, the strike committee saw to it that a necessary supply was delivered. When hospitals asked to have their laundry work done as usual, the strike committee authorized a laundry it deemed best suited to continuing operations. . . .

This does not sound revolutionary; MacDonald observed, however, that organized labor's unqualified claim to declare a general strike, implied a theory of social and industrial organization absolutely incompatible with the theory implied by the city and state's claim that such a strike could be put down by force. And MacDonald went on to declare that a successful general strike, as distinguished from the one that had taken place in Seattle, would in fact be political and economic revolution. MacDonald (unlike both Samuel Gompers of the A. F. of L., and Oswald Garrison Villard) frankly looked forward to such an eventuality. The reader of this MacDonald piece could easily conclude that THE NATION favored revolution by general strike. He would be wrong, for THE NATION's casually pluralistic policy under Villard led to the printing of articles by MacDonald or Nock or young Raymond Swing, which did not necessarily reflect the "editorial" opinions of the journal. Thus in the same issue in which the MacDonald piece on the Seattle strike appeared, there was published an article by Raymond Swing on "The Catholic View of Reconstruction." This was devoted to a description of an economic program set forth by four bishops who were members of the National Catholic War Council. The program emphasized such reforms as the abolition of child labor, the enactment by State legislatures of legal minimum wage laws, and—until wages had reached a higher level—the provision of social insurance against illness, old age, and unemployment. But the program presupposed the continuation of the capitalist system of private ownership, and stressed not the sharing of wealth but the creation of it. Swing himself indicated that he favored an economic system in which cooperative enterprise, endorsed by the bishops, was extensive, in which management was in the hands of engineers, in which the state absorbed "excess gains." The tone of Raymond Swing's article is much more "Fabian," much more moderately "Lib-Lab" than is that of MacDonald's. Henry Nevinson, editor of the London *Nation,* once described the New York NATION as "a conservatively liberal paper." Villard liked this definition, and in his correspondence with prospective financial contributors to the weekly he used to stress the similarity between the modern NATION and that of Godkin. But one difference between the two should be stressed: Godkin did not publish, except in the correspondence columns of the journal, opinions sharply at variance with his own. Arthur G. Sedgwick, a prolific contributor to Godkin's NATION, remarked that the ideas governing the conduct of the paper were essentially those of the editor, and that even the style, "by a constant influence and association," became "more and more his." If Villard had been a man less divided against himself, his journal's views would be much easier to define than are those of THE NATION from 1918 to 1933; but it is difficult to believe that a more consistent NATION would have been equally interesting.

DESPITE THE PROBLEM of definition, it would be possible to describe the NATION's general orientation in 1919 as follows: dedication to the defense of civil liberties; commitment to what it regarded as social justice—notably to government regulation of monopolies and to the support of labor's right to organize and bargain collectively; determination both to oppose American entry into the League of Nations, and to press for world-wide disarmament and free trade. These were to remain key NATION themes during Villard's editorship. If we add that the journal strongly supported non-violent movements for independence on the part of countries like Ireland and India, and that it strongly opposed American intervention in Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua, we have a fairly good notion of what the journal saw as major issues, and of the spirit in which it approached them.

THE NATION'S CONCERN with civil liberties after World War I was focused particularly on persons accused on Red Radicalism, and—notably in the Sacco-Vanzetti case—on persons accused of crime largely because of their radical associations. During the World War, the American Union Against Militarism, of which Lillian Wald was chairman, and whose membership included Villard, Jane Addams, Crystal and Max Eastman, John Haynes Holmes, and Rabbi

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and
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the Next 100 Years of Service
to the Liberal and Labor
Movements of America.

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On behalf of the Officers and 800,000 members of our Union, may we express sincere good wishes to the *NATION* on the occasion of its 100th Anniversary. A century is a long time to fight for the causes of right thinking and social justice and we congratulate today's editors, and those who have gone before, on all the good they have accomplished in a hundred years.

May the year 2065 find the *NATION* at the same stand, still writing courageously and with intellectual vigor, about the subjects which matter to our Nation and its people.

International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers

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International Secretary	*International President*

Stephen Wise, established a civil liberties committee with Roger Baldwin as director. When the American Union Against Militarism disbanded because of differences of opinion in its ranks about the war, the civil liberties committee reorganized under Baldwin as an independent National Civil Liberties Bureau. Thus for the first time in American history there was an organization corresponding to the French League for the Defense of the Rights of Man. When Baldwin was released in 1919 from the jail where he had been serving a sentence as a conscientious objector, Norman Thomas threw a party for him at his home on East 17th Street in New York. Over ice cream and cake, a group of radicals and liberals (Villard among them) talked over plans to transform the Civil Liberties Bureau into an American Civil Liberties Union. Commenting in February, 1920, on the reasons for the establishment of the ACLU, THE NATION referred to Attorney General Palmer's "deportation delirium," and to the need to preserve the rights of free speech and peaceable assembly "in industrial conflicts." While the old Civil Liberties Bureau had been primarily engaged in defending the rights of allegedly "pro-German" pacifists, the chief function of the American Civil Liberties Union would be to protect the rights of laborers. (It should be noted that in the course of its history, the ACLU has actively defended the rights of persons of all shades of political opinion, from the extreme left to the extreme right.)

Lucille Milner, a well-to-do Southerner who for twenty-five years was secretary of the American Civil Liberties Union, notes in her *Education of an American Liberal* the diversity of political and economic thinking among those who came together in this organization:

> . . . . men and women as far apart as Harvard law professor Felix Frankfurter and William Z. Foster, radical leader of the steel strike; Helen Keller, Joan of Arc of the blind and Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, of the I. W. W.

The New York State Lusk Committee, which had investigated "radical" propaganda, and considered ways and means of keeping it from the schools, took a dark view of the American Civil Liberties Union. Thus in an index at the end of the second volume of its report, Felix Frankfurter was identified as "of Harvard and the Civil Liberties Union," while Laurence Todd was listed because of his "correspondence with Roger Baldwin." In the same tendentious index, Charles A. Beard was said to have withdrawn from the Columbia Faculty "because of radicalism," and Jane Addams was identified as having been praised in George Sylvester Viereck's magazine. Albert de Silver, a fundamentally conservative lawyer who was Vice-Chairman of the ACLU, discussed the Lusk-Stevenson report at length in the July 13, 1921, issue of THE NATION. He emphasized the report's failure to distinguish among various shades of radicalism, and found highly significant the Lusk Committee's conclusion that the activity of several unions in the garment industry constituted "the real danger to American government and the structure of American society and its institutions." De Silver noted that those unions—the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the ILGWU, the Amalgamated Textile Workers,—had

> not only brought order and reasonably tolerable conditions out of the chaotic and sweated industry, but have increased its production standards as well.

Perhaps the most extraordinary charges in the four volumes of the report, said de Silver, were those devoted to the spread of socialism in educated circles. The report displayed an incapacity to understand

> the intellectual position of a well-informed and liberal-minded person. If one believes in international understanding one must in some sly way be trying to promote international revolution. If one opposed the American entry into the war one doubtless had German gold dangling in one's pockets, if only it could be proved. . . .

A few weeks earlier, *The New Republic* had observed in an article headed, "By Stevenson Out of Lusk," that the report

> presents a discussion which, if not entirely authoritative in regard to the conditions with which it deals, will certainly remain the classic record of the state of mind in which as a matter of history those conditions were reflected.

That "state of mind" was also reflected by the Justice Department raid of June 21, 1919, on the socialist Rand School in New York. The New York *World* said that the raid was "chiefly on ordinary rights of free speech, and is thus calculated to produce quite as much Bolshevism as it suppressed." In tragi-comic form the psychopathic fear of radicalism was manifested during a trial of Communists at Boston in 1920; writing in *The American Mercury* in January, 1924, Harry Elmer Barnes declared that

> the government expert on radicalism unwittingly branded a section read from "The New Freedom" as good Communist doctrine and just cause for the deportation of the author.

The saddest and most shameful exemplification of the "state of mind" to which *The New Republic* referred was the treatment accorded two Italian-born anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti, who were accused and convicted of having murdered a paymaster and guard at South Braintree, Massachusetts, on April 15, 1920, and who were executed on August, 1927. In November, 1950, the New Bedford *Standard-Times* published a report based on an interview with the seven surviving members of the Sacco-Vanzetti jury; each of the jurors, according to the report, had declared that the verdict of guilty was a just verdict, that the trial judge was eminently fair, and that the "so-called radicalism of the defendents played absolutely no part in the verdict." Yet thirty years to the day after the execution of the two men, a letter published in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and signed by men who now held widely divergent views, quoted one of Vanzetti's final letters from the death cell:

> What I wish more than all else in this last hour of agony is that our case and our fate be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom so that our suffering and death will not have been in vain.

The signers of the letter were Roger N. Baldwin, Gardner Jackson, Aldino Feliciani, John R. Chamberlain, Howard Lindsay, Eugene V. Rostow, Arthur M. Schlesinger, John Dos Passos, Eugene Lyons, Norman Thomas and Gerald W. Johnson. They pointed out that Gutzon Borglum had cast that sentence of Vanzetti's on his large bas-relief of the two men, and that a standing offer of the sculpture had been made

> to the Governor of Massachusetts and the Mayor of Boston by a committee of prominent citizens which included Albert Einstein, CIO President Philip Murray and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In September, 1921, after the conviction of the two anarchists for the South Braintree murders, The Nation published "Sacco-Vanzetti—a Reasonable Doubt," a long article which noted that both men had been carrying loaded revolvers at the time of their arrest, that both had lied about various matters, including their movements on the night of the arrest, and that both had evaded the draft in 1917. The article also noted that shortly before their arrest, an anarchist named Salsedo, who had been apprehended in New York and for whose defense they were collecting funds, had suddenly died. (John Dos Passos, in a pamphlet called "Facing the Chair," published in 1927 in an effort to save the men's lives, described Salsedo as "the anarchist printer whose body was found smashed on the pavement of Park Row under the windows of the New York offices of the Department of Justice, where he and his friend Elia had been held without warrant for eight weeks of the third degree.") Fearing a government raid after Salsedo's death, Sacco and Vanzetti were at the time of their arrest on their way to warn anarchist friends to hide literature that might make trouble for them. The Nation article, after reviewing trial testimony favorable to Sacco and Vanzetti, cited the opinion of three Boston newspapermen, that the "guilty" verdict was not justified.

UNDER MASSACHUSETTS law, motions for a new trial had to be made to the trial judge himself. But the partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti were sure that the judge, Webster Thayer, was prejudiced. When, in October, 1924, Thayer denied all motions by the defense, The Nation observed that the probability of his having been biased at the trial was now greatly strengthened. After Sacco and Vanzetti were sentenced to death in the spring of 1927, The Nation cited six affidavits that pointed to prejudice on Thayer's part. The highly respected Frank P. Sibley of the *Boston Globe* had described Thayer's gossip with reporters in these terms:

> During the early stages of the trial when the talesmen were being examined and during one of the walks from the Dedham Inn to the Court House, Judge Thayer proceeded to discuss Attorney Moore, one of the lawyers representing the defendant, Sacco. This subject seemed to excite him considerably and, among other remarks he exclaimed: "I'll show them that no long-haired anarchist from California can run this court!" During the progress of the trial he frequently referred to the counsel for the defense as "those damn fools." On several occasions he said: "Just wait until you hear my charge."

Time magazine, which regularly published its comments on the Sacco-Vanzetti case under the heading, "Radicals," observed on April 18, 1927, that when Sacco and Vanzetti were arrested the United States was "on a rabid radical hunt"; *Time* also noted that the jury had been asked by the prosecution to do its duty "as did our boys in France," and called this an effective plea in view of the

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fact that Sacco and Vanzetti were pacifists as well as radicals. On April 25, *Time* reported without editorial comment the assertion by Liberals that the foreman of the jury had said before the trial to a friend who believed Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent: "Damn them, they ought to hang anyway."

ON MAY 3, 1927, the condemned men petitioned Governor Fuller of Massachusetts for clemency, and in its issue of May 4, THE NATION addressed a letter to the Governor, declaring that millions all over the world would "see another Dreyfus case in the plight of Sacco and Vanzetti." The letter also noted that while courts of appeal in New York and other states could rule on new facts, or alleged facts offered by convicted persons, the Massachusetts Supreme Court could not do this; it was thus prevented from studying the 1925 confession to the Braintree murders by a prisoner named Madeiros. As the Sacco-Vanzetti case stood, said THE NATION letter, the men might be executed on the basis of evidence that had come before only one judge.

Through a petition printed in its May 18 issue, THE NATION put pressure on Governor Fuller to appoint a committee to revise the evidence submitted at the 1921 trial. Signatures poured in from universities all over the country: the Naval Academy, Harvard, Brown, Michigan, the University of Iowa, and Clark University were among those represented. On June 1, Fuller did appoint an advisory committee, composed of President Lowell of Harvard, President Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and a judge named Robert Grant. Partisans of Sacco and Vanzetti now saw a chance that the men might be saved. As THE NATION went to press on August 3, Fuller was writing his decision, and the weekly declared that it would be heard around the world as surely as the shot at Concord. In its next number, dated August 17, the journal bitterly assailed the Governor, whose denial of clemency revealed his complete inability to "rise above the setting in which great wealth had placed him." John Dos Passos, along with Gardner Jackson, Edna St. Vincent Millay and Heywood Broun, tried desperately to obtain a stay of execution. An eleventh hour telegram to President Coolidge was signed by Villard, David Starr Jordan, Alexander Meiklejohn, Arthur Garfield Hays, Ida Tarbell, Carl Van Doren, John F. Hylan and others. No answer came. Captain Alfred Dreyfus, ill and old in France, issued a moderately phrased appeal: "When doubt exists, it is fighting providence to commit the irreparable."

IN ITS LAST ISSUE before the execution, THE NATION pleaded for "A Decent Respect to the Opinions of Mankind," and cited the conservative London *Times* declaration that whether the condemned men were guilty or not, "the prolonged suffering which they have undergone during seven years under the sentence of death makes them fit objects for pity." THE NATION's editorial took note of the general sympathy for the condemned men throughout Europe:

> Why should not Governor Fuller pay "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind" and commute or pardon these men? . . . We are aware, of course, of the ignorant and thoughtless multitudes of well-to-do citizens all around us who are saying, "Let those damned foreigners pay attention to their own affairs. We can take care of our criminals and will be thankful if the press of Europe will kindly mind its own business." Unfortunately for those who speak thus, appeals for justice refuse to stay within the boundaries of any one nation . . .
>
> Americans should be the last to protest against foreign opinions upon a domestic affair. What country was it that sent a warship to bring to this country Louis Kossuth, the man who was trying to overthrow the government of his native land by force of arms? What country was it that welcomed Garibaldi? If it be declared that these are not similar cases because those were political revolutionists, in what country was there a tremendous outpouring of public opinion in the Dreyfus case? Was not the

1865

The Civil War came to an end. But the depression that followed cast a dark cloud of uncertainty over America. The world of intellectual thought, ideas and communication was stymied by drastic Federal cuts in mail service which created a national scandal. Yet 1865 was also the year a significant new publication was born. It filled an educational need in a troubled republic emerging from conflict; eager for learned opinions, ideas and thought. It reflected, weighed and analyzed the apprehensive years ahead. It presented authoritative critical opinion of major political issues facing America and the world. It conveyed information, education and inspiration that linked many of the country's best thinkers together **by mail.** And for 100 years since, the mail of thousands of others has regularly included:

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1965

> American press united in demanding a new trial for Dreyfus? Then there is an American citizen who still lives in the city of Washington, John Hays Hammond. He was legally condemned to death for his efforts to overthrow the government of the Transvaal. Was it not an outpouring of American, English and Continental sentiment which made possible the release from prison of this reprehensible American who set out to make private war upon a friendly country?—he, by the way, was one of the first to congratulate Governor Fuller on his decision against Sacco and Vanzetti! We could pile up cases, but these will suffice. The truth is that no nation is strong enough or righteous enough to defy an aroused international public sentiment.

After the execution, Villard's editorial "Massachusetts the Murderer," solemnly warned that the international relations of the United States, and its moral standing throughout the world, would be profoundly affected for a decade to come. In September, THE NATION printed a copy of a letter written to Lucien Price of Boston by Romain Rolland, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1915. Sacco and Vanzetti, said Rolland,

> take their places in the pantheon of the martyrs of the civilized world. There, for centuries, one will still speak of Sacco and Vanzetti as one speaks still of Jean Calas. But Sacco and Vanzetti have not found in America their Voltaire!

The separation of the United States by oceans from Europe and Asia, while fortunate for the country in its early life, had led Americans to be relatively unconcerned about the impact abroad of domestic events. Communists outside the country as well as within it exploited the Sacco-Vanzetti case, as they have exploited every social crime and folly committed in the United States. Mussolini, ironically enough, in view of his treatment of left-wing opponents, was also able to capitalize on the execution of two Italian workers. THE NATION had stressed since the days of Godkin the interrelationship of domestic and international affairs. Villard's journal maintained tradition, frequently calling attention to the fact that violations of civil liberties at home undercut our reputation overseas. Thus, in April, 1919, Robert L. Duffus wrote in THE NATION that the United States had gone to the Peace Conference with two exceptions to the rule of political democracy which Woodrow Wilson wanted universally applied:

> These are her exclusion of the Negroes of the South and the Oriental population of the West from the rights of citizenship, the first by a tacit toleration by the Federal Government of the unconstitutional acts of State Governments, the second by direct Federal legislation.

In order to give Negroes at least a minimum of physical security, THE NATION pressed hard for federal anti-lynching legislation; in one of its 1922 editorials supporting the Dyer Anti-Lynching Bill, the journal declared that brutalities like those that had recently occurred in several Southern states would be impossible "in any of the European countries or smaller Caribbean nations toward which we assume such a lofty attitude." The point is important: it is not simply racial violence for which the United States is criticized abroad (where violence, if less frequently racial, is also done) but the contrast between these savage acts and our complacent preachments to others.

Perhaps the most notable NATION comment on federal discrimination against Orientals came from Villard in 1924. Coolidge had just signed the "abominable" National Origins Act, one of whose provisions—directed specifically at the Japanese—excluded from the United States all aliens ineligible to become citizens. Villard asserted that Grover Cleveland (one of his heroes) would have vetoed the bill with a message to stir the country; this Act

> strikes a deadly blow at the peace of the Pacific, imperils many of the gains of the Washington Conference, insults needlessly a proud, high-spirited people, and provides the excuse for a league of yellow people against the whites. The natural step now would be the withdrawal of every American missionary from China and Japan.

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may yet become
fit habitations
for man

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Foreign Policy

Villard's reference to the Washington Conference of 1921-22 points to one of THE NATION's major concerns. A French man of letters, Alain, spoke for Villard's generation of humane liberals when he said, *"La droit vit d'imposer, la gauche vit de convaincre."* Such statesmen of the nineteen-twenties as Ramsay MacDonald, Gustav Stresemann, and Aristide Briand shared the conviction that another war must be avoided, that international differences must be settled through rational discussion. Since irrational aggressiveness plays a large part in human life, and since rational discussion cannot solve all the problems that lead men to make war, it is easy to scoff at the notion of "outlawing" war which Villard and many other pacifists embraced. But the pacifist can reply to all scoffers that they consent in their "realism" to live in a hell of which the flames will eventually consume us all. Refusing to fight under any circumstances, the pacifist risks watching his family killed as he stands by, but he could be described as an individual too highly developed to adapt to the conditions under which savages must live.

Villard was not actually a thoroughgoing pacifist. He had bought Liberty bonds after the United States entered the war, and THE NATION certainly had not counselled non-resistance to the Central Powers. But he firmly believed that the United States should not have become involved in the first place, and at the 1919 peace conference he thought he saw at work the same villainous secret diplomacy that he believed responsible for the outbreak of the conflict in 1914. Michael Wreszin in his *Oswald Garrison Villard: Pacifist at War,* cites a letter to Villard from Francis Nielson (a generous financial supporter of THE NATION) charging that the system of secret diplomacy had caused not only the war but the

> numbing and blinding of the wit and understanding of men whose intellect should have been sharpened by the terrific events which have brought ruin to Europe.

In August, 1919, THE NATION published an article by A. A. Berle, one of nine members of the secretariat of the American Peace Commission who had resigned in protest against the betrayal of American ideals by the Versailles treaty. Disarmament, said Berle, and the future ordering of public and private life on the theory that peace would endure, had been perhaps the greatest hope of the warring peoples. But by surrendering his own principles, Wilson had "pointed the world back to the path of terror and tears."

The belief that acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles by the United States Senate would help to bring on another war led Villard's liberal internationalist NATION to support the "all-out" Senate opponents of ratification: liberal isolationists like Borah and LaFollette, and a militaristic internationalist like Henry Cabot Lodge. After the definitive defeat of the treaty in March, 1920, THE NATION called for a new conference to bring about a genuine, democratic League of Nations. But Borah, in a Senate speech back in December, 1918, had expressed the feelings of many Americans after the war:

> Are we to have our security determined by the fifty-seven varieties of nations in Europe? [Is] their judgment better and wiser than the judgment of a homogeneous people imbued with a love of peace and a love of country?

Villard did not like Borah's isolationist side, but there was another side, which made the Idaho Senator call for a disarmament conference with Britain and Japan. Great Britain, whose alliance with Japan had created bad feeling in the United States (THE NATION had discussed the danger of a British-American war) actually proposed the conference, and it met at Washington late in 1921. THE NATION's response to the agreements reached there was mixed. Villard was strongly in favor of the "outlawry" of war, a plan proposed by a Chicago lawyer named S. O. Levinson. Instead of deciding to outlaw war and establish a code of international law, the great powers conferring at Washington agreed to cut down their construction of battleships. Four of the powers—France, Great Britain, Japan and the United States—signed a loose collective security agreement. THE NATION was not much impressed by the promised diminution of battleships, whose military effectiveness it questioned. But at least this seemed an advance in the right direction. As for the Four Power Treaty of collective security, THE NATION was distressed that it might involve us in the use of military force; peace depends, said the journal after the Senate had ratified the treaty,

> upon the abolition of the grievances of exploited races and classes and the substitution of cooperation among peoples for imperialist rivalries or imperialist alliances at the expense of the weak.

This was to be THE NATION's basic position throughout the Villard period, although there was backing and filling on specific points such as the question of the United States' joining the World Court. The World Court seemed to its advocates an important step toward that codification of international law which Villard and other pacifists wanted. Villard had difficulty deciding where he stood on this issue, and as late as February, 1926, THE NATION admitted receiving many queries as to its position. The journal proceeded in "once-and-for-all" language to say that it was

> in favor of a World Court with obligatory jurisdiction in legal question, but depending only upon its moral authority for the bringing of disputants into court and for the enforcements of its decrees. We desire a court absolutely separated from the League of Nations, controlled as it is by a group of three or four powerful countries.

The United States should seek to "outlaw war," said THE NATION, and not join any court that would contemplate the creating of war in given contingencies. Shortly before the journal thus defined its editorial position, it had published a series of three articles by its Washington correspondent, William Hard, who warned against United States entrance into the World Court. One of his arguments was that the United States had no "Locarno" agreement forbidding us to make war on any of the Caribbean countries "which so often hear the tread of our marines." Walter Lippmann, sharply disagreeing with Hard, sent The Nation a reply published on January 26—which observed that two million Americans had taken part in a war on European soil, and that nothing we had done in the Caribbean

> ever drew us into such a frightful mess as did somebody else's sins in the Balkans.

The Nation's position was that nobody's sins should have drawn us into the World War: war was, quite simply, wrong. Villard opposed collective security, which implied willingness to go to war, not only in the twenties but in the days of Hitler. When the Nazis began to march, Villard could only say that the Allies' failure to disarm after the World War had helped bring on the disaster. During the twenties he had no sympathy for the French insistence on the need for protection against a resurgent Germany; when France invaded the Ruhr in 1923 The Nation charged that the French were acting like Prussians. In November, 1932, it rejected Premier Edouard Herriot's plan to create an international army under the control of the League of Nations as "another bold attempt on the part of France to extend its political control over continental Europe." And a few weeks later The Nation declared that no agreement signed by the United States at the disarmament conference meeting in Geneva should "in any way obligate us to be ready to guarantee France's safety."

UNITED STATES POLICY in the Caribbean, to which Hard had referred in his articles on the World Court, was seen by Villard's Nation as putting in doubt the value of the 1928 Kellogg-Briand pact:

> For the enlightenment of readers of The Nation who fear that Mr. Kellogg's outlawry of war may interfere with Mr. Coolidge's own friendly little war with Sandino in Nicaragua, we hasten to extend the assurance on no less authority than Mr. Kellogg himself that there is no cause for worry.

Hard had already pointed out that we had simply ignored a decision of the Central American Court of Justice that our 1916 treaty with Nicaragua violated the rights of Costa Rica and Salvador; no American President, said Hard, would ever take any important question of ours to the World Court.

United States occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo was also held by the journal to be in violation of another country's rights. Early in 1922 Villard sent Ernest Gruening (who was to become head, in 1934, of the United States Department of the Interior's division of territories and island possessions) to Hispaniola for an on-the-spot investigation. Gruening reported in The Nation that there were three political groups in Haiti: the first saw the American occupation "for what it was": a wholly selfish assault on the liberties of a friendly, independent state; the second group wanted the occupation to end, but also desired unselfish American assistance; the third group, to which the "puppet government" of Haiti belonged, was willing to connive with the Occupation. Haitian laborers were paid twenty cents a day, but the population as a whole—with the exception of the intellectuals—was docile. Haiti had agreed, as the Dominican Republic (under an honorable president) had not, to a treaty establishing a virtual American protectorate. Gruening suggested that a bill which had been introduced in the United States Senate, calling for "withdrawal and abrogation of the treaty," showed us the way out of a discreditable affair. Later in 1922 The Nation charged that the editor of the Haitian newspaper *Nou-*

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velliste had been imprisoned by the occupation for "protesting against the impending $40,000,000 loan which is to rivet Haiti's shackles in perpetuity."

AMERICAN INTERVENTION IN Hispaniola, begun by President Theodore Roosevelt with the intention of paying off Haitian and Dominican debts to European countries, and deepened by Woodrow Wilson's landing of Marines in order to forestall German or French seizure of the island, was a manifestation of both "big stick" and "dollar" diplomacy. Philander C. Knox, President Taft's Secretary of State, quite openly advocated American intervention in Central America for the benefit of American businessmen. And while during the nineteen twenties, according to John Edwin Fagg in *Latin America, a General History*, the United States built public works in Haiti, established pure water supplies, created hundreds of clinics and hospitals, built schools, taught farmers scientific methods—all of this (Fagg notes) was offset by the accompanying population boom. And Fagg deplores, as did THE NATION articles during the twenties, the segregationist practices of the American military.

Norman Thomas, who in 1921 had become a NATION editor, wrote to Villard on May 5, 1922, of the success of a Haitian mass meeting in Carnegie Hall. Senator Borah, at his own suggestion, had spoken, and Thomas thought that Villard could "take a lot of pride in the fact that THE NATION, single-handed, created whatever of right understanding there is of this matter." Thomas added that he was proud to be connected with THE NATION, and "proud of what Ernest [Gruening] with Lewis' [Gannett's] help, did in pushing the meeting."

A few weeks later, Thomas wrote to Villard about another issue with which THE NATION became concerned during the early nineteen-twenties: the Irish nationalist movement. Thomas' description of an editorial he had just written indicates the journal's point of view: pro-Irish, but pacifist. Early in 1920, William MacDonald had sent THE NATION a series of articles from Ireland, one of which observed that he was able to travel freely there largely because of the journal's reputation "as the staunch friend of Irish freedom." In another piece, MacDonald described the two wings of the nationalist Sinn Fein—a pacifist wing and one that was willing to use violence. MacDonald also described a secret organization called the "Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood," that might be responsible for the prevailing lawlessness. Subsequent NATION reports confirmed MacDonald's impression that Sinn Fein had in fact become the government of southern Ireland, but that the organization was seriously split. In 1922 the extreme advocates of independence refused to accept the Irish Free State, whose establishment was the result of negotiations between Eamon de Valera and British Prime Minister Lloyd George.

THE NATION'S condemnation of the ensuing violence occurred against the background of participation by Norman Thomas and other public figures like Jane Addams and Senator George W. Norris in the so-called "Villard Commission" on conditions in Ireland. The 1921 report of the Commission had strongly denounced British policy—and the 1922 outbreaks by Irish nationalists were embarrassing to the Commission members. Norman Thomas, in the letter to Villard mentioned earlier, said that while nothing in Ireland had been as black a disgrace as the pogroms "of Protestant and British antecedent," there was no excuse for the Irish leaders' defence of militarism. Some NATION readers objected, as Thomas knew they would, to its criticism of the nationalists—one letter called the journal "Tory"—but THE NATION insisted in a September, 1922 editorial that the Irish nationalists should adopt the methods of Gandhi.

THESE METHODS were not, however, widely adopted in the Western world during the turbulent twenties and thirties. In 1928 and 1929 there were bloody clashes between Arabs and Jews in the British mandate of Palestine; during the riot of August, 1929, more than one hundred people were killed, and THE NATION castigated the Arabs for their intolerance toward the "carefully regulated Jewish immigration" into the mandate. But in discussing Palestine, the journal criticized chiefly the British, who "appear to have promised Palestine, which they did not yet possess, successively to the Arabs, the French and the Jews." Instead of relying on the Balfour Declaration, the Jews should "work out a method of dealing directly with the Arabs."

Many of THE NATION'S readers were Jewish, and some of them objected in letters to the weekly against what they considered its tendency to condone Arab attacks on the Jews. The magazine replied in an editorial of January 8, 1930, which made four points: 1) the association of Zionism with British imperial interests was very unfortunate; 2) under existing conditions Jews could not expect, and ought not to ask for, the political domination of Palestine; 3) the Jews ought to be protected against Arab attacks; 4) the permanent structure of Zion must be built on a foundation of mutual understanding between Jews and Arabs. Supporting the position of Dr. Judah Magnes, THE NATION said:

> . . . . the only way for those who have been wronged in Palestine is the way, not of vengeance, but of forgiveness and reconciliation.

To this, one reader of THE NATION replied, "Through your devotion to the ideal of pacifism, you have become blinded to the actual facts of the Palestine situation."

In one of the "Issues and Men" columns he continued to contribute to THE NATION after giving up editorial control of the journal in 1933, Villard praised Soviet Russia for establishing Biro-Bidjan as a Jewish Autonomous Region. Ludwig Lewisohn (who in the early twenties had been THE NATION's drama critic) hotly replied that the Jews did not want to be a lost tribe, "babbling dialectic materialism in Yiddish." Villard should use his influential voice, he said, to persuade the British colonial office to renounce its "niggardly immigration policy that has already produced a labor shortage in Palestine."

VILLARD'S COMPLIMENT to Russia on Biro-Bidjan was consistent with his generally sympathetic attitude toward the Soviet "experiment." THE NATION pressed all through the twenties for United States recognition of the Soviet Union, and after Roosevelt's election in 1932 the weekly hoped that his attitude toward Russia would be "more liberal than that of Herbert Hoover." Villard, however, was more troubled than Louis Fischer, the journal's chief writer on Russia, by the Soviets' "liquidation" of their opponents. Villard's 1929 series of articles, "Russia from a Car Window," was generally appreciative in tone, but in the last article he declared that the Soviet rulers had "blundered" in using violence and terror; they "cannot, I believe, have the sympathy of liberals the world over as long as they pursue this policy." Fischer, who some years later contributed an essay to *The God That Failed,* was in the twenties so much impressed by the economic accomplishments of Soviet Russia that he acquiesced in what he later found to be a horror. Soviet justice, he wrote in 1931 on the occasion of a Moscow trial, "is actuated almost entirely by motives of expediency and pragmatism and not at all by motives of revenge." In view of the pathological aspects of much Western "anti-Bolshevism" during the twenties, Fischer's attitude, and that of other NATION writers like Mussey and MacDonald, is understandable insofar as it was a defense reaction. (Fischer later wrote, "I liked the Soviets because they were an experiment in the interest of the downtrodden majority, because they destroyed the privileges of the powerful few, because they were weak, and because the world's conservatives and reactionaries opposed them.") But insofar as it implied a belief that justice was "nothing but" the pragmatically determined will of a regime, it sanctioned the framing of Dreyfus and the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti.

> A civilization is whole and complete. The Jewish village in the valley of Jizreel, the Jewish cooperative colony under the shadow of Mount Hermon, the Jewish merchants of Tel-Aviv and Jerusalem, the young men and women who are building roads and draining marshes — these are, after all, the material of the new Jewish culture. These people, working in a world of their own, from clean and unspoiled beginnings, are apt to produce that now forgotten value — the purely Jewish culture. In all other countries, in all other colonies, the Jew comes to add and to adapt. He is nowhere free to be himself; he must be that which an established civilization will permit him to be. With the best will in the world a nation welcoming the Jew cannot remove the tacit pressure and demand of its civilization and culture on the individuality of the Jew. But in Palestine the Jew can, for the first time since his dispersion, enter again into direct relation with his foundations. No one there stands between him and the first principles of life. He is back on the soil in every sense of the word: it would perhaps be better to say that he is back on the earth.
>
> — Chaim Weizmann, *The Nation,* 1924

Domestic Issues

On the evening of March 13, 1928, THE NATION held a dinner to celebrate its tenth anniversary under the editorship of Oswald Garrison Villard. Roger N. Baldwin, James Weldon Johnson, Florence Kelley, Heywood Broun, and Freda Kirchwey gave short

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It has remained for the American Museum of Natural History in New York City to publish to the world the latest and most heinous Bolshevik atrocity. Beside the Museum's stuffed specimen of the European bison a placard proclaims: "Described by Caesar, hunted by Charlemagne, and exterminated by the Bolsheviki." The full story of cruelty and hate is further elaborated by an explanation that the European bison had gradually become reduced in numbers, until at the beginning of the World War there remained only a herd in Lithuania, protected by imperial edict, and a few in the Caucasus Mountains. "During the World War of 1914–1918," says the Museum's historian, "the Lithuanian and Caucasian herds are reported to have been exterminated, partly for food and partly for the sake of killing animals that had been protected by royalty." Curiously enough, the history of the American bison runs counter to this. Our "buffalo" hit it off well enough with our Reds, surviving readily until 100 per cent Americanism arrived on the prairies with gunpowder, a desire for furs, and the doctrine that to kill game for food was sordid while to destroy it for fun was sport. But this man Lenin had better watch his step from now on. He was only annoyed when the chancelleries of Europe took after him, but if our societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals get going, they won't stop until they have chased the chief Sovieteer down the Nevski Prospekt, thrown a net over his head, and packed him off to the Bide-a-Wee Home. Our humane societies, in defense of the European bison, will yet have those Bolsheviki buffaloed.

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1921

talks. Then Villard, introduced by John Haynes Holmes as the "Happy Warrior," made a speech emphasizing the disappearance of the press as a profession, and a rushing trend toward monopoly. In order to show why a journal like THE NATION was greatly needed, he said:

> . . . . at the NATION dinner in Philadelphia on Wednesday night last, Congressman La Guardia got up and told that almost unbelievable and moving and soul-rending story of the conditions which he had witnessed with his own eyes in the Pennsylvania coal fields, of the suffering of one hundred thousand American citizens, of the starving children. . . . And when he wound up his statement of the findings of the facts of the United States Coal Commission of five years ago, that there could be no way out if the ownership of the mines was not taken over by the Government of the United States; although he said that in the presence of five reporters, not one word of that speech appeared in the press of Philadelphia the next day.

THE NATION's circulation had never been large, and while it zoomed from about 9,000 when Villard took it over in 1918 to above 40,000 by the end of 1919, the weekly could never compete in this domain with the *Saturday Evening Post*. But it had subscribers abroad and in every part of the United States—almost as many in the Middle West as in the North Atlantic states—and it made an impression on people's minds. Frank P. Walsh, a liberal lawyer, contributed an article on the railroads to THE NATION when its circulation was down to 27,000; at the same time, he published a similar piece in his syndicated Hearst newspaper column. The Hearst article he never heard anything about, but he was kept busy answering the telephone on the day that THE NATION appeared. He observed: "People who counted, editors, assorted reformers, and lobbyists pro or con read THE NATION and reacted to it. They had to keep up."

ALONG WITH THE *New Republic, The Survey*, and *The Dial* (which in 1918 transformed itself from a Chicago-based journal of the arts to a magazine of opinion published in New York) Villard's NATION dealt with precisely such issues as the one discussed by Fiorello H. LaGuardia at that Philadelphia dinner. Concerned from 1918 on with the chronic crisis in the coal industry, the magazine in April, 1922, criticized the mine operators for making a strike inevitable by refusing, in open repudiation of a contract, to confer with the miners on a new wage scale. The journal contrasted the government's refusal to intervene on the side of labor with its energetic intervention on behalf of the mine operators during the strike of 1919. The coal operators' breach of their contract was also denounced by *The Survey* which cited an important body of facts gathered by the Division of Industrial Studies of the Russell Sage Foundation. From 1890 to 1921, the bituminous mines had been idle an average of ninety working days a year; in eleven years, the loss of working time, and thus of miners' wages, had averaged over one hundred days—more than a third of the working year.

While *The New Republic* cautiously proposed an elaborate policy of regulation of the coal industry, it noted that the "immaculately and consistently" conservative Philadelphia *Public Ledger* had regarded at least with complacency a widespread demand for nationalization. THE NATION, pointing to the dangers of government bureaucracy, inefficiency, and despotism (Villard's NATION was, after Palmer and under Harding, understandably fearful of what "nationalization" might mean) spoke favorably of a plan set forth in a pamphlet of District Number 2 of the Miners Union. In essence, the plan provided for government control of the mines, which would be clearly separated from the administration of them. The administrators would be experts, not politicians.

All this did not during the conservative 1920s produce any political effect, but it was the kind of thinking that animated much of Roosevelt's New Deal program.

The general mood of Americans during the decade that followed the Armistice was symbolized by a comment in the maiden issue of *Time*, dated March 3, 1923. Warren G. Harding, said the weekly news magazine, was not a "superman" like Theodore Roosevelt or Wilson, but he was "important and successful as the embodiment of the American idea of humility exalted by homely virtues into the highest eminence." He was "the actuality of the schoolboy notion that anybody has a chance to be President."

That was the trouble. When the Teapot Dome scandal broke, The Nation observed in a piece called "A Business Administration," that we were getting a delightful picture of what a business government really was. The Nation comment that

> wherever business touches government, as it has touched it in every Republican and most Democratic administrations, corruption is inevitable

is reminiscent of what Godkin had said at the time of the Credit Mobilier revelations, except that the laissez-faire Godkin had emphasized the corruption of business by government.

AMERICANS WERE EVIDENTLY not much interested in the giving away of their natural resources to the oil interests—despite the excellent reports by Paul Y. Anderson in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and The Nation. The Nation was looking into an unclear crystal ball when it predicted that the Coolidge candidacy was now impossible. Coolidge knew when to choose to run. La Follette, whom The Nation warmly supported for President in 1924 (Ernest Gruening, who had been an editor from 1920 to 1923, directed La Follette's publicity during the campaign), made a strong third party showing, but his Progressive movement faded after his death in 1925. Villard had lamented La Follette's inability to see the necessity of free trade, but had applauded his clear condemnation of the Ku Klux Klan (which the Democratic convention had been unable to condemn) and his anti-monopoly, pro-conservation economic policy. It is significant of one of the problems of American liberalism that LaFollette did not oppose the harshly nativist immigration bill of 1924. The intellectuals of The Nation and *The New Republic* were not in tune with many of their Mid-West "constituents" who exhibited along with their progressivism a certain know-nothingism.

SEVERAL HISTORIANS of the twenties have remarked that Americans were much more interested in automobiles than in politics. On a hot day, one could take a spin to the country, and there be cool with Coolidge. The Presidential candidacy of Norman Thomas in 1928 must have seemed irrelevant to almost everybody but people who engaged in thinking. Even Villard could not bring himself to support his friend. The Nation had tried in a modest way to start a boom for Senator Norris, who had fought to keep Henry Ford from obtaining Muscle Shoals, but when this came to nothing Villard began giving lots of space in The Nation to articles about Al Smith. "A Final Word" from Norman Thomas, in the form of a letter in the November 7 Nation, made the point that while the weekly's political position was "adequately covered by the Socialist platform," The Nation had still refused to announce for him. Caught between Thomas, whose program he support-

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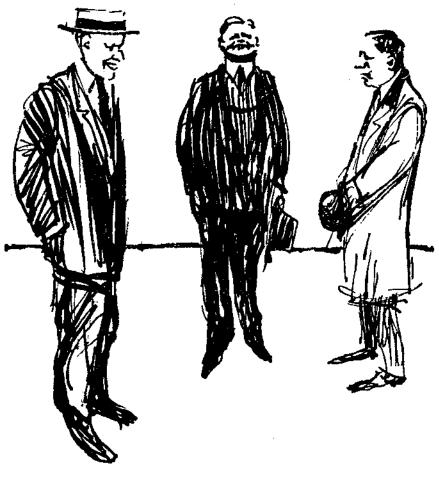
Coolidge

ed but whose "Socialist" label he shied away from, and Smith, who was wet but liberal and who had a chance to win, Villard finally voted in agony for Smith. He may have been decided in part by a NATION poll of its subscribers, who gave Smith 6,872 votes, and Thomas 2,830. That Hoover ran third with 2,784 indicates both that liberals were more favorable to him than they were later to be, and that many readers of THE NATION were less radical than the not-quite-consistent journal gave the impression of being.

ON OCTOBER 23, 1929, THE NATION (of which Henry Mussey was again, after ten years, managing editor, and of which Arthur Warner, Paul Blanshard and Dorothy Van Doren were associate editors) began publishing a series by Stuart Chase called "Prosperity. Believe It or Not." Chase sought to distinguish between various indices of prosperity, and emphasized that in human terms the United States was not nearly as well off as it was in business terms. To a measuring of prosperity in terms of commercial profits, Chase preferred a qualitative standard: the extent to which people enjoyed the life more abundant, combining security and leisure with a flourishing of the creative arts.



Thomas, Hoover and Smith

Consistent with the view Chase expressed just before the crash was the one expressed by Lewis Mumford two years after it came. Contributing to a NATION series whose title, "If I Were a Dictator," was emblematic of the crisis atmosphere of the times, Mumford combined the aim of providing for the material needs of the populace with a libertarian and richly aesthetic point of view. In describing his utopia, he said:

> Though the words over the door of our state are discipline, corporate responsibility and socialization, once we step over the threshold we will write Emerson's word: whim.

If Albert Jay Nock had contributed to this series, he might have quoted his beloved Rabelais: *"Fay ce que vouldras."* Despite the differences between Mumford and the strongly individualist Nock, both were using libertarian language. An important difference between the pre-Depression and the post-Depression NATION was that libertarianism and "diversity" were on the whole most central to Villard's journal, while economic security and the fight against right-wing totalitarianism were the dominant themes of the weekly under editors like Kirchwey, Lerner and Bendiner. The difference was less between human beings than between the ages (the word is not too strong) in which they edited THE NATION.

When Villard began in the late twenties to think of retiring as editor-in-chief, he hoped that Lewis Gannett would succeed him. But Gannett, now with the New York *Herald-Tribune,* declined. Villard thought of Dorothy Thompson (then married to Sinclair Lewis, who had frequently contributed to THE NATION), but that plan didn't work out either. Finally, he turned over the management of the weekly to a board of editors, all of whom had previously served on THE NATION: Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt, and Ernest Gruening. Villard was to continue to write a weekly column, in which he would be free to say whatever he wished. This arrangement produced a "drama" during the late thirties which will be discussed later.

> The American official and executive group does not desire the comfort and convenience of the American individual. And what is more, we have one of the clumsiest systems of communication between individuals, and unorganized groups of individuals, that exists in any allegedly representative government. Apart from our tendency to put up with anything, and our instilled duty to be humorous instead of taking action, the normal American has no idea whatsoever as to how he should or can deal with any executive infamy. That, I take it, is part of the price we pay for having our national capital tucked away in a corner. The English who do most things badly are at least able to get at their rulers. Someone takes little Whiff or old Jiblet out on a golf-links and wrings his figurative neck; someone knows so-and-so and the matter gets a few moments' attention. Anything causing inconvenience to ten or twenty thousand literate people can be got on the floor of the House of Commons in, I should say, forty-eight hours. In the United States this could only happen if the issue affected some very large organized business.
>
> — Ezra Pound, *The Nation,* 1927

One of the very last pieces that Villard wrote as editor of THE NATION, in the fall of 1932, dealt with the choice between Hoover and Roosevelt as one between the kettle and the pot. Under Hoover, troops had been used to move the bonus army out of Anacostia Flats, and the great power companies were becoming more and more powerful. But Roosevelt seemed to have nothing but buoyancy of spirit to combat master evils.

Villard at last threw his support to Norman Thomas, and planned after the election to push a non-Socialist third party movement. Under its new editors, THE NATION was to find that Roosevelt had incorporated the ideas of LaFollette and Thomas and Veblen and Keynes so skillfully the country was not much interested in anything dissenters offered. Partly because Villard had fought so hard for causes during his "fighting years," the causes became part of a main stream, and Villard was left rather dry on the left bank.

V

Literature and Ideas, 1918-1933

An "International Magazine of Arts and Letters" called *Broom* began publication in Rome in 1921. Matthew Josephson explains, in *Life Among the Surrealists,* that the name of the periodical was taken from a passage in *Moby-Dick:* "What of it, if some old hunks of a Sea-captain orders me to get a broom and sweep down the decks? . . ." Melville's Ishmael goes on to ask, "Who ain't a slave?" but he is only slightly daunted, and there is a jaunty freedom in his voice. Some American artists and intellectuals, with little money in their purses, actually ishmaeled it around Europe during the post-World War years. But wherever they were, they tended to "make it new" in poetry, painting, music, criticism. The anarchy of modern art said more to them than did Arnoldian culture (which Ezra Pound spelled "Kulchur.")

Josephson, who had studied at Columbia College before going off to Europe, recalls that in 1919 Raymond Weaver—then a young instructor—had almost been fired by Nicholas Murray Butler for speaking with extreme enthusiasm in class about the works of Oscar Wilde. A

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petition circulated by Josephson and signed by some of the senior students had helped save Weaver's job. It was also during 1919 that Weaver, whose pioneer biography of Melville was to help revive the author of *Moby-Dick,* published an article in THE NATION on the Melville centenary. If Oscar Wilde had at least been whispered about by people who professed to be shocked when his name was spoken out loud, Melville had simply been ignored during the late 19th and early 20th century. Critics on the pre-Villard NATION, like More and Babbitt and Mather, had said little about American writers anyway, although Willa Cather passed muster. Now came Weaver and said that *Moby-Dick* "reads like a great opium dream," that the conversations in it remind one of Dekker, Webster, Massinger, and Fletcher, and that if one will forget logic and common sense,

> and "abandon himself"—as Dr. Johnson would contemptuously have said—to this work of Melville's, he will acknowledge the presence of an amazing masterpiece.

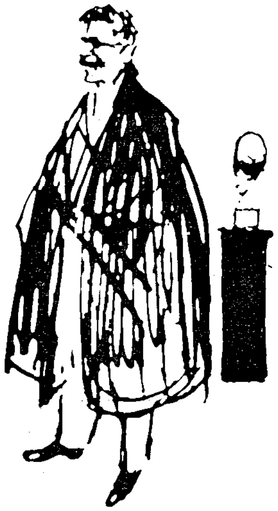
In this great book Weaver found both the comic and the "satanic" spirit.

Weaver's reasons for praising *Moby-Dick* make one think of T. S. Eliot's criticism. Eliot admired the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists to whose work Weaver compared *Moby-Dick,* and he found in Baudelaire's poems a satanic quality, a belief in "damnation," which made it possible to think of Dante when reading him. Tastes in criticism had changed since Henry James wrote in THE NATION that Baudelaire's flowers of evil were not evil at all but disgusting. In the 1920s, the writers and painters who were dreamers or "fools of God" or who exhibited Nietzschean energy, seemed "relevant," as saner artists did not. Whitman at last came into his own among American critics. Percy H. Boynton, in an appreciative 1919 NATION essay, recalled a description by genteel Barrett Wendell of Whitman's "Crossing Brooklyn Ferry": hexameters "trying to bubble through sewage." That was in *A Literary History of America,* published in 1900. But, said Boynton, Whitman had influenced poets like Moody, Masters, John Gould Fletcher, and Untermeyer; and Wytter Bynner had written:

> Somebody called Walt Whitman
> Dead!
> He is alive instead,
> Alive as I am. When I lift my head,
> His head is lifted.

Not all American critics were, or suddenly became, *avant-garde* at the end of World War I. T. S. Eliot was part modernist, part classicist: he praised passionate and "experimental" writing, but insisted, in "Tradition and the Individual Talent," on "impersonality" as a virtue of great art. Irving Babbitt, in *Rousseau and Romanticism* (1919) and *Democracy and Leadership* (1924), attributed modern unrestraint in literature and society to the exaltation of "nature" at the expense of civilized "standards." This New Humanist view was to be expressed in some NATION articles during the twenties, but it was clearly a minority position at 20 Vesey Street as it had not been in the days of Paul Elmer More's editorship. Stuart Pratt Sherman, whose articles in More's NATION, and whose course in Matthew Arnold at the University of Illinois, had won him a reputation as an able member of the New Humanist school, was by 1918 shifting toward a middle ground between the Party of Culture and the Party of Nature. A clear indication that the "new" NATION was sympathetic to the modernism so harshly denounced by Babbitt and More was the tone of E. Preston Dargan's article, "The Range of French Romanticism," late in 1918. Dargan observed that romanticism was, with classicism and realism, one of the three great manifestations of the French genius in literature; each of these manifestations was "relatively excellent." One can hear Babbitt snorting.

Another sign of the cultural weather at THE NATION was Jacob Zeitlin's review of Waldo Frank's 1919 volume, *Our America.* Zeitlin called attention to Alfred Stieglitz's 1904 opening in New York of a studio where he gave Americans their first taste of modern European art: Matisse, Picasso, Braque, *et al.* (These were the painters whose work Frank Jewett Mather in the old NATION had found repugnant.) In Stieglitz's studio at 291 Fifth Avenue, said Zeitlin, "beauty in all its forms found true votaries, and from here its gospel was disseminated." Waldo Frank, said Zeitlin, was the "rapturous press agent" of the new movement in the arts, while Leo Ornstein, James Oppenheim, Randolph Bourne, and H. L. Mencken had led the revolt against convention on various fronts: music, poetry, the discussion of ideas, and literary criticism. Most of these men, incidentally, in addition to Van Wyck Brooks, Robert Frost, John Dos Passos, Amy Lowell, John Reed, and Vachel Lindsay, had been associated with *The Seven Arts,* a "little magazine" devoted to pacifism and to free expression, whose life (November 1916-October 1917) was as brief as its pages were alive.


Stieglitz

An appropriate title for an essay descriptive of what American artists and intellectuals were doing during and after the first World War would be "From One Village to Another."

To Greenwich Village (or the Left Bank) they went from their homes in Illinois or Ohio or Idaho. Carl Van Doren, literary critic of THE NATION between 1919 and 1922 (and himself a Mid-Westerner who moved to New York), discussed the "revolt" from the first of these villages in one of his articles. The language Van Doren used to describe the *Spoon River Anthology,* from which he said the newest style in American fiction dated, is significant: Masters had displayed "a greedy gusto for life, a wide imaginative experience, tumultuous uprushes of emotion and expression, an acute if undisciplined intelligence, great masses of the veritable stuff of existence." (Irving Babbitt, who once referred contemptuously to Mencken's "gustos and disgustos" would not have enjoyed Van Doren's prose.) Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street* also exhibited "gusto" as well as photographic accuracy and excellent mimicry. Zona Gale, Edith Wharton, and F. Scott Fitzgerald were other "bright barbarians," said Van Doren, who had revolted against the village. Their books—*Miss Lulu Bett, The Age of Innocence, This Side of Paradise,* indicated that traditions which once governed, no longer held. It is notable that when, in a NATION series on "Contemporary Novelists," Van Doren spoke of William Allen White he praised his "bubbling energy," and that he found Henry Blake Fuller's "deficiency in passion" compensated by his "free, penetrating intelligence." The atmosphere of this literary criticism is "open" like that of William James's pragmatism. The comment made in a 1929 number of THE NATION by Scott Buchanan—who was of a different philosophic school—that John Dewey had "infected the eternal verities with time," is strikingly evocative of the new élan in literature and thought.

No works of art more clearly symbolized the "modern" point of view (in both aesthetic and philosophic terms) than Joyce's *Ulysses* and T. S. Eliot's *Waste Land,* both published in 1922. Of *Ulysses,* Gilbert Seldes said in THE NATION that it was the culmination of the novel as created by Flaubert and Henry James, and probably indicated the turn the novel would take into a new form. The work was a gigantic "travesty," which burlesqued the Odyssey as the Greek satyr-play had burlesqued the tragic cycle to which it was appended. Joyce had written an "epic of defeat,"

> in which there is not a scamped page nor a moment of weakness, in which whole chapters are monuments to the power and the glory of the creative intelligence over the chaos of uncreated things, and a triumph of devotion, to my mind one of the most significant and beautiful of our time.

In the late fall of 1922 Seldes reviewed *The Waste Land,* which he found to be the "complement" of *Ulysses.* Eliot's poem gave "some indication of the inner life of such a poet" as Joyce had created in the outward-turning Stephen Dedalus.

At about the same time that Joyce and Eliot were gliding in the stream of consciousness, Proust was writing his *roman fleuve.* Reviewing the first

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six volumes of *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* in THE NATION, Ellen Fitzgerald commented that memory had never before been so clearly demonstrated to be the mother of the Muses. Proust "analyzes every analysis," she said, then analyzes again and yet again. Her remark that he had employed Henry James's ideal of saturation, of squeezing the subject, is particularly interesting in view of the fact that James had been a puzzle to critics in his own day. During the late 19th and early 20th century THE NATION regarded him as a "painful" and difficult writer, but after his death in 1916, more and more Jacobites came to light candles at his altar.

Certainly there are striking differences among the authors praised by THE NATION during the post-war years: Sinclair Lewis, Proust, and Eugene O'Neill (whose plays both Ludwig Lewisohn and his successor as a NATION drama critic, Joseph Wood Krutch, admired) exhibited different kinds of sensibility. But each of them was in his own way coming to grips with the problems of that chaotic modern life which More and Babbitt denounced. "The world with the lid off," was More's characterization of the 1914-1918 slaughter, and that is how he regarded most of the new art. He wanted to put the lid back on, while the serious writers and artists tried to transmute the ugly reality they saw into beauty. For some of them, artistic beauty—and truth—was the only stable thing that remained in the world.

André Gide was perhaps the twentieth century writer who most troublingly evoked the instability of life. Although Clifton Fadiman's 1925 review of *The Counterfeiters* emphasized the aesthetic aspects and "emotional impact" of this "pure novel," Gerald Sykes was in a 1931 NATION piece to see Gide primarily as a critic, a moralist. Gide's admirers, said Sykes,

> feel that his peculiar distinction lies in his way of emphasizing the moral content of literature, which comes from his well-known fascination with the problem of good and, especially, evil.

Paul Claudel's effort to convert Gide to Catholicism, as revealed in their correspondence, is in itself a criticism of Gide's work from a very different point of view. What modernist critics applauded as an "honest" attempt on the part of Gide—and Thomas Mann—to confront evil, more traditionalist critics deprecated as an unhealthy preoccupation with it.

THERE WAS NATION criticism during the Villard period (incidentally, Villard's own literary tastes were quite "old-fashioned," and conflicted with his editors' advanced views even more than his "conservative" political liberalism clashed with their more radical orientation) which tended to be neither "New Humanist" as in the journal's days of More, nor "psychologico-sociological," as Edmund Wilson described the stance of Joseph Wood Krutch. A critic like More and a critic like Krutch (or Lewisohn, or Carl Van Doren) had this much in common: they both related literature directly to life. Allen Tate, however, was one of the so-called "new" critics who were concerned above all with the structure and texture of a work of art. Even if saturated in history—many of the New Critics were also the conservative Southern agrarians who in 1930 published *I'll Take My Stand*—they focused their attention on what others might call the "aesthetic aspects" of the work, and what they regarded as the very essence of it. Consider Tate's NATION review of Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer*. It contained a great deal of "excellent prose," and was something new: "a breathless movie scenario." On the other hand,

> . . . . since Mr. Dos Passos has limited his sensibility to the diligent registration of appearance and has not proposed an aesthetic problem, you will find that none is solved.

Whereas most other critics during the 1920s talked about the plot and theme of fictional works, Tate habitually stressed technique and tone. He liked Hemingway's "pointillistic" *in our time*, but found in *The Sun Also Rises* a falling into sentimentality. For Tate, what an author said was the way he said it.

While THE NATION remained chiefly a journal of criticism during the Villard years, it also published a great deal of poetry, more than it ever had before. Among the poets whose work appeared in the weekly were Padraic Colum, Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. A. Robinson, Babette Deutsch, Robert Frost, Allen Tate, Hart Crane, James Rorty, Archibald MacLeish, and Robert Graves. Mark Van Doren, literary editor of THE NATION from 1924 to 1928 (as his brother, Carl Van Doren, had been from 1919 to 1922) recalls in his *Autobiography* Villard's objections to some of the poems he chose to print: they were "difficult" or they were "not hopeful." Although "the Boss" was a warm-hearted libertarian in politics, his bourgeois realism sometimes got on Van Doren's nerves. On one occasion, the literary editor shouted back, "Mr. Villard, you don't know a god-damned thing about poetry!"

DURING THE MIDDLE twenties THE NATION briefly experimented with the publication of fiction, and for a longer period there was an annual NATION poetry contest. This was won in 1925 by Eli Siegel with a Whitman-like poem called "Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana." Prizes always make many people unhappy, but this one produced a flurry of letters disputing the jury's decision —and another flurry defending it.

Among other special initiatives taken during the Villard period was a "These United States" series, for which Ernest Gruening was responsible; he asked authors like Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, H. L. Mencken and Robert Herrick to write about their native states. The essays they contributed to THE NATION later appeared in a two-volume book. A second important series, published in 1924, was called "New Morals for Old" (the title must have sent a shiver up Villard's spine). Bertrand Russell contributed an essay in which he referred to a study of the ethical valuations of American college students: it seemed that they considered Sabbath-breaking more wicked than lying, and extra-conjugal sexual relations more wicked than murder. Optimistically, Russell declared that moral precepts, "like everything else," could be improved.

That they could stand improving, the 1925 "monkey trial" in Dayton, Tennessee, also seemed to indicate. Joseph Wood Krutch, who had grown up in Tennessee, went down to report on the trial for THE NATION. The moral failure he found there was chiefly that of the educated people who did not wish to make sacrifices in order to withstand public pressure. "There is scarcely one [native son]," wrote Krutch,

> who has the courage to stand up for what he thinks and knows instead of flying quickly to cover lest he might have to sacrifice to his convictions some political advantage or some material gains. . . .

The year in which the Tennessee high school teacher was tried for teaching Darwin's theory was also an *annus mirabilis* in American literature: *Arrowsmith, An American Tragedy, The Great Gatsby* and *Manhattan Transfer* all appeared in 1925. And all of them depicted an America in which the bigotry and cowardice Russell and Krutch had noted were widespread. In *Arrowsmith,* Krutch found that Lewis had surpassed *Babbitt* and *Main Street:*

> He has described once more . . . . the difficulties which beset the idealist, but he has also qualified his thesis by saying, in effect, that these difficulties are not absolutely insurmountable, and this means, in a word, that he has chosen a more important hero than he has ever chosen before.

Carl Van Vechten spoke of Jay Gatsby's "passionate idealism," which rendered his rather cheap personality "pathetically appealing," and in reviewing *An American Tragedy,* Krutch noted that Dreiser's story implied the "failure of the most pretentiously moralistic nation of the world to live in the main by any law but the law of the jungle." Thus each of these reviews pointed to a sharp conflict between ideals and realities in American life, a conflict which Krutch spoke of as "tragic." His own use of Dreiser's term is interesting in view of the fact that a few years later he was saying in *The Modern Temper* (1929) that tragedy was impossible in the mechanistic modern world.

One of the few hopeful events of 1929 was the opening of the Museum

I believe that the substitution of a scientific for a religious technique in the production of virtue may prove to be of enormous importance. Moralists hitherto have been extraordinarily unsuccessful in producing the type of character that they said they desired. The growth of psychology and biochemistry is likely to give us in the not too distant future a far greater power of molding character than mankind has ever hitherto possessed. Like the power over inanimate nature, this new power over human nature may be used either for good or for evil. I do not profess to know in which way it will be used, but if it is used for evil, our scientific civilization will not long survive.

— Bertrand Russell, *The Nation,* 1931

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of Modern Art, which Lloyd Goodrich discussed in an excellent NATION piece. The foundation of the Museum, he observed, "marks the final apotheosis of modernism and its acceptance by respectable society." And in something of the enlightened nationalistic spirit of Emerson's "American Scholar" address, Goodrich called upon Americans to become aware of the art of their own country. He praised the directors of the new museum for planning to alternate between exhibitions of American and foreign art, and emphasized that the public, while familiar with even second-rate works from France, knew little of modern German, English, Italian, Spanish, Belgian, Dutch, Russian, or Mexican art.

Then the Depression came. The first two volumes of John Dos Passos' *U. S. A.* were published in 1930 and 1932, and Henry Hazlitt—who became literary editor of THE NATION in 1930—said in his review of the second volume, which he preferred to *The 42nd Parallel:*

> If we compare Dos Passos with other of our leading novelists, we find no one who is his superior in range of awareness of American life.

More conservative politically than other members of THE NATION staff (although he favored Norman Thomas in 1932), Hazlitt was an able literary critic. He strongly attacked dogmatic Communist literary criticism, but saw the truth that was in Dos Passos' bitter, brilliant, radical *1919.*

William Faulkner's *Light in August,* published in 1932, was as depressing in its own way as any of Dos Passos' fiction. But Dorothy Van Doren, reviewing it in THE NATION, found in the love affair between Joe Christmas—who is, or thinks he is, part-Negro—and the white Joanna Burden, "humility, contempt, pride, remorse, and ecstasy." It would be possible to discuss *Light in August* much more in terms of its "social" theme than the reviewer did: but her sensitive, humane response to Faulkner's characterization and style and tone represents the central tendency of NATION criticism during the 1918-1933 period—the years before the 20th century went completely insane.

VI

Kafkaesque: 1933-55

THE POOR OF SANTO DOMINGO cried out to American Marines in the spring of 1965: "Tenemos hambre!" ("We are hungry!") The streets of American cities did not ring with such cries in 1932, but the wretched inhabitants of "Hoover Valley," an abandoned reservoir in Central Park, New York, fed on stale bread. In 1933, at least twenty-nine people in New York City alone died of starvation. Hunger weakened others, and hastened their deaths. There was no mass voter desertion of the Republican and Democratic parties in the 1932 election. But the depression did induce many people who later became safely liberal or conservative to vote for the Socialist Thomas or the Communist Foster.

In December, 1932, a magazine called *Common Sense* was launched by a group of intellectuals who declared that "a system based on competition for profit can no longer serve the general welfare," and who called for a constitutional convention "to adapt the principles of the American Revolution of 1776 to modern needs." Founded chiefly through the efforts of Alfred M. Bingham, who at Yale Law School four years earlier had been head of a Hoover for President organization, *Common Sense* listed among its contributors Stuart Chase, John Dos Passos, A. J. Muste, V. F. Calverton, John T. Flynn, James Rorty, and George Soule. Their hopes for a complete renovation of the American political system were more radical than those of Oswald Garrison Villard, but in 1932 Villard saw Hoover and Roosevelt as kettle and pot, and wanted to help build a new political party. THE NATION's muckraking reporter, Paul Y. Anderson, was more optimistic than O. G. V. about a Roosevelt administration, but his sobriquet for the Democratic candidate—"Friendly Frank"—was only a shade more complimentary than the *Common Sense* description of the President-elect: the "laughing boy from Hyde Park."

The new editors of THE NATION as of January, 1933—Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Henry Hazlitt (who was to leave before the end of the year) and Ernest Gruening (who in 1934 would resign to become editor of the New York *Evening Post*) foresaw no dramatic change under Roosevelt. In THE NATION of January 4, there was an article by John Dewey in which the philosopher of instrumentalism spoke of the newly founded League for Independent Political Action. Turning the other cheek to Thomas's smack in THE NATION of December 14 that the L. I. P. A. held "an intellectualized version of a watered-down socialism," Dewey reported that the League was calling for a conference of all progressive and radical groups in 1933. The League, said Dewey, wanted to avoid "slurs" on the middle class, and opposed the "defeatist" view that no effective political action was possible until most of the population had sunk into the "proletariat."

Two months later, Roosevelt's dynamic inaugural address and his rapid-fire legislative attack on the country's major problems quieted talk of a new party. The money changers, Roosevelt assured the country in his March 4 inaugural speech, had fled from their high seats in the temple of our civilization:

> We may now restore that temple to the ancient truths. The measure of the restoration lies in the extent to which we apply social values more noble than mere monetary profit.

"The Faith of Roosevelt" was the title of THE NATION editorial that greeted this address. The President's words "had something of the challenge, the symbolism, and the simplicity of the trumpet blast." The editorial underlined particularly Roosevelt's assertion that our "greatest primary task" was to put people to work. There seemed implicit in his words an understanding that "the changed times demanded a new technique and a basically new approach to the problems of society."

THE PREVIOUS ISSUE of The Nation had expressed general approval of the new Cabinet. The appointment of Tom Walsh as Attorney-General was particularly gratifying to the journal, which ten years earlier had applauded his role in exposing the Teapot Dome give-away. (When Walsh died suddenly, just after being appointed, The Nation indicated that his replacement, the brilliant lawyer Homer Cummings, could never fill his shoes.) Harold Ickes was, in the journal's opinion, a superb choice for the Interior Department, and the selection of Frances Perkins as Secretary of Labor was "a cause for profound jubilation." Oswald Garrison Villard, who years before had marched in a feminist parade, delightedly emphasized in his new "Issues and Men" column the first-woman-in-the-Cabinet aspect of the appointment. He declared that no matter what the future held in store for the Roosevelt administration, he would always be grateful for this act. The editors of The Nation did not exult and rejoice over the rest of the Cabinet. While they had "the highest respect" for the new Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, they were unhappy about the selection of the conservative William H. Woodin as Secretary of the Treasury, and of Daniel C. Roper—who had been representing Cuban sugar interests in Washington—as Secretary of Commerce. Still, the journal declared,

> it is the general spirit of the Cabinet which counts, and since it will be dominated by Mr. Roosevelt, we cannot but feel that, as a whole, it will be progressive and forward-looking and able to grapple intelligently with the crisis which confronts the country.

> For eighteen months unemployment has been spreading poverty and acute suffering through industrial and agricultural areas alike. No one yet knows when the present economic disaster will be brought to an end. The illusory prosperity and feverish optimism which marked preceding years have given way to fearful economic insecurity and to widespread despair. These eighteen months have revealed the hypocrisy of the President's pledge of cooperation toward the attainment of economic security. The Administration's efforts to attain economic security have consisted of attempts to minimize the seriousness of the depression, of bold assurances that steps which would restore prosperity were about to be taken, and of a woefully unsuccessful program to stimulate private or local agencies to undertake tasks which the Administration was determined to shirk.
>
> —Senator Robert M. La Follette,
> *The Nation*, 1931

The post-1918 Nation was not in the habit of praising a new administration. The weekly had vigorously supported only one recent Presidential candidate: La Follette, in 1924—and he had run third. But Roosevelt now seemed to have much more than an ingratiating smile. In its issue of March 22, The Nation commended him for courage in insisting upon the continuance of the Senate inquiry into banking practices, "the very inquiry which, according to fearful conservatives, is supposed to have weakened confidence before the bank holiday." Ferdinand Pecora, the counsel of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, was to be highly praised in The Nation "Honor Roll" for 1933 for his exposure of "scandalous malpractices in the world of finance." In the course of these hearings, Charles Mitchell (who was later indicted), A. H. Wiggin, Clarence Dillon, Winthrop Aldrich, Thomas Lamont, George and Richard Whitney all took the stand. The most dramatic moments of the inquiry were those of the confrontation between Pecora and the younger J. P. Morgan. "Unperturbed by the lordly apparition," writes Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in *The Coming of the New Deal*,

> Pecora ($255 a month) consulted his notes and pursued his inquiries. One afternoon he asked whether Morgan had paid any income tax in 1930. The room, alive a moment before with a hum of whispers, grew

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> abruptly silent. Reporters near Morgan seemed to hear his heavy gold watch ticking the seconds away. After a pause, Morgan replied, "I cannot remember."

The Roosevelt administration apparently "meant business" in an un-Coolidge-like sense.

THROUGHOUT THE "One Hundred Days" from March to June, 1933, THE NATION was friendly to the President's program, but pressed for a more radical attack on the depression. Norman Thomas' March 22 NATION article, "A Socialist Program for Banking," expressed what was essentially the journal's point of view: since banking risks were now being assumed by the government, the government should acquire ownership of the banks. In the same article, Thomas called for some degree of inflation (or "reflation") in order to attack unemployment through public works and maintenance allowances. Some weeks later, Paul Y. Anderson commented that Roosevelt's hesitation to "prime the pump" through a large federal works program had thus far been the most discouraging aspect of his administration. "Put People to Work!" cried THE NATION on May 17, charging that except for the employment given to 250,000 men in the forestry camps, and in various trades through the recent legalization of beer, "the Roosevelt program has to date included no serious effort to strike at the root of our trouble." Along with an insistence on the urgent need for an extensive housing program, the demand for an all-out campaign to put people to work was a persistent NATION theme during Roosevelt's first four years.

Now that the crisis has yielded slightly to emergency measures, it is imperative that the new Administration should go to the bottom of the whole complex disaster and lay enduring foundations for a new financial and economic system. And it would be well for President Roosevelt to press to the full the unique strategic advantage given him by the magnitude of the disaster.

The dramatic closing of every bank in the United States has emphasized the primarily financial nature of the greatest failure in American history. The catastrophe—whose end is not yet—may justly be ascribed to the assumption of control of the nation's life by the money power. Just before assuming the Presidency, Woodrow Wilson warned the American people that the "money monopoly" dominated the country, that it controlled our entire system of credit, that all our activities were in the hands of a few men who "by very reason of their own limitations, chill and check and destroy genuine economic freedom." Twenty years ago Louis D. Brandeis wrote even more prophetically, "We must break the money trust or it will break us."

We have not broken it and it has broken us. . . .

—Editorial Review, *The Nation*, 1933

Ernest Gruening, who was to accept an important post in the Department of the Interior, had higher hopes for Roosevelt in 1933 than did some of his NATION colleagues. But his NATION review of Roosevelt's collected campaign addresses, *Looking Forward,* indicated that it was only under the "most rigorous interpretation" of the President's conceptions and implied pledges that "the old idea of America as a land of greater promise and greater opportunity than any other nation on earth may still be achieved." Gruening was not concerned only with the fulfillment of the promise of economic equality: could that equality be achieved, he asked, without the loss of civil liberty? Gruening believed that it could be, but he was pointing to a real danger. Among the early supporters of the New Deal were Father Coughlin and Huey Long. Both of these demagogues, as Raymond Gram Swing later pointed out in several NATION articles, had great mass appeal. Most of the planks in Father Coughlin's platform, Swing noted, were taken directly from the Farmer-Labor Party program, and Huey Long had a fairly impressive record of popular social accomplishments as governor of Louisiana. Yet Coughlin's program of "social justice" included no reference to civil liberties, and Huey Long's contempt for the parliamentary process was as great as Mussolini's. It also seems pertinent to recall that Lincoln Steffens expressed in his *Autobiography* as much admiration for Mussolini as for Lenin, and that Vincent Sheean, while revolted by the hysteria and criminality of the Fascists, could call fascism "a kind of rehearsal in time for the truly 'total' state, an introduction to the design into which the future must probably fall." That a man of Sheean's intelligence and sensibility could say this in the early thirties was a notable sign of the times.

Romance, friends and brothers, is not dead. We still live in the land of opportunity and Something May Turn Up tomorrow. Witness the story of Charles Kane. Mr. Kane, once a resident of Worcester, Massachusetts, had been out of a job for ten weeks; he was walking from New York to Poughkeepsie, looking for work on the way; just south of Hartsdale he stubbed his toe. Being impelled by this to look toewards, he saw a leather valise at his feet; the valise happened to contain $13,000 worth of jewelry belonging to a rich lady of Greenwich, Connecticut, who subsequently rewarded Mr. Kane with $1,000. This story, which appeared in the New York *Times*, will doubtless be copied by every newspaper in the country. It will set the revolution back several years; it will be a blow to the Communists and Socialists; and if Mr. Hoover were politically astute he would immediately seize upon it for campaign material. For every member of the near-unemployed who can still buy a newspaper and who will therefore read the story will say, "There, but for the merest turn of the wheel of chance, walked I. My chance may come tomorrow. I shall not yet despair, and while I am about it I may as well vote the Republican ticket."

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1932

THE POSSIBILITY OF a New Deal turn to the Fascist right was raised by

The Nation—and other liberals—chiefly in discussions of the National Industrial Recovery Act. Although Paul Y. Anderson saw this law as part of a general administration program that had come "as if in answer to the liberals' prayer," an article in the same August, 1933, issue of the journal was not sanguine about the "voluntary" aspect of the NRA:

> A patriotic appeal may be effective as long as the emergency is acute and business is worried, but an industrial system cannot run on patriotism. . . .

If industry refused to cooperate voluntarily in the establishment of equitable codes, then the government would have to resort to force—and this would be the beginning of fascism. But there was a way to avoid the dilemma: the government should "take over and operate for the benefit of the people the steel and coal and other great industries." Oswald Garrison Villard expressed the same fear of fascism that the editors did. In September, 1933, he wrote:

> . . . . if NRA fails, and the emergency compels, we may yet see Franklin Roosevelt go to the Fascist right as easily as to the radical left.

Villard had already been deeply disappointed by the failure of the London Economic Conference during the summer of 1933; a failure which he had blamed on our high tariff economic nationalism, as well as on that of the other participating countries.

The Nation's basic attitude toward the NRA, and indeed toward the New Deal in its first phase, was indicated early in 1934: after seven months of existence, the NRA had preserved or increased the total earnings of various low-paid workers, but had proved unable to spread work so as to absorb more than a fraction of the unemployed. This situation was unlikely to improve

> so long as our recovery program is designed, as now, to save capitalism rather than to eliminate the profit system as a method of conducting industry.

Consistent with this advocacy of a Socialist approach to the economic crisis was The Nation's support of a bill introduced by Senator Frazier of North Dakota to set up a $120,000,000 federal marketing corporation for the purchase and sale of farm products, and for the regulation of the price spread between producers and consumers. The Nation observed that while the AAA was continuing to plan for the control of farm production, the Frazier proposal—supported by consumer groups and by Norman Thomas—placed emphasis on the improvement of distribution.

A letter written to The Nation just five years later—in May, 1939—is interesting in light of the journal's socialist orientation on domestic problems. The letter came from a Beacon Hill Bostonian in reply to a Nation request for a subscription. Declining to subscribe, the writer said that while he thought the journal "quite sound on the vast majority of public issues which you discuss," he felt that the magazine had lately become "rather provincial in its outlook. . . . Your writers write largely from the New York point of view . . . and that must necessarily hurt your influence greatly beyond the city limits." He cited, as an example of provincialism, a Nation article called "Vermont Prefers Floods," which had referred to a quarrel between Senator Aiken and the War Department over methods of flood control. Many Vermonters, said the letter-writer, agreed with Aiken's view that the issue was "simply and solely the insistence of the federal government that it can take from us what it chooses, without any regard at all for our wishes or our rights." Freda Kirchwey, then editor-in-chief of The Nation, replied that while the title of the offending article was intended to be satirical, the article did fail to take account of the independence and pride of Vermonters. This exchange of letters brings an important problem into focus: can effective government planning be reconciled with an unselfish local autonomy? Can we have both socialism and Vermont?

A partial answer to the question was provided by the Tennessee Valley Authority, of which The Nation frequently spoke as the one unqualified success of the New Deal. David Lilienthal, for many years a director of the agency, noted in *TVA: Democracy on the March* (1944) that beyond the right of eminent domain,

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TVA planning for the development of the region was in no significant particular enforceable by law. Lilienthal observed that although this lack of power to enforce plans had disturbed many students of the enterprise,

> we have continued to rely wholly upon . . . the ways of contract, persuasion, incentives, encouragement, methods based on the people's confidence in TVA's comprehension, its good faith, and the quality of its technical leadership. I feel strongly that the admitted limitations of voluntary methods, distressing and tragic as their consequences sometimes are, do not invalidate the wisdom of a *minimum of coercion* in carrying out plans for resource development. For coercion is insatiable. . . .

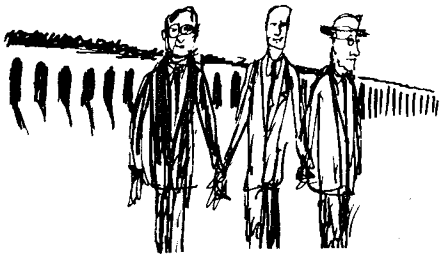
A NATION article in October, 1934, by Raymond Gram Swing (who had just joined the weekly's editorial staff), indicated that TVA, instead of constituting a "big government" threat to the individual or to the region, had set the people free. Swing's article was pitched to the completion of the deal by which the Knoxville district was to receive cheap electricity from the Tennessee Valley Authority. Knoxville thus

> throws off the embarrassing clutches of the utility company which has made the sale of electricity the pretense for dipping into its customers' pockets for unearned funds. The city will now own its own distribution system, and pay for it out of rates far below what it ever paid before. And the whole region can rejoice over a voluntary reduction in recent months of power rates by private utility companies amounting to $16,000,000 a year.

Swing was, in effect, describing the realization of the dream of Progressives like Senator George W. Norris (who had fought hard for public power during the Coolidge and Hoover years) and the late Senator Robert M. LaFollette. There were tensions, of course, within the TVA: Lilienthal's "grass-roots approach" was not that of Arthur Morgan, who had been influenced by Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and who favored strong centralized control, nor of Harcourt Morgan, who was friendly to the private power interests.

THE NATION also had its tensions, although they were not exactly comparable to those of the TVA. At Vesey Street, there was an increasingly sharp divergence between the views of Oswald Garrison Villard and those of Freda Kirchway and other members of the editorial board. While a definitive split did not occur until June, 1940 (when it was occasioned by intense disagreement over foreign policy), a *brouhaha* broke out over Roosevelt's Supreme Court reorganization plan in 1937. It should first be mentioned that in 1935 Villard had sold THE NATION to The Nation Fund, Inc., a foundation established by Maurice Wertheim, a philanthropic banker. Villard continued, however, to contribute his weekly column, "Issues and Men." Since 1933 there had been several masthead changes, and during the spring of 1937 the editorial lineup was as follows: Editors—Freda Kirchwey, Joseph Wood Krutch, Max Lerner; Associate Editors—Margaret Marshall, Maxwell Stewart; Editorial Associates—Heywood Broun, Alvin Johnson, Oswald Garrison Villard.

WHILE THE NATION had been sharply critical of Roosevelt for what it regarded as his failure to make an all-out attack on the depression, the journal was even more perturbed by the Supreme Court's right-wing assault on the New Deal. In January, 1937, THE NATION set forth its position with regard to the Court, which had virtually invalidated the National Industrial Recovery Act in 1935, and the Agricultural Adjustment Act in 1936. The most important point in THE NATION's plan for dealing with the situation was one it had previously advanced: a Constitutional amendment should be set in motion, giving Congress clear power over the regulation of agriculture, labor and finance. But when the President, shortly after referring in his Second Inaugural Address to "one-third of a nation ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished," suddenly proposed that Congress authorize the President to enlarge the membership of the Supreme Court, THE NATION backed him. An editorial, "Purging the Supreme Court," called Roosevelt's attack on "government by senility" a "brilliant tour de force," and asserted that while his plan was not the best one, it



TVA: Lilienthal and the Morgans

> does not change the relation of the Court to Congress. There can be no question of its constitutionality. It neither seeks to curb the court nor (despite the current impression) pack it, for if the judges retire there is no increase in numbers. Rather it purges the court by removing the infirm, and therefore (by a rough and imperfect logic) the least fit.

The "senility" of judges was not really the issue, but THE NATION was right about the constitutionality of the Roosevelt plan. Villard, however, strongly disagreed with the editors' position. Turning his attention from Haiti and Santo Domingo, which he had been discussing in "Issues and Men," to the Supreme Court fight, he asked, "What is the Nation Coming to?" He also desired a reform of the Supreme Court, but by amendment of the Constitution, as THE NATION (he pointed out) had been suggesting for some time. A couple of weeks later, Maurice Wertheim, who had respected the editorial independence of the weekly, published in it an open letter recording "my own personal dissent from your editorial policy on the President's Supreme Court program." Wertheim continued:

> THE NATION has lost itself in unjudicial partisanship at a moment when I, for one, should like to see it come out, like Senator Wheeler, Oswald Garrison Villard, and many other liberals, and say to the President, "Enough of this camouflage; enough of these attempts to discredit your adversaries as "defeated lawyers"; we like your objectives, but we don't like your methods. You can now attain your objectives with no sacrifice of American principles if you will not be stubborn. And if that be treason, make the most of it.

Whereupon Heywood Broun, who

had had his own page in THE NATION since 1935, erupted:

> I do not know whether I will come again to this pasture. I'm getting a little sick of THE NATION'S policy of fair play, and everybody must be heard whether or not he has anything to say. This isn't an amateur tennis-match. It's a fight, and the well-being of masses of men and women depends upon the result. . . . Even an open mind needs to pull down the window at certain times or it becomes less a mind than a cave of the winds.

Two months later, in the issue of June 12, Wertheim announced the sale of THE NATION to Freda Kirchwey. The difference of opinion on the Supreme Court question was typical, he indicated, of the divergencies between the editors and himself. Editorial and financial control of the journal, said Wertheim, should be combined. And so for the second time since 1935 THE NATION changed hands. But Heywood Broun was not appeased. *Time* magazine for September 20 reported that the "twin keystones" of the United States liberal weekly press, *The New Republic* and THE NATION, had just been shaken by a small editorial crisis. Heywood Broun had switched from THE NATION to *The New Republic,* and the first news Freda Kirchwey had had of the move was when *The New Republic* sent copy for an exchange advertisement in THE NATION announcing the acquisition of Broun. Freda Kirchwey's "good-natured epitaph" (as *Time* called it) in THE NATION had pointed out that the editors and Broun saw eye to eye on the court proposal, and that

> we differed from him only in believing that it merited debate and that the opposition had a right to be heard. . . . We wish him well, but . . . we suspect that the spirit of fair play may search him out and plague him in the pages of *The New Republic* as well.

The policies of THE NATION and *The New Republic* were sufficiently similar to lead many people to wonder why the two weeklies did not merge. Replying in July, 1938, to a letter which raised that question, Freda Kirchwey first pointed to the seniority of THE NATION, then observed that *The New Republic* was heavily subsidized whereas "we are practically self-supporting." Furthermore,

> The two magazines do differ a good deal in their views, particularly on the subject of collective security. Neither publication cares to lose its identity.

Villard had always taken pride in the fact that THE NATION struggled to make a financial go of it—with infusions of aid from him and fellow-stockholders in the enterprise. *The New Republic* lived a more carefree financial life. Subsidized at its birth by Willard Straight, it continued to receive generous support from his widow after his death in 1918. The tone of *The New Republic* was different from that of THE NATION: while the Villard-Wertheim-Kirchwey weekly fought vigorously for causes—a writer in another magazine once referred to its "old insurgent spirit . . . its ability, even when clearly wrong, to make men think"—*The New Republic* was cerebral and cool. THE NATION, especially during the thirties, gave the impression of carrying the fight into Union Square and Jersey City; *The New Republic* seemed to be making intelligent, progressive comments on the struggle from a fifth-floor office.

Freda Kirchwey's comment on differences between the two journals on the subject of collective security points to a paradox: THE NATION, pacifist under Villard, became interventionist in response to the Nazi-Fascist threat of the 1930s; *The New Republic,* strongly pro-Wilson and in favor of our entrance into the first World War, was disillusioned by the Treaty of Versailles, and became and remained pacifist until Hitler's 1940 *Blitzkrieg.* Thus, each of the two liberal weeklies occupied the previous foreign policy position of the other during the years immediately preceding World War II.

SHORTLY AFTER VILLARD took over THE NATION in 1918, he established an International Relations Section, which was to present, fortnightly, "current thoughts on economic and political problems abroad for the purpose of focusing the attention of thinking America upon the factors essential to winning the war and es-

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tablishing an enduring peace." Villard organized an "Advisory Council" for the I.R.S., composed of such prominent persons as James Harvey Robinson, Gilbert Murray, André-Louis Chevrillon of Paris, and the American Winston Churchill. When Freda Kirchwey, a young Barnard graduate, applied to the NATION for a position in August, 1918 (she had been working for the New York *Sunday Tribune*), she wrote that she had heard of an opening with the International Relations Section. She landed a job, and was put to work clipping foreign exchanges. The section, which was first published on October 5, 1918, proved a financial burden, eventually dwindled to a page, and finally disappeared in 1932. But interesting documents and background articles on international affairs appeared in it, and Freda Kirchwey's experience proved useful to her. Although she was to have a variety of responsibilities at THE NATION under Villard—she became successively associate editor, managing editor and, briefly, literary editor—her chief interest was in foreign affairs. In the late 1930s it was she, along with Maxwell Stewart, Max Lerner and Robert Bendiner, who moved THE NATION away from pacifism to support of collective security. Villard, while detesting Hitler, could not forget the "madness at Versailles," which became a kind of obsession with him. During the period of the *Anschluss* and the Munich Pact and the invasion of Poland and the *Blitzkrieg* he was horrified but isolationist in his "Issues and Men" column, while THE NATION editors became more and more "engaged". Their relationship with Villard was comparable to that which developed between the editors of *L'Express* and François Mauriac after De Gaulle became President of the Fifth Republic. Mauriac's "Bloc-Notes" on the last page of the French weekly presented De Gaulle as a providential figure, while the editorials of Françoise Giroud and Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber denounced the General as an autocrat. There were some readers of *L'Express*—as there had been of THE NATION—who relished the "debate" as democratic, and there were others who objected that a journal of opinion should speak with one editorial voice. Mauriac eventually left *L'Express* for *Le Figaro Littéraire;* Villard finally quit THE NATION (to which he had first contributed in 1894) and joined the America First Committee.

Villard's valedictory in the June 29, 1940 NATION was both angry and sad; it said, in part:

> . . . . I regret . . . that my retirement has been precipitated . . . by the editors' abandonment of THE NATION'S steadfast opposition to all preparation for war, to universal military service, to a great navy, and to all war, for this in my judgment has been the chief glory of its great and honorable past. . . . My own making over of THE NATION when I became editor in 1918 pained many of its devoted readers. Yet I can truthfully claim that under my guidance it held to the fundamental principles of the founders and was conducted in their spirit, in fullest support of their correct conception of what the liberal world should be.

JUST AS VILLARD here invoked the spirit of his uncle, Wendell Phillips Garrison, and of E. L. Godkin, first editor of THE NATION (although Villard knew that his own "liberalism" was not exactly theirs), Freda Kirchwey in her 1949 obituary essay on Villard spoke of a NATION "continuity of which some of my colleagues may be less aware." The spirit of a journal, she asserted,

> is something apart from its specific beliefs, even if he would have disputed it. . . . This spirit has remained to inspire new crusades on new issues. . . .

This is true, but the specific character of Kirchwey's NATION was different from that of Villard's and of Godkin's. Villard was a pacifistic moralist whose opposition to imperialism and whose belief in free trade bespoke a wish for an ultimate federation of the world. Godkin's denunciation of colonial ventures and his advocacy of a low tariff had been based on utilitarian "good sense." By the 1930s, the worlds of Godkin and Villard seemed remote to Freda Kirchwey and most of her NATION colleagues. The Japanese militarists, Mussolini's Fascists, and Hitler's National Socialists were contemptuous of both "good sense" and morality. Their basic law was that war is the health of the state. To a moralist like Villard, their brutal pragmatism was uncomfortably paralleled in Franklin D. Roosevelt's treatment of our ultraconservative Supreme Court. Villard's moralism enabled him to be consistent in his denunciations—he wrote of the "legal murders" by Stalin of his opponents—whereas the pragmatic liberals sought, often in anguish, to discriminate among brutalities of state that had to be tolerated and those for which there was no possible excuse. Thus, while Freda Kirchwey was right in speaking of a persistent NATION crusading spirit, she and Villard lived in different universes of discourse.

During the early 1930s, both Villard and his editors saw fascism as the greatest immediate threat to civilization. Villard's denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles, and his condemnation of the French occupation of the Ruhr in 1923, did not blind him to the growing menace of Hitler's National Socialists. It is true that when Hitler gained absolute power in March, 1933, THE NATION harked back to Woodrow Wilson's failure:

> The world safe for democracy? . . . those in control of [Germany's] destiny represent, in part at least, the most odious forms of big-business and large-landowner control as they existed during the regime of the Kaiser, but are committed to universal military service, rearmament, and every one of the forms of militarism against which Mr. Wilson called all Americans to fight.

It is also apparent that THE NATION had many pro-German readers, who had come to the weekly during the years of Villard's editorship. Early in January, 1934, THE NATION commented in these terms on a recent development in Germany:

> From time to time THE NATION has been taken to task by its readers because of what they consider its intemperate condemnation of the Nazi government in Germany. Nevertheless, it cannot help viewing with the utmost concern the new German law for the sterilization of the unfit. If one could imagine a committee of entirely unbiased and equally competent scientists to decide which of their fellow-human beings should be deprived of the ability to propagate their kind, one might conceivably endorse the proposition. Nothing that the Nazis have done so far inspires

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HARRY BRIDGES	**J. R. ROBERTSON**	**LOUIS GOLDBLATT**
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> the hope that they are either competent or unprejudiced.

That was comparatively mild criticism, but THE NATION had also published Ludwig Lewisohn's article on the May 10, 1933 burning in Berlin of about 20,000 "un-German" books. (William L. Shirer notes in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* that the works of Thomas and Heinrich Mann, Albert Einstein, Erich Maria Remarque, Jack London, H. G. Wells, Freud, Proust, Zola and Gide were consumed in the bonfire. Paul Joseph Goebbels—Doctor of Philosophy—proclaimed: "The soul of the German people can again express itself. These flames not only illuminate the final end of an old era; they also light up the new.") Lewisohn observed that the Nazi crackdown on dangerous ideas had led to the banning of performances of Schiller's *Don Carlos,* a play whose whole point was exemplified in the cry to the Spanish king: "Sire, give us liberty of thought."

Richard Neuberger, the future United States Senator from Oregon, who in 1933 was beginning a journalistic career, published in the October 4 NATION a long article on Hitler's "New Germany." And at the beginning of 1934, THE NATION'S Honor Roll for the previous year included Calvin B. Hoover and Edgar Ansel Mowrer, authors respectively of *Germany Enters the Third Reich* and *Germany Sets the Clock Back;* Arthur Garfield Hays, the New York attorney who had attempted to secure just treatment for the defendants in the Reichstag fire trial; and Alvin S. Johnson of the New School for Social Research, who had brought ousted German professors to the United States and established them as the staff of a University in Exile.

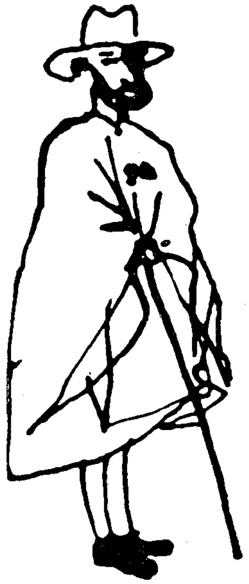
Villard, hoping against hope even after the Nazi blood purge of June 30, 1934, wrote in the August 1 NATION that he did not believe the German people would in the long run stand for the likes of Hitler. But the Nazis had now consolidated a regime against which the animadversions of humane men had virtually no effect. The failure of the League of Nations to take effective action against Japan after its Manchurian aggression, and the League's inability to enforce economic sanctions against Italy during Mussolini's war on Ethiopia, greatly encouraged Hitler. The Nazi dictator was certainly aware that many people in England, France and the United States felt as Villard did in an article about the League and the Italian aggression against Ethiopia:

> . . . . I feel that the nations involved are more than justified if they attempt now, even at the risk of war, to find a substitute for it in the economic boycott, in measures short of war provided they go into the undertaking with the determination that they will refuse to be drawn into actual hostilities even in the face of overt attack.

In other words: apply economic sanctions against Mussolini, but don't fight back if he then makes war on you. Did "the nations involved" include the United States? Villard equivocated here; THE NATION'S editors, on the other hand, did clearly refer to American responsibility in an editorial of January 1, 1936. Blaming the United States as well as Britain and France for not acting collectively to stop Italy, THE NATION said:

> The coming weeks will test not only the League's ability to maintain the principles of collective action in the face of heavy pecuniary losses for each of the member nations, but also America's sincerity in declaring that it desires to avert war.

This was an "advanced" position, for the Neutrality Act had been passed in 1935, and was to be amended in February, 1936, to prohibit the granting of loans to belligerents. The mood of Congress was much more like Villard's than like that of THE NATION'S editorial board.



THE NAZIS' MOVE IN March, 1936, to remilitarize the Rhineland, in contravention of the Locarno Pact, was met by THE NATION with another plea for the imposition of sanctions against Mussolini: this would seem "the surest way" to discourage Hitler from launching his widely heralded drive toward the Soviet Ukraine. Even the United States, said the journal, would probably throw its influence behind a League that took its obligations seriously. Here again the editors were advocating a much more vigorous policy than was Villard, who published in THE NATION of April 1 an obfuscatory article in which he said:

> I hear it said, it is easy to criticize, but what would you do. Fortunately, I am not compelled to decide. But I do know this, that the time has come for the League and the former Allies to act with great vigor, with the same daring and aggressiveness with which Hitler has acted. They can at least match his flagrant defiance of the public opinion of the world by some plain truths as to just how far they will permit him to go before, in self-defense, they decide to put on sanctions, to send Germany to Coventry.

That is, the League might eventually have to say to Hitler, in Justice Shallow's words, "Well, the truth is, . . . you live in great infamy."

It could be replied in defense of Villard that if moral force and economic sanctions had been steadily applied by the League of Nations Hitler would never have begun his military adventure. But in 1936 the world was faced with a *fait accompli*, and Hitler was poised for his drive to the East. The Nazi dictator was not simply a Father Coughlin—against whose anti-Semitism, incidentally, Villard spoke out vigorously and well.

IF THE CONTRADICTIONS of Oswald Garrison Villard, who wanted to resist evil but not beyond a certain point, were evident in his reactions to the Fascist menace, the ethical dilemma of the pragmatic liberals was manifest in their own equivocations on the Moscow trials. The liberals and radicals of THE NATION and other journals who more or less excused the travesty of judicial process during the mid-thirties had become sympathetic to Soviet Russia in the first place because of the apparently humane promise of the Bolshevik Revolution. The cruelties of the Revolution and the Civil War seemed comparable to those of the French Revolution, which had not been a pleasant party. Then, during the twenties, with "reaction" rampant in the United States, the Soviet Union seemed to many people the marching wing of the Progressive movement. Hitler's rise to power, and the thuggery of his brown-shirts, made the Communist call for a united front sound like an elementary counsel of survival. Many pro-Soviet Americans took the position, with regard to the Soviets' denial of civil liberties, that Roger Baldwin did in an exchange of letters with Joseph Wood Krutch. Krutch, a member of the NATION board of editors, joined the American Civil Liberties Union, but declared in a note accompanying his membership dues that he "would be happier if I were convinced that the majority of members really believed in civil liberties as such. I wonder if Roger Baldwin does?" Elmer Rice, to whom Krutch's note was addressed, turned it over to Baldwin, who a few days later replied that he did "believe in applying without discrimination the right to carry on any propaganda whatever without interference, regardless of the political or economic philosophy involved." He went on to say that his economic views were "left," and that he could therefore support the Soviet dictatorship, "which tolerates no civil liberties." While he opposed dictatorship in principle,

> the Soviet Union has already achieved economic liberties far greater than exist elsewhere in the world. In the long run the only ground on which liberty can be securely based is economic.

In another letter, replying to Krutch's response that "free criticism is the only thing which could possibly prevent any dictatorship or bureaucracy from becoming completely corrupt," Baldwin said that he could tolerate the terrorism and highly concentrated political power of the Soviet regime "only as preferable to the concentration of power in capitalist countries." THE NATION, in January, 1938, publishing Krutch's correspondence with Rice and Baldwin, described the letters as "an interesting, if casual, commentary on a problem of immediate importance in a period of social unrest." Krutch thought the matter much more significant. In *More Lives Than One* (1962), the autobiography in which he reprinted the correspondence, the former editor and drama critic of THE NATION indicated that he thought some of his NATION colleagues as well as Roger Baldwin had accepted "double standards, and also double talk." Krutch noted too that in December, 1961, Baldwin had written:

> Both events and experience long ago brought me to reject the views I expressed in these letters in 1934. They were the product in part of fears aroused by the rise of the Nazis, in part by the Marxist notions of working class forces as the base for greater freedom, and wishful thinking about the Russian revolution and the Soviet dictatorship.

THE NATION's comments on the trials in 1936 of Kamenev, Zinoviev and other members of an alleged conspiracy satisfied neither libertarians like Krutch nor *The New Masses*. When the trials began in August, Max Lerner pointed to an apparent contradiction between the new Soviet

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constitution, which Louis Fischer had described as inaugurating "a new era in Soviet civil liberties," and the "impression one gets of the implacable pursuit of the Trotskyites by the Stalin government." But on second thought, the editorial indicated, the contradiction was resolved: as far as economic security in Russia was concerned, the Constitution represented an accomplished fact; in the domain of civil liberties, however, the Constitution represented the goal toward which Soviet life was moving.

The tone of a Nation editorial of October 10, 1936, was quite different. "Strange trials," it called the proceedings in which sixteen men "repeated, confirmed, and seemed to revel in confessions of guilt." Like all the important political events preceding it, said the editorial, this one had been conducted in a manner foreign to democratic ideals of justice. The pretrial conduct of the government-controlled press had been particularly shocking. Trotsky, who had been accused at the trial of conspiring with the German Gestapo to bring about the assassination of Stalin and the overthrow of the regime, "was entitled to his day in court." The journal noted that partisans of Trotsky were trying to bring a court action in Norway, where he was now living, to defend him.

The New Masses concluded that The Nation was either plain dumb or a tool of the Trotskyites. Trotsky, it happens, had been reproached by the chief of the Norwegian Passport Office for contributing an article to The Nation about the "revolutionary" situation in France. In protesting against this reproach, Trotsky characterized The Nation as a "bourgeois-democratic" journal. This seems closer to the truth than *The New Masses* description.

On July 17, 1936, shortly after the capitulation of Ethiopia to Mussolini, Franco launched his "crusade" against the Spanish republic. The policy of Britain, France and the United States during the Spanish Civil War was to be defined in such terms as "neutrality," "embargo" and "nonintervention." Thus, the defense of the Republic against a Franco heavily aided by men and materiel from Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, was left to Loyalists supported to some extent by Stalin, and helped by volunteers from various countries, many of whom crawled into Spain on their hands and knees. Within the Loyalist ranks, there was a bitter conflict between those who advocated a "Popular Front" with the Stalinists—Russia being the only great foreign power that was aiding the Government—and those who were in varying degrees hostile to the Stalinists. The anarchists and the Trotskyite P. O. U. M. party were violently opposed to the Popular Front, and the Socialist Party was split. A report from Spain by Henry Buckley that The Nation published early in October, 1936, described "Spain's War Cabinet" as including three right-wing Socialists—Prieto, Negrín and García—who stood much closer to the Republicans than to the Communists; three left-wing Socialists—Caballero (the popular Premier), del Vayo, and Galarza; and two Communists—Uribe and Hernandez. The Anarchists, said Buckley, were the only important group omitted, and he reported talk that they had not been able to agree among themselves on a representative. Buckley's further observation that this was a war government, not one designed to carry on a social revolution, is significant. Throughout the Civil War, the Stalinists in Spain were to pursue a relatively "conservative" social policy in order to solidify the Popular Front, while many of their left-wing opponents were to demand extensive social reforms.

The Nation received most of its Spanish Civil War reports from Louis Fischer, who had come to deplore Soviet domestic policy, but who still approved of Soviet foreign policy. Russia's help to the Loyalists, he later wrote, "was in sharp contrast with the stupid, scandalous pro-Franco behavior of the democracies." But the author added, in *The God That Failed,* that ultimately "the heads of the Loyalist government were convinced, on the basis of substantiated facts, that almost all the important military and civilian Soviet citizens who served so well in Spain were executed or exiled on their return home."

> On December 27 one of the planes of my squadron was brought down in the Teruel region—behind our lines. It had fallen very high, at about 2,000 meters above sea level, and snow covered the mountains. In this region there are very few villages; it was only after several hours that the peasants arrived and began constructing stretchers for the wounded and a coffin for the dead.
>
> When all was ready, the descent began. There were no roads, only mule paths. The old peasant women, who in this region almost all have sons in the militia, had decided to accompany the wounded. But it was not only the peasant women. The entire populace followed behind us, coming single file down the narrow mountain path. At each one of the villages through which we passed the people were waiting; and each village, when the wounded had passed by, was emptied of its inhabitants. When we reached the first large settlement in the valley, there too the people stood waiting before the low walls of the Spanish town. They gazed in silence at the first wounded—those wounded in the legs; they were used to such things. But when those who had been wounded in the face were carried past—men with flat bandages where their noses should have been, their leather tunics still covered with coagulated blood—then the women and children began to cry. I raised my eyes; the file of peasants extended now from the heights of the mountain to its base—and it was the grandest image of fraternity I have ever encountered: those abandoned villages, that entire people following men wounded for their sake, men whom they had never seen before, descending like a procession out of ancient times, while their sobs, mounting in the great silence of the gorge, made a sound like the roar of an underground river.
>
> —André Malraux, *The Nation*, 1937

Anita Brenner, an American intellectual who early in the 1930s had abandoned the Communist Party position, took issue in a letter to The Nation (July 3, 1937) with the journal's account of an uprising in Catalonia. Asserting that Fischer, on whose information The Nation had relied, had apparently derived his story from the Communist press, she strongly attacked his statement that the Anarchists and the P. O. U. M. had sabotaged the war, and that they wanted to collectivize small property. She also quoted a *Pravda* statement of December 17, 1936, that a purging of Trotskyites and Anarcho-Syndicalist elements had begun in Catalonia. She described the political situation on the anti-Franco side in terms of a conflict between a Republican-right wing-Socialist-Communist coalition and a group consisting of left-wing Socialists, Anarcho-Syndicalists, and P. O. U. M. (It may be observed here that Largo Caballero, a left-wing Socialist, had recently been replaced as Premier by Juan Negrín, a moderate Socialist who was willing to cooperate with the Communists, and that Del Vayo—although a "left-wing Socialist"—also favored cooperation with them, and served in the Negrín cabinet as Foreign Minister.) Clearly siding with the latter group, Anita Brenner declared that nothing less than the Spanish revolution itself hung in the balance.

The Nation showed its traditional respect for opinions different from its own by publishing sharp criticism such as this; the journal's "Popular Front" point of view, however, remained unchanged. A November 13, 1937, article by Maxwell Stewart began by conceding that the recent Russian executions, political trials (members of the "Trotskyite Center" were tried in January, 1937), and mass arrests had shocked the outside world; but Stewart then declared that while it was difficult to believe that all the persons convicted had been guilty, foreigners had always tended to underestimate the depth of hatred that the former bourgeoisie had for the Soviets. Other countries too, said Stewart, had experienced difficulty in closing the gap between theory and practice in the sphere of individual rights. Clearly, the sympathetic attitude of The Nation and many American liberals toward the Communists in Spain was an aspect of this Popular Front atmosphere. (When Ellery Sedgwick, editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* returned from Europe to sing Franco's praises, few pro-Loyalist liberals were inclined to engage in debate on the relative merits of the Anarchists, the P. O. U. M., and the Communists.) One of the clearest symbolic expressions of American liberal sentiment during the Spanish Civil War was the generous response to The Nation's appeal for contributions to send an ambulance to the Loyalist forces. On July 30, 1938, the journal announced that the fund had been over-subscribed and that the ambulance was on its way to Spain.

The Nation also tried to secure military aid for the Loyalists through a repeal of the Embargo Act and a revision of the Neutrality Act as applied to Spain. But if The Nation was in 1938 emphasizing more and more the need for collective security with teeth in it against Franco, Hitler and Mussolini, the American public was clearly not ready to renounce isolation. Neither were the governments or the people of Britain and France: in September, 1938 (having effected his *Anschluss* with Austria the previous March), Hitler obtained the Sudetenland at a conference to which neither Czechoslovakia nor Russia, which had offered aid to the Czechs under the terms of a 1935 treaty, was invited. The Nation declared that Czechoslovakia was "the new Spain."

Since the earliest months of the Nazi regime, The Nation had been urging the liberalization of American immigration laws to admit refugees from Nazi persecution. After the Nuremberg decrees of 1935 deprived the German Jews of civil rights, the journal commented very frequently on the sinister implications of the Nazis' "racial" policy. An article published in October, 1937, for example, declared bluntly that for the Jews of Germany the choice was between emigration and death. As the Nazis began to extend their domain beyond the borders of Germany, the problem of refugees became even more urgent. Yet Henry Pratt Fairchild, who was a liberal on issues other than immigration, wrote to the

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editors of The Nation on October 26, 1938—after both the *Anschluss* and the Munich pact—to ask for an explanation of the following comment in the October 22 issue:

> Surely a nation of 130 million could absorb two or three times this number [23,500] without economic disaster.

What, asked Fairchild, did The Nation mean by "absorb?"

> Do you mean to add a certain number of refugees to the ten or twelve million American residents already unemployed or on relief rolls? If so, why not say so plainly?

The Nation replied to Fairchild, in a letter dated November 2, that of course even a "reasonable number of refugees" admitted to the United States would experience problems in finding jobs.

> A certain proportion, it is true, might find its way to the relief rolls. But the cost of supporting a few thousand refugees from persecution ought not to overwhelm us even in a time of economic distress: at least . . . we are able as a nation to carry this burden better than most of the other countries into which the refugees have been moving. This does not mean that an effort should not be made to find places of refuge where economic opportunities would be greater and the pressure of unemployment less.

This letter set forth an agonizing problem in clear terms. Certainly it is a human responsibility either to relieve suffering directly or to make "an effort . . . to find places of refuge" for persecuted people. Yet in spite of the consequences of the failure of the United States and European countries to admit more than a small number of refugees, the Fairchild attitude persists. It is exemplified by the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952, and it has been steadily combated by The Nation.

Adolph Hitler has been in complete control of the Reich only since March 5, but in this short time he has created a new Germany—a Germany in which freedom and democracy dare not even ask to live. His uniformed followers terrorize the few citizens who have the courage to protest against persecution and repression and thousands of others whose only fault is that they belong to a race or follow a calling which is displeasing to the dictator and his party. The police stand by, indifferent or powerless, while members of the Hitler storm-battalions vent their rage against Jews or Communists or liberals. . . . Jews are subject not only to physical violence; many thousands face a more cruel fate through loss of their right to follow certain trades and professions. A strong movement is on foot to bar Jewish lawyers from the courts; Jewish professors are driven from their classrooms; Jewish actors are prevented from appearing; famous Jewish conductors are refused a hearing. Before this terror large numbers of Germans are fleeing across the borders into Austria, Poland, and Switzerland, but only those of independent means and moderate views are sure of escape. Communists are turned back and Jews find no welcome in the countries to the east. . . .

Editorial, *The Nation*, 1933

FREDA KIRCHWEY, who since January, 1936, had shared the editorship of The Nation with Max Lerner, became editor-in-chief with the issue of September 24, 1938. Lerner, the successor of Raymond Gram Swing on The Nation's editorial board, had been responsible for the front of the book—the editorial paragraphs and unsigned editorial articles; Freda Kirchwey had edited the signed articles in the middle of the magazine; and Joseph Wood Krutch, together with Margaret Marshall, had edited the literature and art section. In a foreword to *It is Later Than You Think*, a book he published shortly after leaving The Nation, Lerner declared:

> The great political task of our generation is the task of giving economic content to democracy and of keeping power in a collectivism from becoming tyrannical. . . . If there is any passion in this book, it is the passion for making democracy militant enough and collectivism democratic enough to survive.

Most of The Nation editors in 1938 would probably have used similar words to describe their political commitment. Robert Bendiner, who became managing editor in January, 1938, observed in a letter discussing a possible Nation piece on the Socialist Party, that "The Nation has for years been closer to the Socialists than to any other single group." Certainly the journal's domestic program had been similar to that of Norman Thomas; Thomas, however, was advocating during the late thirties an isolationist foreign policy, and drifting (like Villard) into an uncomfortable alliance with America Firsters. The Nation, on the other hand, became increasingly insistent after Munich on the need for a strong stand by the western democracies and Russia against the emboldened Nazis. But England, France and the United States were still chiefly concerned to avoid war, and in August, 1939, Molotov—who several months earlier had taken the place of Maxim Litvinov, apostle of collective security, as Soviet Foreign Minister—signed the Non-Aggression Pact with Ribbentrop. The subsequent invasion of Poland by the Nazis—and their sharing of the spoils with the Soviets—followed by the Russian invasion of Finland, inspired Robert Bendiner to write a mordant "Glossary for 1940," which was published in the February 10 (Seventy-Fifth Anniversary) issue of The Nation. Explaining "Imperialism," Bendiner said:

> Nothing that statesmen do lifts them to quite the same evangelical pitch as the well-planned plundering of some lesser state. The legions of the Caesars came, saw, and conquered in the name of the Pax Romana. Britain and France manfully took up the white man's burden of filching half the world's wealth from helpless natives. We "civilized 'em with a Krag" in the Philippines and "bumped 'em off" in the name of good roads and hygiene in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Mussolini set Ethiopia on fire and hanged its leaders so that it could share in the grandeur that is Rome's. The Mikado's troops massacred several million Chinese strictly out of "friendship." And the Red Army has been dropping thermite bombs from Helsinki to Petsamo by way of what *Pravda* calls "fraternal assistance to the Finnish people." Until recently the Germans presented a refreshing contrast. With no moral

> reputation to defend, they were artlessly predatory. *Deutschland über Alles,* Aryan supremacy, divine right to rule, even *Lebensraum,* were all the honest language of the jungle. . . . Now all that is changed. . . . Henceforth when Göring's aces bomb open cities, when SS men shoot Czech students and flog Polish Jews, they will have only one thought in mind: the building of a Socialist Europe.

Bendiner also took note of the Soviets' denunciation of the Finns as "semi-Fascists."

> The understanding Soviets admit that the Nazis do have droll customs, but it would be the grossest folly . . . to deal with them forcefully. . . . But these Finns with their co-operatives and their elected governments. Semi-Fascists, that's what they are, and fire and sword aren't good enough for them. There ought to be a League Against War and Semi-Fascism. Probably there will be.

Ambrose Bierce was not more skillfully ironic in his *Devil's Dictionary.*

The Nation did not neglect domestic matters during this period. The journal's "Honor Roll" for 1939 praised Steinbeck for dramatizing, in *The Grapes of Wrath,* and Carey McWilliams for documenting, in *Factories in the Field,* the desperate plight of the migratory farm worker in California. The Roll also included both a judge of the Federal District Court of Baltimore, for his decision requiring the payment of the same wages to Negro teachers as to white, and the NAACP attorneys who had argued the case. During the summer of 1940, Jonathan Daniels, editor of the liberal Raleigh *News and Observer* began contributing a column to The Nation called "A Native at Large." His first piece began:

> In Chapel Hill, which is a North Carolina village as well as the University of North Carolina's town, Paul Green and Richard Wright work at one table dramatizing Wright's *Native Son* for production by Orson Welles this fall. . . . Green is a Southerner of white, Southern-farmer stock. Wright wrote his grim Chicago story to show the effects on a Negro of the social and economic problems confronting his race. Green, rejecting Hollywood, has remained in his South, where among white men and Negroes those problems begin.

During the grim summer of 1940, after Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium and France had fallen to the Nazis, The Nation published a series of articles by Max Lerner under the heading, "The War as Revolution." Lerner cited Rauschning's term, "the revolution of nihilism," to describe the Nazis' organization of destructive forces, and then tried to explain the significance of the movement. One of the conclusions Lerner drew was that the nation-state had failed as an economic unit. He predicted that after the war, small nations

> will become economic satellites of large and powerful empires, or will have to combine with other small nations, not into a diplomatic bloc, but into a working economic and administrative community.

Lerner was saying that, in effect, Hitler's "New Order" constituted a hideous version of the continental or even hemispheric economies that the future was bound to bring.

Another point made by Lerner, that the most important war going on was the one "between the Fascist and the democrat in every one of us," is interesting in the light of a discussion in The Nation's pages between Freda Kirchwey and one of the associate editors, Maxwell Stewart. Kirchwey, who was obviously expressing the view held by nearly everyone in The Nation offices, asserted that the United States had no satisfactory alternative to universal military service. We had to face the possibility that Britain (then standing alone against the Nazis) might be defeated, and Kirchwey asserted there were fewer dangers of reactionary control in a conscript army than in a professional one. Maxwell Stewart's argument that we needed no large army, and that universal military service would create a dangerous mentality, was apparently based largely on memories of World War I. Freda Kirchwey, aware of the memories, declared in her article that "the Left . . . must make the struggle against Hitler an honest fight for the faith it lives by." Some weeks later, with the passage of the Selective Training and Service Act, the United States adopted, as it never had before, peace-time conscription. To Oswald Garrison Villard, this meant the use of Fascist

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methods to fight fascism. To the editors of THE NATION in 1940, it seemed the only way, however dangerous to "the democrat in every one of us," to save our democracy from madmen.

One of the points most persistently made in THE NATION after the fall of France in June, 1940, was that the United States should officially recognize De Gaulle's Free French movement, and end all diplomatic connections with the Vichy regime. In one of many articles criticizing our recognition policy, Freda Kirchwey wrote in September, 1941, that if the Nazi order were established in France the responsibility would rest largely on our shoulders. We had refused to extend any sort of public recognition to De Gaulle "even as the head of the Free French forces fighting Hitler." On the contrary, we were arranging to send oil to Madagascar, one of Vichy's colonial outposts.

Louis Fischer, who had become completely disenchanted with Stalin's regime after its pact with the Nazis, called in strong moral terms in April, 1942, for a severance of our relations with Vichy: "America must have a clean record toward France. It must not be recorded that we helped Laval sell out France to Hitler." The journal bitterly criticized the State Department for the decision to cooperate with Admiral Darlan rather than with the Free French during the invasion of North Africa; and Freda Kirchwey declared that with few exceptions—she named Edward R. Murrow, Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Thompson—American liberals had shamefully adopted the view "that military expediency and political wisdom are identical." In January, 1945, a few months after the United States had finally recognized De Gaulle's government, THE NATION published an article by Jules Moch, a member of De Gaulle's Cabinet. Moch declared that the State Department's misunderstanding of French psychology had proved costly during the war. The Department

> placed its money on Darlan and Giraud, and lost; it bet against De Gaulle and lost again. It believed that there would be a split between France and the Committees of National Liberation set up in London and Algiers; it was wrong. It rectified its position finally by giving up the idea of establishing an AMG in France which would have been catastrophic for Franco-American friendship, and recognizing De Gaulle's provisional government.

AT A DINNER IN February, 1944, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of her association with THE NATION, Freda Kirchwey declared that the journal would work for a "New Deal for the world" that was "more far-reaching and consistent than our own faltering New Deal." THE NATION had supported Roosevelt for a third term, and was to support him for a fourth, but the specific proposals Freda Kirchwey made at this dinner indicated how great a gap there was between the weekly and the President. In the domain of foreign policy, Freda Kirchwey urged that the United States break off relations with Fascist Spain, and do everything possible to favor the reestablishment of the Spanish Republic: only in this way, she maintained, could Spain be brought into the Allied coalition. She called for American support for free people's movements in every occupied country; for open doors to every refugee able to escape from Europe; for united support by the Allies for the development of a Jewish national homeland in Palestine; and for the development of closer relations between the United States and those Latin American countries which had free governments. In the area of domestic policy, she urged government planning for expanded production and full employment after the war, as well as for large-scale housing projects, and public power and farm projects. She also called for the passage of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill to extend Social Security benefits and to guarantee adequate medical care to all. Other items on her domestic program were: full representation of labor in all government departments and agencies; the abolition of "such obviously Fascist devices" as the Dies, Kerr, and Smith committees; the elimination of every form of legal discrimination, political or economic, against any racial or religious group, and the initiation of a deliberate program of education throughout the United States designed to overcome prejudice.

This program indicated the general direction of NATION policy during the postwar years, but the atmosphere of the cold war, and the expenditures for it during the late forties and the fifties, prevented, even if it had otherwise been possible, the fulfillment of the domestic portion of the program; and while the establishment of the state of Israel answered the call for a Jewish national homeland, the United States made no particular effort to do any of the other things which THE NATION'S editor had recommended.

At the end of the war, THE NATION vigorously supported the United Nations, but declared, two months after the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, that the atomic bomb had made imperative the establishment of a world government. In order for this to happen, "psychological disarmament between the United States and Russia" was necessary. The United States, said THE NATION, was "rightly apprehensive about the increasing intransigence of Russia when any issue affecting Eastern Europe is raised," but we ourselves had vast plans for military bases in the Pacific. The only road to peace was an agreement whereby each side "would have to recognize that only through the sacrifice of particular and unilateral schemes of security can a genuine system of mutual trust be achieved."

Since the early 1940s J. Alvarez Del Vayo, former Foreign Minister of the Spanish republic, had edited a "Political War Section" of the weekly. After the war, he became European editor, then foreign editor, and also became the subject of intense controversy at THE NATION and among NATION readers. Del Vayo was a left-wing Socialist who during the Civil War had fallen out with members of the Spanish Socialist Party over the question of cooperation with the Communists. In his book, *The Last Optimist* (1950) Del Vayo said:

> I have never made any secret of my sympathies for the Russian Revolution; . . . in the Socialist party I have advocated unity of action with the Communists against Fascist or reactionary attempts to seize power.

Del Vayo was not completely uncritical of the Communists in his NATION articles; discussing the European Socialists in December, 1946, he said that they must find a way to work with the Communists "without being swallowed up or dominated by them," and that the "French masses dislike many aspects of Soviet foreign policy." But, just as American "cold warriors" during the late forties and early fifties exhibited a strong tendency to blame all of the world's ills on the Communists abroad or in the United States, so Del Vayo was inclined to hold American foreign policy chiefly responsible for threats to world peace. Certainly the "hawks" have played a dangerous role in the United States since the end of World War II; Walter Lippmann recently recalled in his syndicated newspaper column that back in the late 1940s

> when the cold war had begun, when Stalin was at his worst, I was invited to lunch in the Pentagon with a high official. The object of the lunch was to persuade me to write articles in favor of launching a preventive war against the Soviet Union.

Lippmann then observed that he did not write the articles,

> but the luncheon made a profound impression on me, particularly in the years which have followed during which the Soviet Union has emerged from Stalinism.

One may safely guess that there were few advocates of preventive war among readers of THE NATION. But many reasonable readers, who were far from taking what E. L. Godkin called the "pugilistic view" of international relations, found Del Vayo too much inclined to give the Russians the benefit of every doubt. His was not the only NATION voice on foreign affairs, and the Eighty-Fifth Anniversary issue of the journal, dated December 16, 1950, contained twenty-five articles expressing diverse views on the subject, "Peace with Russia: Can it be Negotiated?" H. Stuart Hughes's essay accepted the necessity of the "containment" policy, but declared that containment of Russia did not exclude the possibility of negotiation:

> A sensible foreign policy can be based on the recognition that Communists—on both sides of the iron curtain—have real and pressing reasons for being what they are.

Hans Morgenthau, Isaac Deutscher, R. H. S. Crossman, and Claude Bourdet were among the contributors to this symposium, which raised a question that was widely considered taboo in the America of 1950. Neither the Korean war nor the special "anti-communism" of Senator Joe McCarthy made the time propitious for talk of peace.

IN THE MONTH of February, 1951, Clement Greenberg, who had been regular art critic for THE NATION between 1943 and 1949, sent to *The New Leader,* a Socialist weekly, a letter which he had addressed to THE NATION, and which Freda Kirchwey had refused to publish. The letter, published by *The New Leader* in its issue of March 19, charged that Del Vayo's column was conducted in such a way as to parallel the Soviet propaganda line and that THE NATION was, in effect, "committed" to the service of the Soviet government. THE NATION immediately instituted a libel suit, as it had warned *The New Leader* it would if the Greenberg letter were published, against both Greenberg and *The New Leader.* In its issue of March 31, THE NATION stated that it had not published the Greenberg letter because the statements it contained were clearly false and defamatory; a periodical has a public as well as a private duty, said THE NATION, not to spread untrue and malicious statements.

In September, 1955, the suit was finally settled without cost to any party, on the following basis: THE NATION publicly stated that the Greenberg letter had "contained improper charges and allegations beyond the area of legitimate discussion and dissemination"; *The New Leader* publicly said that it had not intended to commit an act of defamation, but "according to their conception of free journalistic discussion, to express their vigorous objection to the contents of the Del Vayo column in THE NATION."

Del Vayo remained Foreign Editor of THE NATION until 1955, when he retired from that position and became European correspondent of the week-

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ly. At present, THE NATION's European correspondent is Alexander Werth, who has been contributing regularly to the journal for many years.

There was disagreement among NATION readers as to whether or not the journal should have published and replied to the Greenberg letter. But on another controversial issue the journal had widespread public support. In July, 1948, THE NATION was banned in the public schools of New York City; this move followed the publication in 1947 and 1948 of articles by Paul Blanshard that sharply criticized various policies of the Roman Catholic Church. Among those who opposed the ban there were people who objected on various grounds to what Blanshard had said or to the way in which he had said it, but who insisted that the basic issue was the right of freedom of inquiry. Archibald MacLeish became chairman of an Ad Hoc Committee to Fight the Ban, whose members included Henry Seidel Canby, Lewis Gannett, Christopher LaFarge, Herbert H. Lehman, G. Bromley Oxnam, Eleanor Roosevelt, and J. Raymond Walsh. Organizations that joined in the fight included the American Civil Liberties Union, the Authors League, the Teachers' Union, and the Teachers' Guild. While the efforts of an impressive segment of the American intellectual and cultural community were not quickly crowned with success, the ban was finally lifted—in January, 1963.

IN ADDITION TO pressing for an end to the cold war, and supporting the United Nations against international chaos, THE NATION has given particular attention since 1945 to the problems of civil liberties, civil rights, and automation. The weekly praised Truman in 1948 for his civil rights stand (it had praised him in 1947 for his veto of the Taft-Hartley Labor Law), but opposed his loyalty program—which it later looked upon as pre-McCarthyism. THE NATION endorsed no Presidential candidate in 1948; Freda Kirchwey observed in a January editorial that if Henry Wallace were to make a strong run he would probably send a reactionary Republican to the White House and throw several good progressives out of Congress. She also noted that labor was not supporting Wallace, and that a third-party movement would fall into the hands of the Communists, "whose decisions are controlled by interests unrelated to the needs and desires of Henry Wallace's 'common man'. . . ."

In June, 1950, a few months after McCarthy had launched his attack on the State Department, the editor of THE NATION wrote of "The McCarthy Blight":

> Perhaps Senator McCarthy is teaching us a necessary lesson. As a people we have been innocent long enough, regarding as fantastic the notion that we, like Germans or Russians or Argentines, could be governed by the power of slander and denunciation. Today, the informer, having been used too freely by the law and so given audience and respectability, is turning on the law, his unproved charges spread on the record countered only by the denials even from high officials of the government itself.

THE NATION endorsed Stevenson for President in 1952, expressing confidence in his essential democracy and liberalism, but also voicing concern over what it considered his exaggeration of the danger of communism in America. Eisenhower, of whom THE NATION was to have a better opinion in the late fifties, was strongly criticized for his endorsement of Senators McCarthy and Jenner.

Early in December, 1952, THE NATION published an editorial called "Anti-Semitism and Power Politics," in which it commented both on the purge of former leaders of the Czech Communist Party, and on the sentencing to death of the convicted spies, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg:

> The Rosenbergs were found guilty of espionage, not treason, and the offense was committed at a time when Russia was an ally in World War II. Even in treason cases the death penalty has been imposed only twice by our civilian courts; it has never been imposed in espionage cases. The Rosenbergs are entitled to mercy as individuals. . . . But none of these considerations justifies in any way the attempt of the Communist Party to exploit the issue of anti-Semitism in the Rosenberg trial while remaining silent about its use as an instrument of Soviet policy at Prague. For such tactics we have only contempt. The "Great Zionist Conspiracy" unveiled at Prague will not find many takers in this country, unless it be among the more gullible followers of Gerald L. K. Smith. . . .

In 1954, the Supreme Court supplied what Carey McWilliams called a "fine antidote to the blight of McCarthyism and kindred fevers"—the decision outlawing segregation in American public education. With pride and humor, McWilliams declared:

> The decision was especially welcome at this time since it enabled us and our friends abroad for the first time in some years to be equally and simultaneously enthusiastic about an important announcement from Washington.

But THE NATION found in April, 1956, that the civil rights program presented to the Congress by Eisenhower was less comprehensive than the one Truman had recommended in February, 1948.

While continuing throughout the late fifties and early sixties to support the drive for civil rights in all parts of the country, THE NATION has also attempted to come to grips with the complex problem of automation. An article in April, 1955, suggested a shorter work week, rather than a guaranteed annual wage, as a direct answer to automation. In 1958, the British scientist Bronowski, looking forward to the year 2000, predicted that all the repetitive tasks of industry would be taken over by machines. "We simply waste our time," he said, "if we oppose this change; it is as inevitable as the year 2000 itself—and just as neutral."

The facts are neutral; the values that are to govern them, as Bronowski was indicating, will be determined by men. THE NATION attempted, during the post-war years, to point us toward a future that will be a time for men and not, in Malraux's words, "a time of contempt."

VII

Literature and Ideas: 1933-1955

THE NATION SAID AFTER Thorstein Veblen's death in August, 1929, that even schoolboys now knew about "conspicuous consumption" and the other ideas set forth in *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. The St. Louis socialites who in the winter of 1931 played at being poor by holding a "poverty ball" probably did not intend to illustrate Veblen's thesis. But their party, of which THE NATION gave a brief account, must have constituted for many thinking people one more sign of social rot. Some of these people had even been able to agree with Michael Gold's attack on Thornton Wilder's fiction: "Where are the cotton mills, and the murder of Ella May and her songs? Where are the child slaves of the beet fields? Where are the stockbroker suicides, the labor racketeers or the passion and death of the coal miners?" *The New Republic,* which in October, 1930, published this denunciation by the editor of *The New Masses,* received so many letters about it that after several months it called off the controversy "on account of darkness." Henry Hazlitt's counterattack on Gold in the November 26, 1930, NATION declared:

> Hardly have we emerged from a wave of humanist criticism, which rated a work of fiction low or high in direct relation to the amount of will-to-refrain exhibited by its hero, than we are hit by a wave of Communist criticism, which hoots or hails a work of art in proportion as it seems to oppose, ignore, or support the opinions of a German economist who died in 1883.

Hazlitt asserted that Gold's proletarian literary standard would collapse the reputations of Goethe, Shakespeare, Racine, Sophocles, Aeschylus and Homer.

> The nostalgia of the American business community for the "never-never land" of pure laissez faire is doubly ironic. In the first place, the business community sought, as long as it could, to bend political power to its ends, violating every principle of free enterprise. The tariff policy of the Republican Party is certainly not in harmony with the principles of laissez faire; nor were such devices as the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, which, originally conceived in the Hoover era, was designed to bail out some of the weakest units of American business. Protests rose against the use of political power in economic life when the masses began to use it to broaden their economic opportunities, to check the centralization of economic power, and to assure basic economic security. The American business community tried desperately to prove the truth of the Marxist theory that political power is always the slave of the dominant economic power. The theory was refuted through the discovery by the common people that their political power could be used to redress economic imbalances.
>
> —Reinhold Niebuhr,
> *The Nation*, 1950

A year and a half later, Edmund Wilson wrote in *The New Republic* that the Gold-Wilder case marked the eruption of the Marxist issue out of radical literary circles into the field of general criticism. "It has now become plain," he said, "that the economic crisis is to be accompanied by a literary one."

DURING THE 1930s, the terms of intellectual discussion tended to be "commitment" rather than—as in the 1920s—"criticism," "order" rather than "freedom," "group" or "collective" rather than "individual." Few intellectuals joined the Communist Party, but many felt obliged to define their relation to it. Granville Hicks charged in *The New Masses* in 1937 that some four years previously the book-review section of THE NATION had seceded from the rest of the magazine, and had remained in rebellion. THE NATION said in reply that it was not divided, and it called "unjustified" Hicks's charge "that we have deliberately selected anti-Communist reviewers" for books dealing with Communist policy or with Soviet Rus-

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sia. "We have tried," said The Nation,

> to avoid obviously partisan reviewers, and this means that we have deliberately chosen non-Communists to review such books. What earthly end could be gained by inviting "a party spokesman," as Mr. Hicks proposes, to review books on communism or allied subjects? . . . "Spokesmen" are not critics. . . . The fact is, the area of free criticism is narrowing around our feet. Those who do not write as spokesmen for the Communist line too often reveal themselves as spokesmen for some other—opposition partisans fully as biased, and therefore fully as untrustworthy, as critics. But there are writers who still remain outside the intellectual trade barriers that surround the various totalitarian camps, and in dealing with controversial books we shall do our best to choose our reviewers from among them.

While there was no "secession" by The Nation's book-review section, it is true that Joseph Wood Krutch, Dorothy Van Doren—who was an associate editor of the weekly until 1936—and Margaret Marshall were less committed to radical social reform than were the editors of the front of the magazine—Freda Kirchwey, Maxwell Stewart, Arthur Warner and, in the late thirties, Max Lerner. The general orientation of The Nation's literary criticism was humanistic (not "new" humanistic), in the sense that books and plays were discussed in the light of human, rather than "class" or "state" or purely aesthetic interests.

Nation articles on art also reflected this point of view. Walter Pach, discussing in August, 1933, a Museum of Modern Art exhibition that began with pictures painted after the death of Delacroix, linked individual talent to a tradition:

> To see the glorious works of Cézanne and Renoir, Redon and Dégas, is to be convinced that there is no break with the genius of the earlier time. . . . One continues with the three splendid canvases by Seurat, and again one feels that the complete range of paintings from a profound constructive plan at the start to exquisite control of nuances at the finish, remains open to modern man.

In the next number of The Nation, Suzanne LaFollette criticized what she regarded as the unintelligently nationalistic policy of a group called "the Advance American Art Commission." Part of its policy, she said, seemed to be the announcing of its "regret" when a foreign artist was engaged to decorate an American building. Among the artists the Commission most regrets, said Suzanne LaFollette,

> are the two foremost modern fresco painters, Rivera and Orozco (whose American ancestry, by the way, goes back far beyond that of any member of the Commission).

Good artists know, she observed, that it is much more important that art shall be good than that it shall be national.

While Pach wrote in praise of what the Marxists tended to consider "bourgeois" tradition, and Suzanne LaFollette deprecated an unwise nationalism in art that she compared to the nationalistic movement in industry and commerce, Joseph Wood Krutch wrote with discrimination about sociological plays. In October, 1932, he praised both John Howard Lawson's *Success Story*—it was "something to put one's teeth into"—and the new Group Theatre for producing it. A few months later, however, he was sharply critical of Elmer Rice's *We, the People*. Krutch began his review by saying that those who consider art a weapon need styles as revolutionary as their intentions, "and they have not developed them." *We, the People,* while engaging our sympathies and concern for the problems of a group of individuals, did not carry the process of typification far enough "to make them pure symbols." If the drama of social forces was to deal effectively with them, "it must do it so clearly that the human beings involved will seem to us more than merely rather colorless individuals."

Clifford Odets, Krutch found in 1934, had succeeded in developing a form appropriate to his art-is-a-weapon belief. In *Waiting for Lefty,* the talented author of *Awake and Sing* had written a "soapbox" drama that was an effective equivalent of soapbox oratory. Krutch clearly was not swept away by Odets' message, but admired this young playwright who had "the full courage of his conviction."

The Nation published left-wing reviewers as well as traditional humanistic ones. Clifton Fadiman, comparing Hemingway to Byron in a January, 1933 piece, found a "need of fatality" in both writers. This need was "a kind of splendid, often very beautiful, disease of the imagination noticeable during periods of social decay." Taken together with Fadiman's characterization of Hemingway as "the frontiersman of the loins, heart and biceps," this observation reminds one of Malraux's dictum about men who were both active and pessimistic: they tended to become Fascists. Fadiman did not make any prediction about Hemingway's politics, but stressed the disparity between the beauty of his style and the morbid aspect of his subject matter.

William Troy approached Hemingway from a different angle in a review of *Winner Take Nothing.* While criticizing Hemingway's increasing

The one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horatio Alger has passed uncelebrated in these columns. Apparently it passed equally unnoticed in a good many others, for the Children's Aid Society was moved by the general lack of excitement to investigate the state of Alger's fame in the ranks of the youngest generation, and has come to the conclusion that the man who was once by far the most popular writer for boys in America has fallen very low indeed. . . . Putting aside the nice ethical questions involved in the effort to evaluate the exact degree of moral beauty to be discovered in the general injunction "Be good so you can get rich," it is to be observed that all Alger's insistence upon the duty of thrift did not prevent him from being extremely improvident or from dying poor, and we are inclined to believe that the effect of his work could be pretty accurately measured by its effect upon him. If detective novels and gangster movies do the youth of the land no more harm than the Alger books did their fathers good, then the youngest generation is safe.

— Editorial, *The Nation*, 1932

fondness for morbid subjects and abnormal characters—he "is in danger of becoming as *fin de siècle* as his contemporary, William Faulkner"—Troy found him "preeminently the type of pure artist, concentrated on experience and on its disciplined expression in literature."

Just as The Nation offered its readers both Fadiman and Troy on Hemingway, so it presented both Edward Dahlberg's violent attack (in an unfavorable review of Caldwell's *God's Little Acre*) on John Dos Passos, and Lionel Trilling's vigorous retort. Dahlberg referred to the "meretriciously naive vernacular" of *1919,* to the "blear-eyed camera eye," and a "sprawling, perforated narrative, dappled and dimpled with girlish Joycisms, which is as competent as the unheightened journalese of *Dodsworth,* one of Sinclair Lewis' worst novels." Trilling objected to Dahlberg's "summary execution of most of his fellow-writers of proletarian literature," and also accused Dahlberg of quoting as Dos Passos' own opinion a passage from the Modern Library introduction to *Three Soldiers* that Dos Passos had clearly intended to be an "ironical description of the discreditable artistic philosophy of thoughtless, second-rate novelists."

Still another comment on Dos Passos and *1919* (The Nation, incidentally, had put the book on its Honor Roll for 1932), was Charles Yale Harrison's article, "Proletarian Literature Sans-Culottes," which pointed out that *1919* had been criticized by Communists both in Russia and the United States because "this astonishingly original novel failed to end on a note of class struggle."

Jacob Zeitlin's article celebrating the four hundredth anniversary of Montaigne's birth was by implication an attack on Communist ethical standards. Montaigne, said Zeitlin, had placed the principle that would enable men to give some order and meaning to their lives in "the conscience of the individual." The French essayist had held that beauty, not usefulness, was the criterion of a good action.

There is a kind of cousinship between this humanism and the "new" humanism of Babbitt and More. But the modern Nation's literary editors had a lively appreciation of bread, wine and sex, and their style was relaxed as well as controlled. An editorial in December, 1933, welcomed the legalizing of both liquor and Joyce's *Ulysses,* and noted that copies of *Ulysses,* carried on the hip, "gave young collegians a kind of prestige comparable to that achieved by a pocket flask." The Nation regretted only that it had not been possible for Federal Judge Woolsey to expose a legal fiction: whether or not *Ulysses* stirred the sex impulses was not, said the journal, the real issue. "At least half the recognized diversions of mankind" were intended to stir those impulses to a greater or less extent; if the law were to attempt to interfere with such diversions, "it would be necessary . . . to raid the very dances sponsored by the Young Women's Christian Association."

Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* was barred from the United States by the legal fiction to which The Nation referred. It was, however, bootlegged by American tourists who picked it up in Paris and who, once they docked in New York, could go to see *Tobacco Road.* Krutch, reviewing the play (whose long run was a sign of shifting public taste: *Abie's Irish Rose* had been the hit of the twenties) said that the mood dominating Caldwell's writing was that of "a grotesque and horrible humor." How had Caldwell been able to make his repulsive material funny? Krutch decided that the characters in *Tobacco Road* were so nearly subhuman that their actions were almost without human meaning; thus one could feel detached from them, and laugh. Krutch was troubled by the "ambiguity" of Caldwell's point of view, but took a "keen professional interest" in Caldwell's talent.

> Until something else more urgent arises to draw people together and as long as the little fellow can pay his dues, the professional organizers will continue to lead Elks and Redmen and Veiled Prophets and Mystic Shriners and Legionnaires and their wives and little ones in brainless antics, decked in fatuous costumes, behind really excellent marching bands (that's one thing we do well) from convention city to convention city across the country. And steadily the American passion for a smooth-running machine, if nothing else, will tend to eliminate troublesome ideas, outstanding personalities, and dissenters who ask awkward questions about how and in what direction the parade is being led.
>
> —John Dos Passos, *The Nation,* 1936

Marxist critics had difficulty sharing the grotesque laughter of Caldwell, which seemed to negate the possibility of "changing life." Louis-Ferdinand Céline's *Journey to the End of the Night* also presented a problem to Marxists. Haakon Chevalier, reviewing the book in The Nation, was greatly impressed by

> the extraordinary imagery, the inexhaustible flood of metaphor by which everything that it touches is recreated. With this goes a language more personal, rich, pungent, and brutal than anything that has come out of France, possibly, since the sixteenth century.

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But Chevalier was "a little appalled" to find that Céline got no farther than a mere statement of the intolerable wretchedness of the masses:

> The most despairing thing about this book is the author's complete lack of political orientation. It seems as if he himself had been, like his hero, morally crushed.

Different in tone was Lionel Abel's discussion of Malraux's fiction. Abel commented that the novels of Lawrence, Proust, Joyce and Mann were negations of the reality of the individual, and that the Marxists see in these works "nothing but the decay of the bourgeois world." Malraux's proletarian heroes, however, were highly individualized: Malraux's individualism consisted in "weaving into oneself the mechanical actions of a mass man with the necessity to remain distinct and know oneself as such." Able then observed:

> If this were an impossible ideal—and Malraux has shown us men realizing it—we might expropriate the expropriators and make of society a lyric of equilibrium without anyone ever attending to the felicity of being a man.

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This interesting review reflects not dogmatic optimism, but a hope that the proletarian revolution would not simply substitute mass men for selfish individual egos. Thus Abel's intellectual position was somewhere between that of Chevalier and that of Krutch. Chevalier, who could feel the power of a pessimistic book, found pessimism itself a fault. Krutch, doubtful that "singing tomorrows" would ever come, was able to laugh at and somewhat uneasily admire a virtually hopeless play.

In January, 1935, a Nation editorial called "For Art's Sake?" stated a proposition that probably would not have surprised most careful readers of Nation criticism. To attempt to choose, said the editorial, between art for propaganda and art for art's sake was to create a completely unreal dilemma:

> The question is not whether art should exist for humanity, but what it is that art can do for that humanity to which it so obviously belongs.

Krutch had given an answer to that question in *Was Europe a Success?* Art was

> essentially a form of rationalized and extended Contemplation, designed primarily to render more vivid and assimilable those experiences which are capable of being enjoyed for their own sakes.

"Disinterestedness" was necessary for the rendering of such experiences.

As if in response to Krutch, R. P. Blackmur's Nation review of *It Can't Happen Here* questioned the value of disinterestedness in a time of crisis. Sinclair Lewis' book, he conceded, was a weapon of intellect rather than a novel; there was "nowhere in it the ultimate persuasiveness of language as an art," but there was much "vehemently presented fact which at the ripe time does as well." *It Can't Happen Here* held a lesson for American liberals: in a comparatively stable society the liberal could "afford to be disinterested and is most valuable so," but in a disintegrating society he must act. Blackmur was not defending "art as propaganda"; he was saying that Lewis' book, while hardly art, was excellent propaganda, and that in 1935 (the time of Hitler, Huey Long, Coughlin) liberals had better pay attention to it.

Max Lerner's review, in 1936, of *The Big Money,* somewhat resembled Blackmur's piece. The important difference was that Lerner considered Dos Passos an excellent artist as well as a social analyst. But it was primarily Dos Passos as "the Veblen of American fiction," and Dos Passos' "belief in American life" that interested Lerner. One of the "Camera Eye" passages, said Lerner, "contains affirmation as well as irony":

> I go home after a drink and a hot meal . . . and ponder the course of history and what leverage might pry the owners loose from power and bring back (I too Walt Whitman) our story book democracy.

To Lerner, Dos Passos' art was not "disinterested" and "contemplative" but partisan and activist. Blackmur had called *It Can't Happen Here* a lesson for American liberals. Lerner was saying something like this about *The Big Money.*

William Troy proceeded from what could be called the "opposite" point of view in his discussion of Faulkner's *Absalom, Absalom!* Troy indicated that he did not share Faulkner's "vision of existence" but said that "to reject the vision is not necessarily to reject the book." (It is unlikely that Blackmur and Lerner, if they had rejected the "visions" of—respectively—Lewis and Dos Passos, would have bothered to write the reviews discussed above.) *Absalom, Absalom!* said Troy, "possesses the awful impressiveness that comes from exhausting any attitude or vision, however wrong and one-sided, of its last measure of intensity."

The great impression that Franz Kafka's works have made upon both European and American intellectuals is probably due to the fusion of "rightness" and intensity in his vision. William Phillips, reviewing *The Trial* (1937) in The Nation shortly before becoming editor of *The Partisan Review* in its anti-Stalinist phase, said of Kafka:

> . . . . It is a tribute to his powers that already admirers of his work

> are using his discoveries to identify certain situations and entanglements in their own environment as typically Kafkian.

It is notable that Kafka, who died in 1924, was to seem increasingly relevant during the years that followed the English translation of *Der Prozess.*

George Bernanos' *Diary of a Country Priest,* which had more in common with Kafka's fiction than with contemporary naturalistic works, was reviewed by Justin O'Brien at the end of 1937. O'Brien compared Bernanos to Dostoevski, observing that the priest who was the unheroic hero of the *Diary*—and of all of Bernanos' works—had "the same complexity, the same sudden illuminations, and the same naïveté of soul" as Dostoevski's characters.

The atmosphere of the works of Bernanos and Kafka was to seem more "real" to most serious post-World War II novelists than the atmosphere of *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939). But Louis Kronenberger, at the end of a review in which he had distinguished between what was strong (the "superb tract" was "thoroughly animated fiction") and what was weak (Steinbeck was "still self-indulgent, still undisciplined") in the novel, observed:

> . . . . one does not take leave of a book like this in a captious spirit. One salutes it as a fiery document of protest and compassion, as a story that had to be told, as a book that must be read. It is, I think, one of those books —there are not very many—which really do some good.

Kronenberger, like Blackmur in his review of *It Can't Happen Here,* was more impressed by the immediate human importance of the book he was discussing than with its artistic limitations. He probably would not have bet on the prospects for *The Grapes of Wrath* under the aspect of eternity, but he evidently thought that this moving book about displaced sharecroppers might inspire some action on their behalf.

IN ATTEMPTING TO SUM up THE NATION'S approach to literature during the 1930s, we may say this: the central tendency was to treat books "disinterestedly," to judge them in terms of their success in fusing form and content. Another tendency was to value books chiefly—although not solely —insofar as they constituted effective social weapons. The critics who adopted the second approach had become somewhat impatient with "traditional" humanistic standards because those standards did not seem to take account of social changes and upheavals. A book that was unsatisfactory in terms of traditional criteria might help (so many of these critics believed) to bring about salutary social change.

During and after World War II, European and American literature reflected increasingly the preoccupations of men and women who found themselves in a "Kafkian" world. Traditional standards of behavior somehow seemed inapplicable, yet other standards appeared to be worse. Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon* (1941) and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1949) illustrated these feelings. Louis Salomon, reviewing Koestler's novel in the NATION, said:

> . . . the most amazing thing about the book . . . is the austere economy with which Mr. Koestler has compressed one of the most crucial dilemmas of totalitarian political philosophy into a compact, meaty novel . . . presenting at once a vividly conceived personal tragedy and an ideological conflict of the first magnitude.

Diana Trilling found Orwell's apocalyptic vision brilliant, but was disturbed by the book's "implacable tone and the enormous pressure it exerts upon the readers." She would not ask for "quietism as the method of combating the passions which are destroying modern life," but she wished there were

> more of what E. M. Forster calls the "relaxed will" in at least those of us who, like Mr. Orwell, are so acutely aware of the threats of power.

Salomon's and Diana Trilling's reviews exemplify a widespread tendency among critics during the forties and after. They became chiefly concerned about the brutal uses to which power could be put, and about a queer change that seemed to have taken place in the quality of life. Louis Kronenberger wrote an essay after the war in which he, like Diana Trilling, contrasted the "relaxed" will

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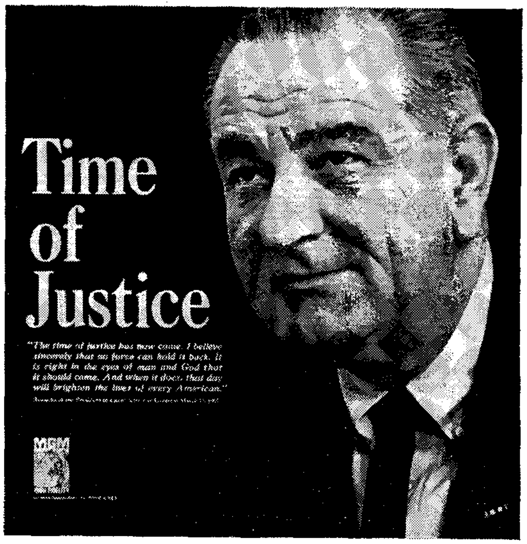

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with the excessive modern intensity, and Clifton Fadiman commented on a general "decline of attention" to the printed word. An anxious intensity combined with distractedness seemed to be the public mood: it was not one which favored either traditional humanism or the social criticism of the thirties.

Lionel Trilling, who in the thirties had been chiefly a "social" critic of literature, became primarily a "moral" one; his NATION review of Richard Wright's autobiographical *Black Boy* (1945) observed that the sociological aspect of this "remarkably fine book" was

> the field—I will not say *merely* the field—for a notable exercise of the author's moral and intellectual power.

Wright had not made himself simply a "sufferer," an object. He was a subject, "the same kind of person as his reader, as complex, as free."

Trilling's language, the context of his reference to "subject," and "object," point to his interest in existentialism. Joseph Wood Krutch, on the other hand, began his December, 1946 review of Sartre's play, *The Flies*, by saying, "Of existentialism I knew only what I read in the papers—including THE NATION." He went on to say that so far as he could see, existentialism

> neatly combines the disadvantages of religious faith with those of nihilistic atheism. It seems, in other words, to assert moral responsibility while at the same time insisting that virtue has no reward, and it thus enables M. Sartre to revive the ancient proclamation, "There is no God and I am his prophet."

Krutch noted the difference between the reaction of an American audience, which considered the play a *tour de force,* and that of a Parisian one to which *The Flies* "obviously means something." To Krutch, existentialism was essentially "a state of nerves." He continued to admire O'Neill's plays, and in a review of *The Iceman Cometh,* said that what set O'Neill apart from other playwrights was "a depth of passionate sincerity, an intensity of emotional conviction, almost monumentally impressive."

Diana Trilling, who had found Orwell too intense, praised Sartre's "relaxed command of language" in *The Age of Reason,* and found it "a document in an extraordinarily interesting moral research." But she was worried about the implications of Sartre's philosophy: might not the existentialist "choose the State . . . might not the final act of freedom be the free choice to give up all purely personal freedom?" The questions remind one of those raised by Lionel Trilling in *The Middle of the Journey*.

Diana Trilling admired and liked *The Victim,* partly because Saul Bellow had challenged the clichés of "progressive thought" in this novel about the ambiguous relationships between a Jew and an anti-Semite. Essentially, what both Lionel and Diana Trilling were looking for in literature was a kind of moral virility combined with disinterestedness.

Like many other critics who during the 1930s had placed a high value on "commitment," they now found "independence" more important. Rolfe Humphries' NATION review praising Ezra Pound's *Pisan Cantos* declared that they were "beautifully written," and with humorous but deliberate independence, he commented: "Whatever idiocies he may have babbled into the Fascist radios . . . Old Ez, in my opinion, has never been a traitor to the republic of letters. . . ."

A lecture on philosophy provokes a riot, with hundreds crowding in and thousands turned away. Books on philosophical problems preaching no cheap creed and offering no panacea but, on the contrary, so difficult as to require actual thinking sell like detective stories. Plays in which the action is a matter of words, not of plot, and which offer a dialogue of reflections and ideas run for months and are attended by enthusiastic crowds. Analyses of the situation of man in the world, of the fundaments of human relationship, of Being and the Void not only give rise to a new literary movement but also figure as possible guides for a fresh political orientation. Philosophers become newspapermen, playwrights, novelists. They are not members of university faculties but "bohemians" who stay at hotels and live in the cafe—leading a public life to the point of renouncing privacy. And not even success, or so it seems, can turn them into respectable bores. . . . The name of the new movement is "Existentialism" . . .

—Hannah Arendt, *The Nation*, 1946

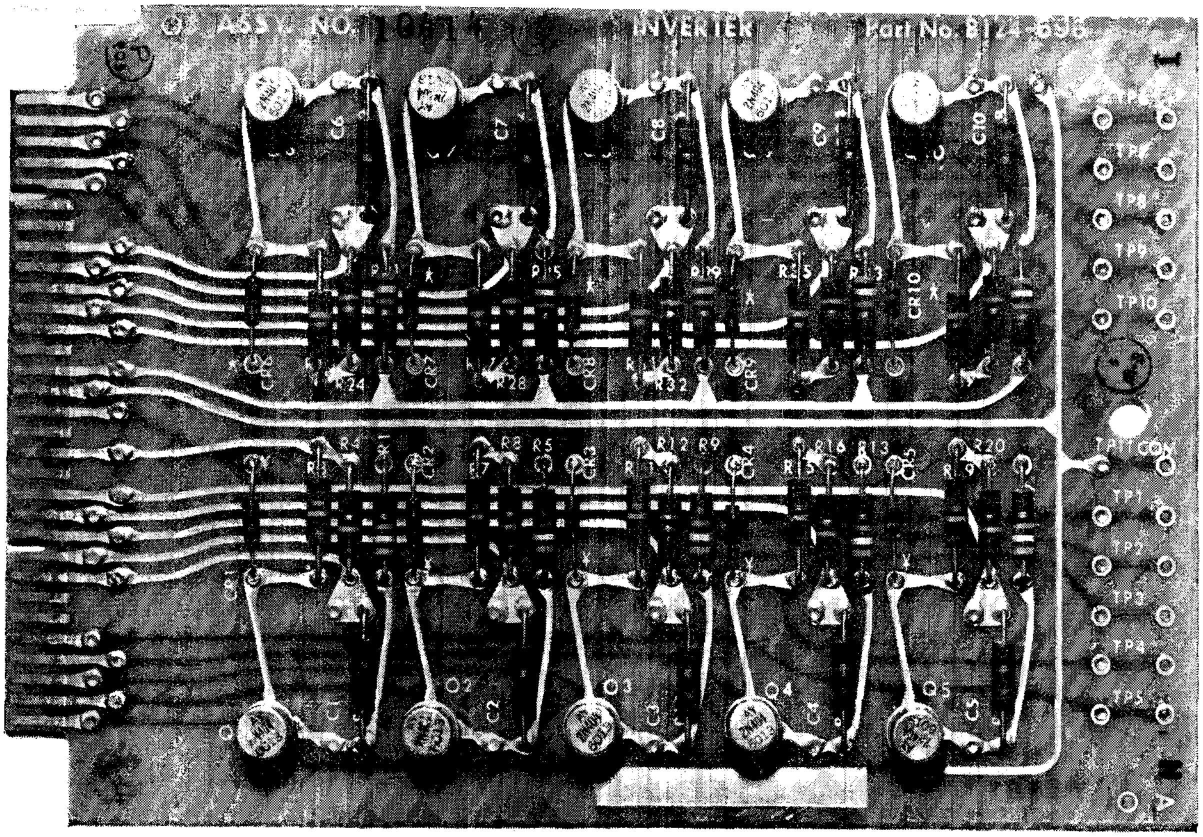
Not all NATION criticism during the decade after the war was in the vein of revised humanism (such as that of the Trillings) or traditional humanism (like that of Krutch). An essay on Camus, by René Blanc-Roos, praised the savagely ironic plays, *Caligula* and *Cross-Purpose,* but dismissed *The Stranger* as a French equivalent of *Of Mice and Men,* and found *The Plague* far inferior to "what I think is certainly the best French novel of the 1940s, Aragon's *Les Voyageurs de l'Impériale.*" Blanc-Roos' review harks back to the social criticism of the 1930s.

What was perhaps most evident in THE NATION's criticism, as in criticism elsewhere during the postwar years, was its tentativeness in the discussion of values. Critics could agree that it was admirable for a writer to be independent and morally concerned, but they were not sure what kind of relationship he could or should establish with his society. The "new criticism," which virtually excludes from discussion anything outside the "work itself," was not much represented in THE NATION's book reviews. Many reviewers, however, wondered just what, "out there," fiction was related to.

S. Lane Faisen, in a NATION review of André Malraux's *Voices of Silence,* declared that the artist, "no matter what his time and place, is the true communicant of basic values." But the question remains: what basic values can artists now believe in? In a review in 1957 of Camus' *The Fall,* Harvey Goldberg wrote:

> In the Resistance Camus confronted history with his comrades and emerged with affirmation. It was not a movement of absolute purity either in action or motive, but it faced a common enemy and made a collective protest. . . . The historic process cried out for the understanding of a Camus!

Goldberg does not speak for all NA-



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TION reviewers; many of them would agree, however, that only through a humane collective attack on the problems of our savage world could art become a fully human achievement.

> Almost all formalities, within recent years, have followed into oblivion the dropping of cards and the paying of dinner calls. The rate of disuse is very rapid. When a famous and quite simple-mannered English author visited this country last summer, he found and relished the warm and easy human relations which his books had long urged on his own compatriots. But here his imagination was quickly outdone by reality. Going up to his host at the end of a pleasant evening, he uttered his thanks in a few direct words, only to find another guest at his elbow who waited until he had finished and then chimed in with an emphatic "Check!"—whereupon their host acknowledged the double courtesy with: "Take it easy, boys!"
> —Jacques Barzun, *The Nation*, 1948

VIII

A Backward and Forward Glance

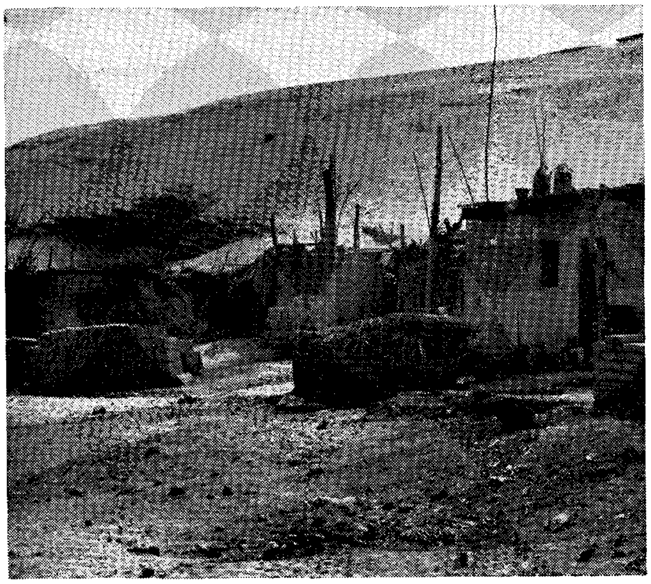
In 1943, Freda Kirchwey transferred ownership of THE NATION to a nonprofit corporation, The Nation Associates, in which she asked subscribers to enroll as members at from ten dollars to one hundred dollars a year. The Associates, whose director was a dynamic woman named Lillie Shultz, constituted—along with the readers of the weekly—THE NATION's chief financial support until 1955. In that year, the increasing difficulty of financing the journal led to its sale: the issue of September 17, 1955, contained the announcement that Freda Kirchwey had resigned as Editor and Publisher, to be succeeded by George Kirstein and Carey McWilliams as Publisher and Editor, respectively. Kirstein had previously been executive vice-president of the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York; McWilliams, a lawyer and sociologist, had been on THE NATION's staff for a decade and an occasional contributor since the nineteen twenties.

Two and a half years before the change of ownership, Margaret Marshall, who had joined THE NATION in 1928 and been Literary Editor since 1937, ceased to be a member of the staff. Even before becoming Literary Editor, Miss Marshall had—like Joseph Wood Krutch—opposed THE NATION's position on the Moscow trials. She recalls, however, having had a free hand as editor of the literature and art pages, and observes that she published many pieces by writers who, during the thirties, forties and fifties, disagreed with THE NATION's stand on foreign affairs. In its issue of January 17, 1953, THE NATION announced "a series of changes which we believe will produce a more effective journal as well as a more economical one." Among the changes was the departure of Margaret Marshall, who had "been responsible for the integrity and high standards maintained by the book section." Miss Marshall agrees that THE NATION needed to economize in 1953, but strongly believes that as an employee who had handled every job on the weekly, she should have been offered one of the remaining editorial posts. She declined an invitation to stay on as drama critic because she did not wish to acquiesce in what she saw as an attempt to bring the book section in line with the rest of the paper. On January 31, 1953, THE NATION published a letter from one of its readers who feared that with Margaret Marshall's departure the book and art pages would lose their independence. The editors replied that politics had nothing to do with the case, "as we hope to prove week by week." The book section, they said, would continue to be "fully as authoritative and independent as it has been throughout its honorable history." The fact that such independent critics as Krutch, Merle Curti, Lewis Leary, Carlos Baker, Edmund Wilson and Irving Howe contributed to THE NATION after January, 1953, can be cited as a fulfilment of this promise. On the other hand, many readers of THE NATION remained convinced that Miss Marshall's dismissal was quite unjustified.

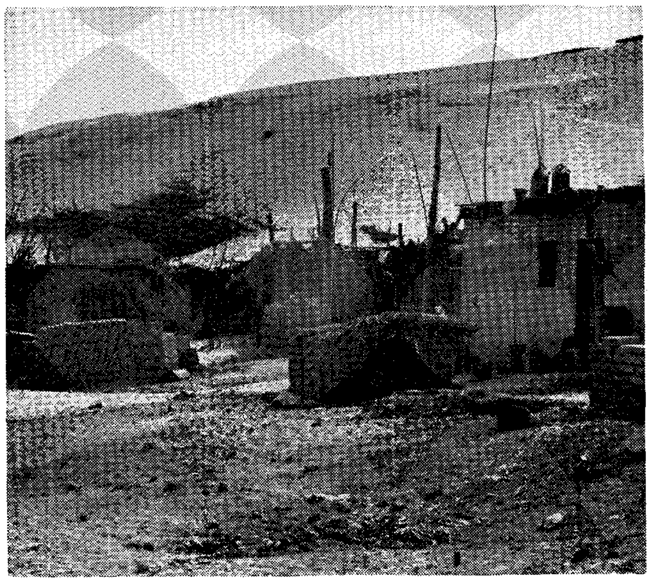
Krutch, who had been drama critic since 1937, was by 1953 living in Tucson, Arizona, for reasons of health; he was succeeded by Harold Clurman, a founder and director of the Group Theatre. From 1952 to 1963, the Managing Editor was Victor H. Bernstein, a newspaperman who, among other posts, had served as foreign editor and foreign correspondent of *PM* and *The Star*. The weekly had no Literary Editor until December, 1955, when Robert Hatch (who is now Managing Editor) took charge of the Book and Arts Section. Before joining THE NATION, Hatch had had extensive editorial experience, including a stint as film reviewer and Literary Editor of *The New Republic*. Benjamin Boretz is now the journal's music critic, a position occupied for many years by B. H. Haggin, author of *Music for the Man Who Enjoys Hamlet*. Among the predecessors of Max Kozloff, present art critic at THE NATION, were Clement Greenberg and S. Lane Faison. A new departure for the weekly under McWilliams was the appointment of a science editor, Carl Dreher, who writes many of the unsigned editorial paragraphs. Denise Levertov selects poetry for the THE NATION, and Grandin Conover is now Literary Editor.

THE NATION HAS CHANGED extensively, and not changed, since 1865. The most significant shift occurred in 1918, when Oswald Garrison Villard transformed the journal from one devoted chiefly to the transmission of culture to one that grappled with the problems of its day, and treated books and works of art as vital things. THE NATION's business has never been primarily to report facts, but to interpret them from its own point of view, and to attempt to affect in some measure the course of events. The journal has not succumbed to suburbanization of the heart. The many special reports by Fred Cook during the last decade include articles on "Capital Punishment," "The F. B. I.," "The Shame of New York," "The C. I. A.," "Juggernaut" (on the growing military-industrial complex), and "The Ultras" (on the radical right wing in the United States).

THE NATION has devoted particular attention during recent years to the problems of automation, civil



Chimbote, Peru



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